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# OUT OF THE IVORY PALACES

BY

P. H. DITCHFIELD

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# INTRODUCTION

THERE is something altogether satisfying in the beauty of an English phrase or expression that conveys to the mind a presentment of some gorgeous scene, or the sound of a rushing stream dashing over the rocks of a wild ravine, or the wind whispering among the trees, or the charge of a gallant war-horse. The words roll out in solemn cadence. The dignity of the language rivals that of any other tongue, as far as my limited knowledge of other languages enables me to form an opinion. Nor do we find grander or more beautiful expressions in any product of English literature than in the Prayer-Book version of the Psalms of David. Some of them are a little incomprehensible. Our very familiarity with their language and its beauty tempt us to repeat phrase after phrase without any clear conception of their meaning.[1] What does the ordinary educated man understand as to the meaning of the verse, "Or ever your pots be made hot with thorns: so let indignation vex him, even as a thing that is raw"? It does not correspond very closely with the true meaning—"Before your

[1] *The Prayer-Book Psalter*, by the Rev. Arthur Carr. This is a most useful book which explains in the light of modern research most of the difficult expressions that occur in the text of the Psalms.

pots can feel the thorns he shall take them away with a whirlwind, the green and the burning alike"; referring to the schemes of Absalom and his friends, which the Lord would sweep away before they were ripe for action, as a whirlwind sweeps away the burning thorns which are heating the çauldron.

We are not discoursing on the meaning of such passages, nor need we point out that some of the expressions scarcely follow the original Hebrew. When the Psalm describes the glittering garb of the queen, clad "in a vesture of gold wrought about with divers colours," a beautiful expression of grandeur and magnificence, we need not trouble ourselves when we discover that the last phrase has no corresponding words in the original. It remains a little gem of language that glitters just as brightly as the sparkling jewels that adorn the queen's royal robe. I have ventured to give this book the title of "Out of the Ivory Palaces," which occurs in that wondrous wedding Psalm set to Shoshannim, or the lily-shaped musical instrument of Oriental singers. The verse concludes with the words, "whereby they have made thee glad." I am told that we ought to supply "Stringed instruments," and read, "Out of the ivory palaces stringed instruments have made thee glad." But I am only now concerned with the picture which the words convey, of the gorgeous Eastern palaces wainscoted and furnished with this most delicate of all artistic materials. The exquisite whiteness of ivory, its peculiar sheen and delicacy of colour, its everlast-

ing nature rendering the carvings as fresh and clear and sharp, after centuries of existence, as on the day when they were executed, have rendered it attractive to all artists from the days of King Solomon to the present time. Rich and fair were the palaces of the old Jewish kings with objects of this material. The Prophet Ezekiel tells of "the benches of ivory brought out of the isles of Chittim," of the "horns of ivory" that the merchants of Dedan convoyed. Together with gold and silver, apes and peacocks, the navy of Tharshish brought ivory to King Solomon, and I once conceived the idea of entitling my book after this curious cargo which this little ship was destined to bring to the wise reader—"Ivory, Apes and Peacocks"—but I was afraid of the Apes, and did not know how to represent them in my Bills of Lading, save, perchance, in the attempts at humour which these curious man-imitators might be supposed to typify. So I have preferred my present title, which I beg to offer to the long-suffering reader.

In our Eastern palaces the Prophet Amos tells of the luxurious folk reclining on "beds of ivory." Ceilings, beams and panellings were inlaid with this white-gleaming substance, and in that storehouse of rich treasures, the British Museum, we find fifty pieces of ivory brought from Nineveh, which record the campaigns of Sennacherib and the capture of ivory couches and other furniture yielded to him by King Hezekiah. Egypt, Greece and

Rome have yielded up their treasures, beautiful examples of carved ivory; and in England, where early specimens are rare, a Roman plaque and ivory mask have been found in the ancient city of Caerleon.

We, too, in England have our palaces, not gleaming white with ivory, but panelled with good old English oak, and full of treasures as dear to us as the ivory caskets of Eastern kings. Fairy-land is entered through ivory gates, if the old song be true which sings—

> "Do you wonder where the fairies are
> Which folks declare have vanished?
> They're very near, not very far,
> They're neither dead nor banished.
> They live in the same green world to-day,
> As in by-gone ages olden;
> And you enter in by the ancient way
> Through the ivory gates and the golden."

We are promised, too, that some night we shall be permitted "to seek the dreamland olden," and "to touch with our finger-tips the ivory gates and the golden." But I am not sure that we are seeking fairy-land, but rather memory-land, the land of bygone palaces, peoples, places and events that the ivory gates of memory open to us. Homes are "ivory palaces that make us glad," and all that home stands for. Its varied contents, whether it be situate in the calm of a sweet country, or in the midst of a busy town, the paintings that adorn its walls, and tell of the bygone ancestors who have done their duty in their generation and "reared the

roof-tree well," the collections of art and virtù they have amassed, all these we should like to seek as we pass through the ivory gates. The family deed box shall disclose its treasures. We may perhaps wander in the gardens of episcopal palaces, and think of the great men who have lived therein, though the mitre be often as heavy as the crown, and has not always made its wearer glad or free from care.

Such are some of the palaces we hope to visit. The subjects lack not variety. The reader has doubtless accompanied the writer through the mazes of his *Parson's Pleasance*, and sympathized with him in the joys and sorrows of a rural ministry, in the consolations that books and hobbies and travel can afford. Perhaps he will not refuse to wander with him in a larger field, and open the ivory gates that lead to other palaces of pleasure of which memory is the key.

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# OUT OF THE IVORY PALACES

## I

## THE PALACE OF HOME

### I

#### THE IDEAL HOUSE

WHERE shall we hope to find that ideal house, that perfect building which we may call our home? Many are searching for it. May fortune favour their quest. We are not trying to find a real palace set in the midst of a vast estate, with an avenue a mile in length, with a grand façade, a magnificent flight of steps leading to a grand portico with colonnades, a vast hall, long galleries and suites of endless rooms. That is too great, too stupendous, for our ideal home. We seek for something less ponderous, less overwhelming. It should be a house not unknown to us, one that we have loved all our lives, one that has never known an alien family, where we can still trace on the wall of the

old nursery the marks made by a proud mother's hand to show the various heights of her children, with the dates when they were measured. It should have echoed with our childhood's cries. That windowed niche is where we used to read our old story-books, or try to learn our first Latin lessons in that dullest of old school-books, the *Eton Latin Grammar*. There in the park we first rode the old pony whose grave is near the lime-walk, and there is the pitch where we tried to play the deadly underhand bowling of Joe Summers, the groom. You will not, with all your wealth, be able to buy a house like that.

It was built in the palmy days of English domestic architecture, when England had a style of her own, and did not base her structures on Italian models. It belongs to late Tudor times, when Queen Elizabeth reigned, and the land was full of masonwork, and the carpenters were busy rearing those ingenious half-timber dwellings that delight our eyes at the present day. That was an age when so many of our noble English mansions were being erected: an age that gave birth to Hatfield, Longleat, Audley End, Chatsworth, Hardwick and many other of the grandest English seats. It was an age of great architects, of John Thorpe, of Bernard Adams, Bradshaw and Huntingdon

Smithson. Shakespeare must often have seen the masons at work, and you will remember his words—

> "When we mean to build,
> We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
> And when we see the figure of the house,
> Then must we rate the cost of its erection."

And while the nobles and the *nouveaux riches* who had enriched themselves with the spoils of the monasteries, or had been blown by lucky gales into the sunshine of Court favour, were building their immense piles, such as Wollaton or Burghley House, importing Flemish and German artisans to load them with bastard Italian Renaissance detail, the old Elizabethan squire was quietly erecting this less ambitious and more homely dwelling-place. He was fortunate enough to live in a region where he could find good building stone, and he employed local men, the men on his estate, who liked not foreign fashions, and clung to their own traditional style which they had loved and reverenced.

He planned his house in the shape of the letter E, not out of any compliment to his Queen, whom he loved and revered with whole-hearted loyalty, but because the plan of the house had developed in that direction. There was the hall, with kitchens, pantries and buttery, and a screen at one end near the entrance, where a fine porch still stands. He

liked his porch to be dignified and stately, for there he received his guests and welcomed his tenantry. And over the porch he built a nice little chamber, and carved his arms over the doorway with his initials and those of his wife. And then he improved on the plans of his forefathers by making a stately staircase and a nice long gallery, and projected the wings further at each end of the house, so as to give greater privacy to the family and plenty of chambers for his guests. And there is the house still. It has been battered by the storms of winter, but the weather has only added to its beauty. See those graceful twisted chimney-stacks, those charming gables with stone coping, and the tile-covered roofs overspread with moss and lichens, and the grand grouping of the buildings that adjoin—the stables and farm-buildings, dovecote and barns. It is an ideal home. You will not better it.

Such is the ideal home. It must tell its story in homely verse that may not be unsuited to a homely dwelling, whatever might be its reception in the noble's mansion.

### THE OLD HOME

'NEATH the shade of the towering pine-woods,
Where the fairy footsteps tread,
In a garden gay where the children play,
The old home rears its head.

It is grey with the storms of winter,
As it stands in its flower-strewn dell,
Where my sires did fight for their King and Right—
That's where I love to dwell.

They look from their panelled pictures,
Warrior and Cavalier,
With their lovely dames, in their gilded frames,
And their eyes speak loud and clear:
"We did our best for the old home,
We reared this roof-tree well,
And we trust that you will be strong and true
To the home where we loved to dwell."

And across this old stone threshold,
With a joyous heart, I led
The fairest bride in the country-side
On that day when we were wed.
And in all life's woes her sunlight
Has never ceased to shine,
And sorrow dies when her welling eyes
Look lovingly into mine.

When the spring has tinged our woodlands,
In the joy of the budding year,
With the bright primrose, and the violet grows
In the groves of the fallow deer;
When the birds are singing sweetly
In the woods and vale and hill,
Where'er I roam, in the dear old home
Is where I would be still.

When the harvest brings its treasures,
Its sheaves of golden grain,
And with dance and song a joyous throng
Goes merrily down the lane;
Then every lass has her sweetheart,
And they're blithe on the village green,
There's no joy on earth like the homely mirth,
The old pipe and tambourine.

Hark! the sound of the huntsman's horn
Through the merry woodland rings;
And we must ride to the covert-side,
To join in the "sport of kings."
And then when the chase is over,
And the darkling shadows fall,
Old tales are told by the friends of old
In the firelit, haunted hall.

And there's joy when the bells of Christmas
Ring out over dale and hill;
And the King of Kings His message brings
Of peace, and to men goodwill;
And the children's happy voices
Re-echo unceasingly,
Where the fire shines bright on a Christmas night—
That is where I love to be.

So here's to the Homes of England,
The hall and the cottage too;
The sturdy men of the moor and fen
Who are honest, brave and true.
We love our homes by the hillside,
Our garths by the guarding sea,
And will aye defend, till life shall end,
Our homes where we love to be.

## II

### MOTTOES FOR HOUSES

It is a pleasing fancy for the builders of these houses to inscribe appropriate mottoes over their doorways or on their walls. When aptly chosen, these inscriptions are most attractive. They reflect the taste of the owner. They inspire a noble

thought. Sometimes a pleasant humour is shown in the selection, or a pious inspiration, or a little good advice or sage counsel. At any rate, the practice has the merit of antiquity. The oldest records in the world are contained in the sculptured hieroglyphics of Egypt and Assyria, and in the New World, in Mexico, the Aztecs have left numerous traces of their love of inscriptions. The custom can, therefore, claim a very respectable antiquity.

When our friends come to visit us we like to give them a hearty welcome. This sentiment is shown in the construction of the porches of old Tudor and Jacobean houses, wherein these pleasing features were made grand and imposing in order that guests might be received with becoming ceremony and dignity. And over the entrance door an inscription often expressed in words a hospitable greeting, which is an excellent sentiment for a house motto. You cannot do better, if you wish to inscribe over your door an affectionate greeting to your friends, than to copy the kind welcome which the famous Montacute House, Somerset, extends to its visitors, where we find the well-known couplet—

"Welcome the coming,
Speed the parting guest,"

and, again, over the principal entrance we are greeted by the words—

"Through this wide opening gate
None come too early, none return too late."

Religious sentiment often finds a place in house inscriptions, and in former times, when religion and life were more blended together than they are now, and acted and reacted on each other, these mottoes were very frequent. Perhaps some feeling of shyness, some dread of singularity, some dislike of obtruding our religious thoughts upon our friends and neighbours, prevent modern people from painting Scripture texts and hymns on the walls of their houses. It is, we think, too much like making broad our phylacteries, parading our religion, making a boast of our faith. Yet who would not sleep sounder under the roof of Rockingham Castle after reading the rhyme engraven upon it?—

"The house shal be preserved and never wil decaye,
Where the Almightie God is honoured and served daye by daye."

It is a modern house near Liverpool which has this beautiful verse from the Psalms in its Latin dress—

"Benedic, anima mea, Domino, et noli oblivisci omnes retributiones Ejus."

Hardwick Hall, in Derbyshire, built by the famous "Bess of Hardwick," with its large windows that called forth the rhyme

"Hardwicke Hall,
More glass than wall,"

contains the admirable motto over the mantelpiece in the hall—

"The conclusion of all things is to feare God and keepe His Commandments."

The German motto inscribed upon a house in Ireland belonging to Judge Lawson expresses an admirable sentiment—

"Wer auf Gott vertraut,
Der hat auf einen Fels gebaut,"

which, being translated, means "Whoso upon God relies, Hath built upon a rock." And another German motto, that finds a home in the Emerald Isle, in County Mayo, records the pleasing idea—

"Our entrance blest by God, our outgoing happier makes."

John Knox's house at Edinburgh has the quaint inscription—

"LUFE GOD ABUFE AL: AND YI NICHTBORS AS YISELF."

This ancient and phonetic mode of spelling almost requires an interpretation, but the meaning will reveal itself to the curious.

We must not forget the motto that adorns the dining-room of Haddon, placed there by good Sir George Vernon, "King of the Peak," who about A.D. 1540 added the decorations to the noble chamber erected in the previous century. The words, carved in Gothic characters, are—

"DREDE GOD AND HONOUR THE KING,"

and appear on a coat of arms over the fire-place. You see there the Royal Arms of England with the supporters, a greyhound and a griffin, a shield bearing the three feathers of the Prince of Wales, with the initials "E. P." (Edward Prince), and on the other the arms of Vernon with its quarterings, and supported by a lion and a boar. There is also the date "Anno Dni. 1545, Monseigneir de Vernon," and the initials "G. V." and "M. V." Our ancestors loved to inscribe their initials on their walls or over their gateways. They imparted a personal touch and lighted "the Lamp of Memory" of which Ruskin tells, so that their sons and grandsons might remember whose hand had raised that house, whose taste had adorned it. Thankfulness for blessings received is often expressed in these writings on walls. Thus in the Oxfordshire house of Barton Abbey we read over the entrance to the stables—

"THINKE AND THANKE,"

and Sir Piers Dutton, Lord of Dutton, and his lady Dame Juliana, who built Dutton Hall in Cheshire in the year 1442, added the pious expression, "Who thanketh God of all."

London has many City Companies which date back to mediæval times. In most towns there were

trade guilds, and in Edinburgh there is the ancient Company of Cordwainers, or Shoemakers. Scottish folk call them cordiners, and over their gallery are the words—

"Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be."

An old member of the trade, who had a perky Scotch humour, remarked that the text was "mair consolin' to a Christian than comfortin' to a cordiner; for the less iron and brass aboot the shoon the better"!

The late rector of a neighbouring parish, who was wealthy, built a new rectory at his own cost, and inscribed over the doorway the well-known lines of George Herbert which, I believe, adorned his own parsonage house. They are as follows—

"If thou shouldst find
A house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost,
Serve thou the more
God and the poor,
And then my labour is not lost"—

most excellent advice to a new incoming parson.

Sometimes a little playful satire on architects is shown in these inscriptions. No one was a greater past-master of the art of satire than the late famous painter, Mr. Whistler. He quarrelled with Mr. Godwin, the architect of his house at Chelsea, and

approved not that gentleman's designs. Hence there appears the inscription: "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. This house was built by Godwin."

Sometimes a pun or a rebus has been framed upon the name of the family to whom the house belonged. The More family owned Loseley House, near Guildford, a noble Tudor house, which has all the grace and charm and homeliness of buildings of that period. Now *morus* is the Latin word for a mulberry tree. Hence we see in one of the rooms a figure of this tree, and round it in four panels the Latin inscription: "Morus tarde moriens, Morum cito moriturum." A correct translation of this requires the supply of the word "monet." Thus we have the meaning: "The mulberry dying slowly warns More that he will die speedily." The builder of this house was very fond of inscriptions. Over the entrance is the motto "Invidiæ claudor, pateo sed semper amico," which means "I am closed to envy, but I am always open to a friend." Another play on the word "More" is seen in one of the rooms where we find a moorhen displayed. Over the entrance to the drawing-room are the words "Probis non pravis" ("For the good, not for the wicked"); no depraved person might enter the inner sanctuary of his house where his wife and

daughters held their court. Again, over the cellar door are the words "Siti non ebrietati," which form an excellent temperance motto, signifying that the contents of Mr. More's cellar were for the satisfying of thirst, not for the promotion of drunkenness.

When you return home wearied with your day's work, what greeting falls so kindly on the ear as that which adorns a labourer's dwelling in Norfolk?—

> "Though the day be never so long,
> It ringeth at length to evensong."

There is a house in Buckinghamshire which bears no fewer than thirty-one mottoes. Some of these are worth recording. Over the entrance portico are the words, "If thou speakest evil of thy neighbour, come not nigh the door of this house." In other parts of the house we find the inscription, "Peace on earth, goodwill towards women"; "In waiting for a late guest, insult is offered to a punctual one"; "An obedient wife governs her husband." This last motto contains much wisdom, and is worthy of the consideration of every young wife. All these excellent mottoes may be seen at Harleyford, near Marlow, in Buckinghamshire.

Inscriptions have sometimes perpetuated the remembrance of ancient feuds and jealousies. A certain Thomas Dolman, a rich clothier, of New-

bury, Berkshire, built the fine manor house of Shaw, where King Charles stayed before one of the two famous battles that were fought near the town during the great Civil War, and where a bullet whizzed past his Majesty's head one fine morning and buried itself in the wainscot. This fine house seems to have excited the envy and malignity of Dolman's neighbours, who expressed their feelings in the doggerel couplet—

"Lord, have mercy on us, miserable sinners,
Thomas Dolman has built a new house and turn'd away all his spinners."

This annoyed the rich clothier, hence he adorned his new house with certain Greek and Latin inscriptions, carved in stone in front of his house, which have preserved the memory of these ancient quarrels. Thus over the portico is one in Greek forbidding the entrance of an envious person—

"φθονερὸς μηδεὶς εἰσίτω"

("Let no envious man enter"), and another in Latin over the window above the porch, comparing his envious but impotent foe to the toothless guest and the eyeless mole—

"Edentulus vescentium dentibus invidet
Et oculos caprearum talpa contemnit"

("The toothless man envies the teeth of those who are eating, and the mole despises the eyes of the

deer")—sad evidence that the eyes and teeth of his assailants were all too sharp for Thomas Dolman's repose. We can compare these inscriptions with those on the four gates of the city of Galway, which prayed that the Almighty would deliver the inhabitants thereof from "the ferocious O'Flahertys," "the devilish O'Dalys," "the cut-throat O'Kellys," and the "murderous O'Maddens."

It is pleasant to turn from such unpleasant and quarrelsome mottoes to the happy Winchester College inscription, "Dulce Domum," the truth of which we hope may never be falsified if it be written over the doors of any of our readers. The old familiar "Home, sweet home; be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," is almost the exact translation of the inscription upon an Italian house—

> "Casa mea, casa mea, piccola che sia,
> Sei sempre casa mea."

Sometimes mottoes preserve the memory of some great deliverance or blessing vouchsafed to the dwellers therein. Thus at Chester, where a great plague raged in the city and hundreds perished of the foul infection, one house was mercifully preserved. It is called "God's Providence House," and bears the inscription: "1652. God's Providence is mine inheritance. 1652."

Some of our mottoes show a courteous and hearty welcome to guests, but occasionally guests have been known to stay too long. We know of one lady who came to visit some friends for a week and remained forty years. She would not leave, though her presence was not always desirable to her hosts. Evidently the lord of the manor of Wymondham, in Norfolk, has suffered from such a troublesome guest, as he inscribed on an oak board in his house: "Nec mihi glis servus, nes hospes hirudo," which signifies "I will not have a dormouse as a servant nor a horseleech for a guest." A horseleech! a creature that will stay and clings and cannot be shaken off! A most apt description of a pestilent visitor who will not go!

If you are building for yourself a stately palace or good-sized house, you will not escape without much toil and worry from the task you have imposed upon yourself. Some one has said, "Fools build houses for wise men to live in them." But if you accomplish your work you may adopt with truth the motto of Paget, the great French architect, which he placed upon the walls of his new house, after heaving a sigh of relief: "Nul chef-d'œuvre sans travail."

And as you wander about your lovely garden which has grown under your hand and direction,

all planned and designed by you, you will direct your steps to the sundial and there read another inscription which you have ordered to be cut thereon. What do you read?—"Non numero Horas sine serenas." Will that be a sentiment that appeals to you? "Carpe Diem" speaks to much of the haste and bustle of life. We need calm philosophy when we stand by our sundials. "Festinat suprema" or "Volat sine mora"—these are too obvious reflections. Cardinal Richelieu's motto, "Nec momentum sine linea"—will that serve your purpose? It savours too much of the hack-writer, the continual mental strain of the literary craftsman. I will have none of it. What shall I choose for my sundial? I cannot tell. Perhaps some of my readers will discover one for me.

Here is one that comes from the sweet garden of a friend. It is an old dial bearing the date 1644. Around the octagonal face are the words—

"Alas! all pass.
In sun Begun.
To shade we fade:
Then pray, Alway."

To this inscribed on a gnomon my friend has added the following touching lines—

"Friend, he who set this stone was once as thou;
He loved the life God gave him here below;
He loved all Nature—birds and beasts and flowers;
Art, books, and friends oft sped the happy hours.

He wandered far in many distant lands,
And found in all kind hearts and helping hands.
Sorrow he knew, yet held it but the key
To others' hearts more care-oppressed than he.
Art thou so blest? Then thank thy God alway,
As he here thanks Him, humbly, for his day.
Lo! o'er the dial slow creeps the transient shade;
'Tis here! 'tis gone! Thus, mortal, must thou fade."

## III

### TAPESTRIES AT BRAMSHILL

In these old houses there are many treasures, paintings, old china, old furniture, a four-posted bed with hanging curtains, where you may be quite sure that Queen Elizabeth slept, Chippendale chairs, a Heppelwhite cabinet, some grand old-fashioned chests that date back to the period of James I or Queen Bess. There is one decorated with the Tudor rose and fleur-de-lis, and another with the unusual black and white inlay, having a herring-bone border and no carving, and conventional pansies, pinks and foliage. Some of them have seen hard usage. Deemed of little value they have been dismissed to the stables, and used as corn-bins, or coal-boxes, or bacon-chests. They have been whitewashed or painted, and exposed to the weather, but their sound English hearts of oak have presented a sturdy front

to the enemy and bravely resisted the destroying hand of Time.

Stored away in many a lonely mansion are priceless objects of art and virtù which delight the eyes of all connoisseurs and of all whose privilege it is to gaze on their perfections. A Velazquez hangs in an obscure Yorkshire hall, a Sèvres vase adorns a homely villa, a lovely little miniature reposes in some old maid's cabinet, and in the most unlikely places treasures of beauty and art are repeatedly discovered, the value of which is often little suspected by their owners. The story of their acquisition, how they came there, whence and from whom they were procured, all this is lost, save that legend and tradition weave unlikely histories and prove themselves to be a veritable *lucus a non lucendo*.

The walls of the hall are covered with the heads of stags and old armour, the buff coats of Cromwell's troopers, the helmet of an Agincourt hero, spears and shields and the muskets of later days, and the Brown Bess of Waterloo. But nothing is more attractive in old houses than tapestry. It is astonishing how much has survived. Some of the pieces are very old and dilapidated, and have seen better days. Sometimes the tapestry has been taken down from the walls on account of its bad condition, and stored away in cupboards, forgotten, and left to

the mercy of rats and mice. An old squire was rather astonished to find that his old neglected tapestry was really worth £17,000. Hardwick Hall has a unique set of magnificent hunting tapestries, and stored away in many old houses are splendid examples of the productions of the artists of Arras and Beauvais and the Gobelins, as well as our English Mortlake workers. In some houses we find specimens which look like Oriental productions —those, for example, at Glemham Hall, Norfolk, which are of an Indo-Chinese style. But they are really the work of our English workers and bear the mark of Mortlake, showing the early influence of the Orientals on our decorative artists, even before the days of Chambers and Chippendale, when the development upon Eastern lines became for many years a dominating factor in everything destined for the interior decoration of our houses.

In the northern region of Hampshire, amidst scenery of great beauty, in a noble park clothed with heather and bracken, stands Bramshill. It is a stately house, solitary, unprofaned, and the broad balustraded terraces, the quaint gardens and the venerable oaks and yews whose branches overshadow the walks, all conjure up visions of a bygone

age, and speak of the growth of centuries of regular and peaceful existence. Bramshill was built by Lord Zouche in the early years of the seventeenth century, under the guiding hand of Thorpe, the architect of Hatfield, who utilized some part of an earlier fourteenth-century building. It is one of the most striking Jacobean mansions in England, "looking out," as Kingsley wrote, "far and wide over the rich lowland from its eyrie of dark pines," keeping watch and ward over the moors and forests of the Copes' ancestral domain.

In this beautiful Hampshire home, set in its framework of dark pines, purple heather and yellow gorse, there are many artistic treasures, paintings by Lely, Holbein, Guido, Paul Bril, Vandyck, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Rubens, Florentine mosaic cabinets, Chippendale furniture, arms and armour, and much else that is grateful to the eyes of amateurs of art; but that which is especially important is a magnificent series of tapestries which is quite unique and of peculiar interest.

The cartoons from which the designs of these tapestries were made were drawn by Rubens, and the tapestries themselves were executed at Brussels under the supervision or direction of that master. The subject of the four pieces is the Life of Decius Mus, the renowned Roman consul who fought

bravely and laid down his life for his country. You remember the story of the hero. During the great Latin war, 340 B.C., Decius and his fellow consul T. Manlius Torquatus had each of them a vision in the night before the battle announcing that the general of one side and the army of the other were doomed to death. Hence they agreed that the one whose wing first began to waver should sacrifice his life, and thus save the Roman army. Decius commanded the left wing, which during the fight began to give way. He then rushed into the thickest of the enemy and was slain, the Latin army was routed and the Romans remained conquerors of the field.

This story of the Roman hero fired the imagination of the great artist, and he produced not only the cartoons for these tapestries, but later in life painted in oils six pictures on the same subject, reproducing exactly the first, third and fourth of these tapestries. The pictures are now in the Liechtenstein Gallery, near Vienna. I have not seen them, but they have been described by competent critics as "most striking, bold, vigorous and rapid," and one writer states that "they do honour to the name of the master, . . . the creative genius of Rubens reigns throughout in the grandeur and simplicity of the composition." The original cartoons have vanished. Perhaps some reader may be

TAPESTRIES AT BRAMSHILL.

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able to discover their present abode. They were in the collection of M. Bertells of Brussels, and were sold for 1500 florins. Two of them came to England and were exhibited in the European Gallery in 1791. Some of the original sketches are in the Munich Gallery.

Rubens much admired a collection of marbles which was the property of Sir Dudley Carleton, then English ambassador at The Hague, and he proposed to exchange for this some of his own pictures and a set of tapestries worked from his designs. The following letter, written by Rubens to Sir Dudley and dated May 26, 1618, refers to this transaction—

"Toccante le Tapezzerie . . . Mandara a V. E. tutte le misure del mio cartone della storia di Decius Mus, Console Romano, che si devovò per la vittoria del popolo Romano, ma bisognara scrivere a Brusselles per averle giuste, havendo io consigniato ogni cosa al maestro del laboro."[1]

The tapestries, however, never came into the possession of Sir Dudley Carleton, who seems to have

[1] Translation: "In respect of the tapestries: I will send your Excellency the whole measurements of my cartoons of the History of Decius Mus, the Roman Consul, who devoted himself to the success of the Roman people; but I shall write to Brussels to have them correct, having given everything to the master of the works."

preferred another set representing the History of Scipio. Sir William Cope, the historian of Bramshill, to whom I am much indebted for much information concerning these works of art, could never discover how they found their way to Bramshill. Lord Zouche, the builder of the house, may have obtained them from his friend Sir Dudley. Sir Dudley was a close relative of the Cope family, and may have obtained the tapestries for them. They were evidently not made for the position which they now occupy, as they do not exactly fit the spaces assigned to them, and a strip of different tapestry has been inserted to make up the required width. The first of the series shows Decius consulting the Augurs. We see the hero clad in armour over which is cast the paludamentum. A priest habited in splendid vestments stands by an altar, accompanied by other priests, one of whom stands holding the entrails of the victim. A stag lies on the ground in front, and two men are leading a white heifer. Schmuzer produced an engraving of this.

Next we see Decius taking leave of the Senate before engaging in the war. Six senators are standing on a platform, and before them are the two consuls. Decius holds a small statue of Mars which has a little figure of Victory. Both consuls carry the staves of office. Behind them is a standard-

bearer with a banner inscribed S. P. Q. R., and in the distance is a view of Rome.

The Death of Decius follows, who is seen falling backwards from a plunging charger, pierced by a spear in the neck, while one of his soldiers on a spirited piebald horse is avenging his death. Dead and dying warriors strew the field of battle. This has been engraved by G. A. Müller. The fourth subject is the Obsequies of Decius, who lies on a couch surrounded by his warriors. Arms, banners and the heads of his enemies decorate the head of the couch. The spoils of victory, rich vases of gold and silver lie around, and bound prisoners. A soldier is dragging a female by the hair of her head, and another rudely clutching the skirts of a matron. This spirited scene has been engraved by Adam Batsch.

Such are the Rubens' tapestries which have found a home in the old house of Bramshill. But these are not all the examples of ancient art that this interesting mansion contains. In the chapel there are some early tapestries, which cannot be later than 1450. Some authorities assign to them a still earlier date, and they are apparently of German workmanship or, at least, of German design. They look very old and somewhat torn and dilapidated, but their value is considerable. In many other

houses there are often treasures, the preciousness of which their owners are in total ignorance. Some day when the frost stops the hunting and the Bench claims not your services, I would venture to suggest that you should ransack your chambers, your cupboards and attics, and discover how many valuable objects are hidden away, lost and destroyed by dirt, damp and rats.

## IV

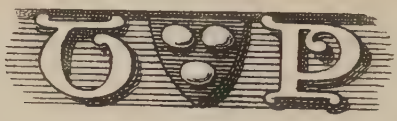
### THE REBUS

Our ancestors loved to preserve their names on the houses they had built or on the shrines they reared. They loved to light what Ruskin calls "the Lamp of Memory." Hence we have the squire's arms emblazoned over the entrance to his hall with his initials, and sometimes, being of a humorous turn of mind, he devised a rebus on his name, and carved this wondrous representation on the chantry he had built or the church that he had raised. Jesting with names was a favourite amusement of bishops and abbots, priors and laymen, in the Middle Ages, and many examples of such sorry wit, sculptured in stone or carved in brass,

are found in our cathedrals and parish churches. The inventors of these "merry jests," if they lived in modern times, would have proved themselves keen competitors for the prizes offered by certain popular journals for the correct solutions of pictorial puzzles. They certainly exercised their skill and ingenuity in devising most deplorable puns, which, however, have their uses, as they enable us to determine the dates and builders' names of portions of our great minsters which otherwise might have presented architectural puzzles.

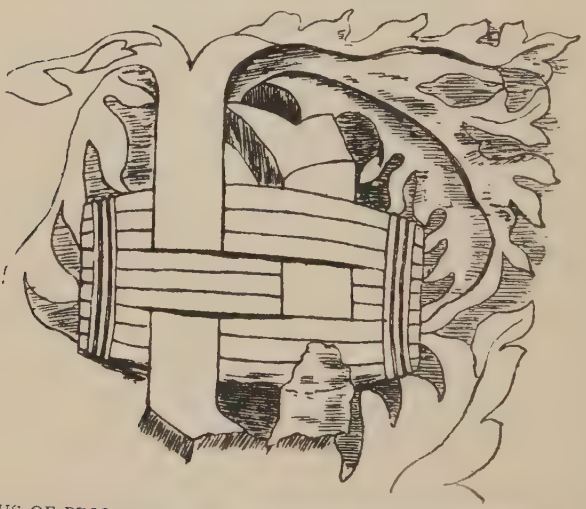
In the north ambulatory of noble Westminster there is the chantry of Abbot Islip, who restored and added much to the Abbey Church. He recorded his name by carving his rebus, which is repeated many times both inside and outside his chapel. It consists of an *eye* with a *slip* of a tree grasped in a hand. As a variation the Abbot immortalized his name by representing a man slipping from the branch of a tree. At Canterbury, Prior Goldstone ruled at the end of the fifteenth century. He built "the fair and beautiful chapel on the east side of the Martyrdom dedicated to the Virgin Mary," and finished the repair of the great tower begun by his predecessor, Prior Sellyng. His rebus, consisting of a shield with three gold stones, is carved upon the strengthening arches. At Winchester, in the Lady

Chapel, are some curious devices carved on the shafts which support the lierne vault. We see T



REBUS OF PRIOR GOLDSTONE (CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL).

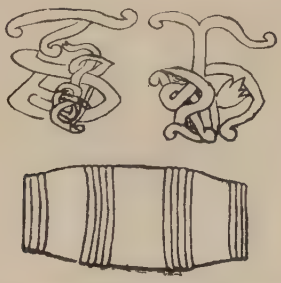
and the syllable HUN followed by the figure of a tun, and also I and POR. These signify Thomas



REBUS OF PRIOR THOMAS HUNTON (WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL).

Hunton, Prior. His successor, Prior Thomas Silkstede, dearly loved a rebus and did not content

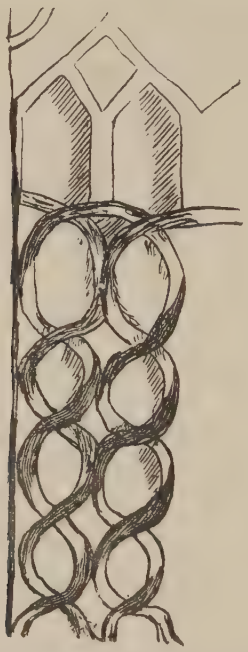
himself with only one. He devised the quaint conceit T and the syllable SILK, followed by the figure of a horse, a fine prancing steed, and as a variation a skein of silk, which appears in his chapel. He



PRIOR THOMAS HUNTON'S REBUS (WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL).

also carved his name THOMAS, the MA being formed differently from the rest in order to represent his patroness, Mary the Blessed Virgin. In the same cathedral Bishop Langton's rebus appears on the groining of the roof of the chantry which he founded. It consists of a musical sign for a "long" upon a tun. A barrel or tun very frequently appears in rebuses, as so many surnames end with "ton." Thus, at Wells Cathedral, Bishop Beckington recorded his work by affixing the design of a *beacon* followed by a *tun*, and a bolt with the same suffix appears in the church of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, in order to represent Prior Bolton.

Our artists have found no little difficulty in obtaining sketches of these rebuses, as they are usually placed in some dark obscure corners of the buildings

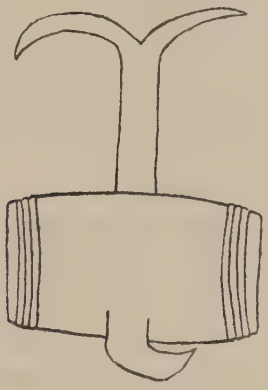


PRIOR THOMAS SILKSTEDE'S REBUS (REPRESENTING A SKEIN OF SILK) (WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL).

or so high in the roof that it is almost impossible to see them.

At Hereford Cathedral Dean Beaurieu perpetuated his name by the rebus *boar* followed by *rue*

leaves, an atrocious pun; and at York a master mason named Hyndeley stamped his work on the capitals of the pillars of the choir-screen by carving a *hind ly*ing down. The roof of the choir at Norwich was erected by Bishop Goldwell, who preserved the remembrance of his name by carving his canting rebus—*gold* and a *well*.



REBUS OF BISHOP LANGTON (WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL).

It would be easy to multiply examples of this form of wit. The word rebus comes to us from France, and originally had a much wider signification. Any satirical pleasantry or *equivoque* might be so designated. Ménage attributes the origin of the word to the clerks of Picardy, who at carnival time used to put out satirical squibs called "De

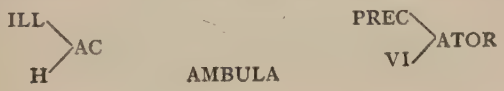
rebus quæ geruntur." It is also a technical term in heraldry, and signifies a coat of arms or crest which contains a punning allusion to the name of the bearer. Thus the Moore family bears "a Moor's head in profile." Two talbots, a species of dog noted for its keen scent, are the supporters of the Earls of Shrewsbury and Talbot. The Beauforts very appropriately bear as their crest "a portcullis with chains pendent." An arm encircled with a branch of oak is naturally the crest of the Armstrongs. The Castletons bear on their coat of arms three castles, the Butlers three cups, and the Coningsbys three conies.

Canting mottoes are another form of this kind of playing upon words, and are in truth glorified puns. Thus the motto of the Dixie family is "Quod dixi dixi." The Dukes of Devonshire, being of the Cavendish family, have the inscription "Cavendo tutus." The Des Vœux bear the motto "Altiora in votis." Viscount Mountgarret exults in "Depressus extollor," and Sir Oswald Mosley has the legend "Mos legem regit."

The name rebus is also applied to arrangements of words in which the position of the several letters or syllables is to be taken into account in divining the meaning. Thus we have the well-known French rebus—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| pir | vent | venir |
| un | vient | d'un |

which may be read "Un soupir vient souvent d'un souvenir." Of this nature is the inscription, on the south wall of the nave of Winchester Cathedral, pointing out the purposes of the passage made by Bishop Curle through the south-east buttress to put a stop to the use of the nave as a thoroughfare by the townsfolk. On the western arch is inscribed—




which signifies "Illac precator, hac viator, ambula" ("Walk that way, O suppliant, this way, O traveller").

Over the eastern arch we read—

This may be deciphered "Sacra sit illa choro, serva sit ista foro" ("Let that way be sacred to the choir, let this be used for the market-place").

The objectionable fashion of punning on tombstones was once much in vogue. Thus the memorial brass of Master Thomas Hylle, or Hill, has some verses beginning with "Mons in valle jacet." John Day, the printer, has a very extravagant and jocular

epitaph, in which puns chased each other and revelled like rabbits in a warren. It begins—

"Here lies the Daye that darkness could not blynd,"

and then, alluding to his publication of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, it proceeds—

"He set a Fox to wright how martyrs runne
From death to lyfe."

His widow married a man named Stone; hence this extraordinary epitaph concludes with the words—

"Als was the last encreaser of his store,
Who mourning long for being left alone,
Sett upp this tombe, her self turned to a Stone."

Camden tells of a gallant who used a rebus to express his devotion to a fair lady of his acquaintance. Her name was Rose Hill. So he painted on the border of his gown a rose, a hill, an eye, a loaf, a well, which was intended to convey to his sweetheart the intelligence, "Rose Hill I love well."

The fashion of securing immortality by devising a curious rebus was at length happily killed by ridicule. Ben Jonson poured much scorn upon it in his humorous description of Abel Drugger's device in the *Alchemist*, and the *Spectator* scoffed at the misplaced ingenuity of John Winchcombe, the clothier, the famous Jack of Newbury. The rebus still exists in heraldry, and the modern herald, following the example of his predecessors, exercises

his patience and wit in giving grand pictorial representations of puns upon the names of the families he seeks to ennoble. But the quaint fancies and primitive humour which delighted our forefathers no longer find themselves displayed upon the fabric of our churches, and the "merry jests" have ceased to appear upon the memorials of the dead.

## V

### THE HOME OF THE ANCESTORS OF MARY WASHINGTON

In a quiet corner of the old Forest of Windsor lies the little village of Barkham, a peaceful rural spot girt with woods and old forest land, an ideal English hamlet. It has changed little since the far-off Saxon days when Ælmer the Thane held the manor in the time of King Edward the Confessor, or when the Conqueror hunted in the surrounding forest and dealt hard justice on those who killed his deer. Indeed such is the continuity of English village life that Barkham can claim an ancestry earlier even than the time of the saintly Edward, and can boast of a thousand years of village life

and memories. A charter of the Abbey of Abingdon proves that in the year A.D. 951 King Eadred gave Beorcham to his Thane Ælfwin, who granted it "to God and the Blessed Virgin and this house of Abingdon and to the monks serving God there in pure and perpetual charity." It is a long deed written in Latin, attested by the king, Archbishop Odo, several bishops, St. Dunstan and many mighty earls and thanes, and, moreover, the actual boundaries of the village are given in the Saxon tongue, a record of surpassing interest upon which we should like to dwell if we were not concerned with matters of less remote importance. "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them." Barkham can boast of many noble and illustrious sons, and its manor has been held by powerful and important families, but the true greatness of our little village rests on the fact that here lived, four centuries ago, the ancestors of the gracious lady, the heroic mother of George Washington, who gave to America her independence.

The first president of the United States used to say that he owed everything to his mother. Hence the homely English village that nurtured her ancestors, when as lords of the ancient manor they ruled as long ago as A.D. 1480, cannot be without

interest to our brothers across the seas who still call England home.

Nor are the admirers of George Washington the only Americans who regard with affection our little Barkham village. Some years ago a lady visited the rectory and stated that she had journeyed from the United States in order to find some traces of her ancestry. It is the custom of those who are not quite sure about the identity of their own grandfather to deride such attempts and to laugh at genealogy hunters. If they happened to know that they came from an old and distinguished race, and could with certainty name their great-grandfather, I fancy that such ridicule would cease, and that they, too, would be searching our records and registers and try to build up their family tree. However, this lady had different ideas. A tradition existed in her family that about the year 1640 her sires had left Barkham, as many others had gone from other places in the old country, to seek their fortunes in the Western lands. Could any trace be discovered of them? Had Time left any tomb, memorial, or legend of the old family? In our parish chest there is an ancient battered register bound in parchment, which is one of the oldest in England, inasmuch as it dates back to the year 1538, when Thomas Cromwell, Archbishop of

Canterbury, issued his first order that registers of births, deaths and marriages should be kept in every parish. Turning over the leaves of this time-worn chronicle of the stories of many generations, I found some entries of the names of certain members of the family Avery, which afforded my visitor unspeakable delight. She almost wept when she saw, in the strange handwriting of the seventeenth century, such entries as these—

"William the sonne of William and Margaret Avery was baptized the four and twentie daye of October, 1647."

"Robert Avery, ye sonne of William and Margaret Avery, Baptized ye 14th of December, 1649."

No burials are recorded of any members of the family. Hence, in all probability, this William Avery, with his wife Margaret and his two sons William and Robert, migrated to America, and there founded a family of which there are many branches. Probably they were Royalists, and disgusted at the issue of the Civil War and the murder of King Charles they turned their backs on the old country and sought freedom and a home in the new England across the seas. And when this lady of England's daughterland saw this record of her ancestors, and was shown the story of English

history which this old register-book disclosed, like the Queen of Sheba "there was no strength in her." She exclaimed, "I have learned all this in our history books, but I never realized it until now." And somewhere in America there is a photograph of Barkham church, some ivy leaves and flowers tenderly preserved, and I know not what other relics of an ancestral home.

Barkham, however, owes its fame not to the memorials of any private family, but to the fact that the ancestors of Mary Washington lived here in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Her family name, I need not say, was Ball, and Mary Ball who married Augustine Washington has made our village a place of pilgrimage for all loyal Americans.

It is quite a small village, this rural Barkham. It can boast of only a few souls more than two hundred inhabitants. It has a beautiful church embowered with fine high-towering elms, and a magnificent cedar, which our registers tell us was planted by the lord of the manor, a successor of the Balls, in 1788. There is a main village road which calls itself "the street," an old manor house, another large-sized house, a rectory on the verge of a great wood, an inn in the centre of the village called "The Bull," which on account of its newly

decorated front has been styled the "Hotel Cecil" of Barkham, a village shop, a few clusters of houses on Barkham Hill and Langley Common, and a few farm houses. That is all. It is not a very isolated place. A two miles' drive conveys us to the little forest town of Wokingham, where some of the Ball family lived and left behind them a Ball's charity; and taking the train there we can be transported to the din and turmoil of the streets of London in a little over an hour. We do not live far removed from the busy, noisy world, but all is still and peaceful within our little village. The nightingales sing for us, the rooks caw, the swallows flit and build their nests beneath our eaves, the nightjar utters its long-drawn, plaintive cry, and the cuckoos call merrily. The rectory garden is a paradise for birds, and the gardener complains of the havoc they work on his peas, beans and currants. They take their tithe, but they sing us sweet songs in return, and we do not begrudge them their perquisites. Green woodpeckers, too, delight our eyes with their gay plumage, and the sharp bark of a dog-fox in the neighbouring covert is pleasant to one's ears if you know that your hens and ducks are safely housed.

The church, whose spire is seen rising above the trees, stands upon a site that has been consecrated

to the service of God for many centuries. We have not, as in some villages, any tumulus, or burial mound showing that the spot was set apart for some religious observances even before Christianity reached our shores. But there must have been a Saxon church here when the village formed part of the property of the great Abbey of Abingdon. Here the early Saxon missionary, St. Birinus, doubtless planted his cross and preached in the open air to the gathered villagers. Here a Saxon thane, Ælfwin or Ælmer, built a rude timber church which was supplanted by a mediæval structure that lasted until modern times. This, also, has vanished. Half a century ago it was in bad repair, and a good squire and his lady thought that they would like to build a brand-new church. So they pulled down the old one and erected a "pretty" picturesque structure in the style sarcastically called "Victorian Gothic." We shall see some of the old monuments which have been preserved, the old time-worn registers that tell the stories and romances of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet," the old Elizabethan chalice, which the Balls used when they took the Sacrament. I have rescued a photograph of the old church, but each day I mourn the destruction of that ancient historic church wherein the Balls worshipped, and to which Edward Ball in 1558 left five

shillings for the purpose of buying a cross to be borne in the procession.

Barkham church had a few years before been despoiled of all its goods. Vestments, altar-cloths, silver-gilt communion vessels, and much else had gone to swell that heap of spoil which the shameless commissioners of Edward VI had gathered from our Berkshire churches. Hence Edward Ball, like a good churchman, did his best to repair the loss, and I suspect that he was the donor of our beautiful Elizabethan silver chalice. It bears no name, but its date-mark is 1561, and was in all probability presented by him.

Nestling amid trees stands the old manor house upon the site of a much older edifice; and this picturesque mansion carries our thoughts back to Saxon, Norman and mediæval times, when the lord of the manor had vassals and serfs under him, held his manorial courts, as William Ball did, and reigned as a king in his own small domain. At the time of the Domesday survey the king himself, stern William the Conqueror, was lord of the manor of Barkham. Here is the record itself—

"In the Hundred of Charlton

"The King holds Barkham in demesne. Ælmer held it of King Edward. Then, as now, it was

rated for three hides. The land is in three ploughlands. In demesne there is one ploughland. There are six villeins, four borderers with three ploughs. There are five acres of pasture. Wood for the pasturage of forty hogs. It was worth 4*l.* in the time of King Edward; afterwards, and now 3*l.*"

Indeed I have read in the story of the life of Mary Washington that Barkham was the place where the Conqueror stayed his ruthless hand, after pillaging and ravaging the country after the battle of Hastings, being struck by the resemblance of the beautiful village to his own beloved Normandy. It is a pretty picture, but entirely untrue. I find on referring to the chroniclers that the place where William stopped his plundering was Berkhamstead, not Barkham, a very different place, and the lady historian was quite wrong in her geography. But the Conqueror was often seen near our village hunting in the forest, and if any of our ancestors had dared to kill a hart or a hind he ordered his men to put out their eyes. He forbade the killing of deer or boars, and, as the Saxon chronicler asserts, he loved the tall stags as though he were their father: one chronicler at Abingdon Abbey says that he turned the abodes of men into the habitations of beasts, but our little village lived on peace-

fully; our good Saxon squire Ælmer was compelled to give up his manor and property—perhaps he was killed fighting for King Harold at Senlac—and a reeve was appointed by the Conqueror to look after the estate and render the dues to his royal master. The accounts of the reeve of Barkham in the time of Edward I are the oldest records of the kind that have yet been discovered.

There is an old farmhouse near the church; it has doubtless seen better days, and has been converted into cottages. An ancient moat encircles it as if some family of distinction once lived there and wished to guard themselves and their possessions from troublesome visitors. Bigg's Farm, another old farm in the parish, had also a moat, but the house fell into disrepair and was unfortunately pulled down. These moats tell of the times of war and lawlessness, of robbers like Adam de Gurdon who infested Windsor forest, of wild and fierce animals roaming the countryside; and if the walls of these old houses could speak, how many stories could they tell of the strange customs of our ancestors, of bread riots, of civil wars, and of the disturbances which once destroyed the tranquillity of our peaceful village.

There is much else to tell of this old village, of the numerous lords of the manor, and of the rectors

who lived and worked among the rustics here for so many generations. Some were learned men and wrote books, and some indifferently so, and were more at home in the saddle hunting hares and foxes than in their study or their pulpit. One John of Barkham in the early years of the thirteenth century was not very clever, but he surpassed his neighbour at Sonning who was required to translate "Te igitur clementissime Pater rogamus," and was asked what case *Te* was and by what it was governed. He replied *Te* must be governed by *Pater* because the Father governed all things.

Some very pretty romances are woven round our village records. In the church there is an old wooden effigy of a female. Poor lady! She has been badly treated. Her feet have been cut off, and instead of lying under a canopy in an honoured position in the chancel, she reposes in the porch, and I have hard work to prevent the clerk from placing scrapers on her form or the ringers covering her with hats. She was a great lady in her time, Mistress Agnes, or Anne, de Neville, the daughter and heiress of Thomas Neville. One John Mantravers wrongfully got possession of some of her lands, and then for treason was compelled to forfeit it to the king. Of this land her good neighbour Robert Bullock of Arborfield was trustee for

the Crown, and when Mistress Neville made claim for her lands, supported her demands and was authorized to return the possession to her. Then seeing that she was a considerable heiress, he negotiated a marriage with his son Gilbert, with whom we hope she lived happily for ever afterwards. Another lord of the manor was Sir George Waterman of London, who came to London like Whittington, a poor man, and sold ropes and ironwork in Thames Street. Then he became a wholesale ironmonger at the Sign of the Doublet, a sign selected by him in memory of the leathern doublet which he brought with him to London and used to show to his friends. He became Sheriff of London and Lord Mayor, being knighted by the Merry Monarch at Whitehall in 1665. The name of our present squire and lord of the manor is known throughout the world. Mr. Walter, the proprietor of *The Times* newspaper, needs no introduction.

The Heralds' Visitation of London (1633–35), preserved at the College of Arms, tells of the earliest known connection of the Ball family with Barkham. It states that William Ball, of Barkham, Berks., died in 1480, and was succeeded by his son Robert of Barkham, who died in 1543, leaving all his lands to his second son Edward, and his personal estate to William Ball, his elder son and heir, who dwelt

at Wokingham and died in 1550. I have found the will of this Edward Ball, who survived his elder brother eight years. He desires to be buried in the "church earthe of God at St. James thAple (the Apostle) at Berkham." "I bequethe vs to the byynge of a crosse to gooe afore the procession at Barkham churche. Item I give my lands named Buttells in the parishe of Okingham to Agnes my wiffe. To Walter Pyper a sherte of canvas. I give ii sherts of canvas to two children of Mathewe Lyffords. To my daughter Katheryne Ball a branded heifore of a yeare old with the advantage. To my [daughter] Jane Ball a heifer with the advantage. To Elizabeth Haywoode an heifer &c. To Christofer Haywood vis viiid. To Andrewe Fynche a cowe. To Anne Finche my daughter a brasse potte. The residewe to Agnes Ball my wyffe, sole exequetrix. Also I ordaine and make Robert Bullocke and Wilton Chaundler my supervisors. Witnes. Robert Bullocke Edmonde Bullocke. *Summa Inventarii* lli xiid. Proved at Redyng before Master Thomas White Doctor of Laws, 8 Oct. 1558."

Fifty-one pounds and twelve pennies was not a very large sum to bequeath, an infinitesimal speck of wealth compared with the fortunes of American millionaires. Edward Ball had, of course, his land and cattle in addition to his £50, which only

represented the amount treasured up in the family coffer.

The Balls were always gentlemen or good yeomen, but never men of great wealth; as one of them declared, "The getting of gear was never a family trait, nor even the ability to hold it when gotten." Edward's wife, Agnes Ball, survived her husband fourteen years, and I have her will before me, made in 1571. She leaves to her daughters cows and heifers, her "best doble vayle of holland," her "best single vayle," ii kerchers, her "best Christeninge shete," and the residue to John Ball "my sonne."

The early registers in my parish chest are full of entries relating to the family, and the first name that appears in the book, which begins in A.D. 1538, is that of Cateryne Ball, daughter of Edward Ball, baptyfed the 22 daye of February." Then follows in 1541 Johan Ball, and two years later Robert Ball, both children of the above Edward and Agnes Ball. John Ball's children, Francis, Thomas, Agnes, Dorothy and Susan are baptized in 1559, 1562, 1566, 1570 and 1578. John Ball, who died in 1628, had no less than five sons and six daughters; so they were a prolific race, and his eldest son William, "son and heir of John Ball of Wokingham, Berks., Gentleman," was a lawyer of eminence, a member of Lincoln's Inn, and one of the four attorneys of the Office of Pleas in the Exchequer Court, marry-

ing Alice, daughter of a London merchant, Richard Waltham. He it was who signed the Heralds' Visitation in 1634. But the family has now left our little village and gone forth into the great world, or migrated to other towns and villages. After the death of Agnes Ball in 1571, only one entry in the registers occurs, that of Susan, the daughter of John Ball of Wokingham, whose mother was Agnes, the daughter of Richard Holloway of Barkham, and who was therefore brought to Barkham to be baptized after the family had left the village.

The Ball family was entitled to bear arms. According to the biographer of "the Mother of George Washington" we learn that the arms of the Balls consisted of a lion rampant and a lion's paws holding aloft a ball. But the Heralds' College shows that this description is as inaccurate as the statement that Barkham is identical with Barkhamstead. The true arms of the family are thus recorded at the College of Arms—

ARMS, *Azure*, on a cross, pierced of the field, *or*, 4 galtraps, of the first.

CREST. A galtrap, *azure*, the upper part imbrued.

GALTRAP.

Heraldic language is curious, and a galtrap is not a very well-known object. It is a weapon "used in war thrown in the way to gall horses, which they do, always having one point

upright." So explains Mr. Hugh Clark in his *Introduction to Heraldry*. It was fashioned of iron composed of four points, so that whichever way it lay on the ground one point was always upwards. Galtraps were used to impede cavalry in passing fords or morasses. I am told that an ancestor of the Balls fought at Agincourt, and perhaps it was he who devised the means of stopping the charge of the French knights by strewing the ground with galtraps, and thus obtained this cognizance for his arms.

After leaving their ancestral estates the family spread rapidly. There are lands and tenements at Swallowfield called Ball's, and afterwards Dunningshole. I have several wills of members of the family who lived at Shinfield, White Waltham and other places in the neighbourhood. My friend and neighbour, Lady Russell of Swallowfield, tells of the connection of the Balls and Washingtons, and of a more recent association with our little town of Wokingham. Colonel Joseph Ball of Virginia, who was the son of Colonel William Ball in Virginia in 1630, married secondly in 1707–8 Mary, widow of a Mr. Johnson, and they had a daughter, Mary Ball, who married Augustine Washington and thus became the mother of the General. After the death of her second husband, Mrs. Joseph Ball returned to England with this daughter and an elder one,

Eliza Johnson, whom she had by her first husband. It is not known where they resided on first coming to this country. Augustine Washington is said to have met Mary Ball in Cheshire, but eventually Mrs. Joseph Ball and her two daughters settled in Wokingham, as the following letter shows. It was discovered in the letter-book of Joseph Ball of Gray's Inn, who was the son of Colonel Joseph Ball of Virginia and uncle of General Washington.

"Madam, as you were so genteel when I was in Wokingham that you would not withhold Mr. Ball's picture and gloves from me, as I was of the family (and I am fully persuaded he was my grandfather's uncle), if you will make a present of his picture and gloves, I will make you a present of something that shall be as good or better to you. But if you don't like this proposal, please let me know what is the lowest you will take for them in money, and I will tell you whether I will give it or not. I think they would be more properly placed with me. I am, good Madam, your humble servant,

"JOSEPH BALL.

"July 5th, 1750, Stratford by London.

"To Mrs. Johnson at Wokingham, Berks."

Another letter follows stating that Mrs. Johnson had given the picture and gloves for three guineas.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that when Mrs. Ball came to England she brought the portrait with her, and settled at Wokingham near Barkham, the home of her husband's ancestors. It is not known what was the maiden name of this Mrs. Johnson who married Colonel Joseph Ball; it is probable that she was of humble extraction, and is supposed to have been the companion of Colonel Ball's first wife, who was Elizabeth, granddaughter of Sir William Romney.

The name of the family is happily preserved at Wokingham by the charity founded by Robert Ball in 1638 called Ball's Charity. He was the second son of John Ball (died 1599), who was the eldest son of William (died 1550), the eldest son of Robert of Barkham (died 1543), the eldest son of William Ball of Barkham (died 1480), from whom General George Washington was the eighth in descent.

The home of the ancestors of Mary Washington is surrounded by several places of historic or literary interest. At Eversley, three miles away, Charles Kingsley lived, and worked, and wrote his stories. Another place of pilgrimage is the "our village" of Miss Mary Russell Mitford, the little hamlet of Three-Mile-Cross, where the kind-hearted lady wrote her evergreen romances and facetious prose, though her heart was breaking with domestic

sorrows. Her later home at Swallowfield is only four miles away, nigh the gates of the historic mansion where the second Earl of Clarendon lived, but where his illustrious father did not write *The History of the Great Rebellion*, as it is usually stated. The late Sir George Russell, Bart., and his widow, Lady Russell, have added lustre to the celebrated house. Bramshill, to which we have already referred, built by Lord Zouche in the time of James I, in its framework of dark pines, purple heather and yellow gorse, lies close to Kingsley's home. Pope's youth was passed in the village of Binfield, seven miles distant, and Wokingham is redolent with the memories of bull-baiting and the festive gatherings of the poets Gay, Pope and Arbuthnot at the old Rose Inn, where they immortalized the unrequited love of Edward Standen, the lord of the manor of Arborfield, for the inn-keeper's daughter, Molly Mogg.

The little village of Barkham has therefore many pleasant neighbours. During the thousand years of its existence it has had many interesting associations and known many notable people; but its chief attraction is its connection with the family of the illustrious lady, the mother of the first President of the United States of America, and the Balls of Barkham will have a warm place in the hearts of all American citizens.

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# II

# THE FAMILY DEED CHEST

## I

### THE DITCHFIELD PAPERS

Strange and curious are the contents of many of the collections of family papers that have been handed down from father to son, and preserved through the passage of many generations. Some families have a genius for hoarding deeds and documents, old letters and diaries. At Claydon House in Buckinghamshire there are so many piles of papers that Lady Verney tells me that if the work of indexing them proceeds with the same rapidity now made, in another generation or two the family may hope to accomplish the task. Lady Verney has already shown, in the four volumes she has published, what stores of interesting matter are contained in them. A branch of my own family is remarkable for being a family of diarists. Recently, there has come into my possession a precious, quaint-looking box full of letters, diaries and notes on travel. There are three books of the diary of

Mr. John Ditchfield, brother of my great-great-grandfather, beginning with the year 1776, which tells of the troublous times of the American War of Independence. His son John takes up the story. He was travelling abroad just before and during the "Hundred Days." His letters to his wife—such letters the most doting of husbands amongst my readers, I feel sure, never indite now; and as for her letters to her wandering husband, they are so full of love that the postage must have been considerable. In his early letters he tells of the hatred of the French people for Napoleon, who was safe in Elba, and of the utter impossibility of his ever returning to France. But, alas! later on the impossible has happened. Napoleon has returned. French warships are scouring the Mediterranean, and Mr. John Ditchfield has some difficulty in returning home. Again the pen of the diarist is wielded by Mr. James Butterworth Ditchfield, who is the most voluminous of all. He made "the grand tour" in 1837–38, with his father and mother, from Paris through Germany, Italy and Switzerland, and kept a journal, carefully describing the places visited, sometimes in the French language, and at other times in English. He records "Total des Distances parcourues 3,308 milles Anglaises." He was a great reader and made notes on the books he read,

and also possessed the art of a ready rhymer, recording descriptions of places and people in easily-flowing verse. Here are preserved many *jeux d'esprit* of ancient days, which are new to us because they are so old. For example, there is Dr. Jenner's note to a patient, sent with a couple of ducks—

> "I send you, dear madam, this scrap of a letter,
> To say that Miss Wilson is very much better:
> A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
> And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks."

Or we may smile at the clergyman's address to his hearers on being accused of introducing obsolete and difficult words in his discourses. The reverend divine, in apologizing for his use of *sesquipedalia verba*, thus addressed his congregation—

"My oral enunciations having been the subject of your vituperative animadversions, I hope it will not be denominated an instance of vaniloquence or supererogation, if I laconically promulgate my alluvescency to accommodate my hebdomadal and anagogetical apothegms to the resplendent acumen of my circumambient auditory—I will abrogate the introduction of all catachrestical, acataleptic and caliginous expressions, and avoiding all Aristoletical and peripatetical propositions, all allegorical allusions, hyperbolical amplifications or exaggerations; and my future thesis or hypothesis, whether

metaphysical, polemical, philological, political or theocratical, shall definitely and categorically be congenial with and assimulated to the cerebrium caput, as well as the adiaphorus claritude or censorium of my most respectable auditors." This is somewhat ponderous fooling.

These diaries contain much matter of general interest, throwing light on the popular opinions of the ages in which they were written, as well as displaying the idiosyncrasies of the writers. I hope to return to them again when I have sufficiently mastered their contents; but why did one of my distinguished relatives indulge in shorthand? Some of the pages of this diary are thus obscured, and though I have tried, I have failed to decipher their contents.

## II

### UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF BEAU BRUMMELL

Old houses often contain treasures which are dear to collectors, and amongst the mass of letters accumulated in an ancient mansion autograph-hunters will often find much that is worth preserving. Here is a letter written by the famous George Brummell, commonly known as "Beau"

Brummell, the Beau of Beaux, the acknowledged dictator of Society, as witty as any man of his age, the celebrated friend of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. Born in 1778, he was educated at Eton, where he was known as "Buck" Brummell, and was distinguished by his social aplomb, his readiness of repartee, and the fastidious neatness of his dress. On one occasion he was asked to befriend a young man and introduce him to the select society of his companions, who did not receive him with much satisfaction. Being reproached for his want of success, the Beau exclaimed, "Oh, I did my best for him; I gave him my arm once from White's to Whitier's"—a prolonged walk of a hundred yards!

He wrote lively and graceful letters, of which this example is a fair specimen, and had a gift for quaint turns of expression. At the time when this letter was written his monetary troubles were beginning to cluster thick about him. The days were past when he used to lord it in his sumptuous rooms at 4 Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, where the prince used to come to see the beau dress, and stay to dinner, prolonged to orgies far into the night. The beau naturally used to frequent Newmarket, and near that resort of lovers of sport was Riddlesworth, the hospitable house of Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill, who had cellars full of excellent wine, the taste of

which especially pleased Brummell. There he was a frequent guest, and this letter expresses keen regret that he was unable to accept an invitation which Squire Thornhill had sent him, on account of his lack of means and his inability to obtain a loan from his "household Jew." The letter is very characteristic. It is in the possession of the Thornhill family, and I am obliged to Mr. Sidney Hankey, J.P., of Lock's Farm, Wokingham, for his kindness in allowing me to publish this copy of an interesting document.

The letter runs as follows—

"*Chapel Street,*
"*Wednesday.*

"My dear Thornhill,

"I cannot decidedly interpret from the professions or countenance of my household Jew whether or not I shall be able to fulfil my engagements to Riddlesworth, and *le vin de Silery*, during the present week. The rascal promises with a liberal tongue but I have this morning perceived a forbidding inauspicious scowl on his left eyebrow that indicates delay in his advances and consequently in my journey to you. The governor and company of the Bank however meet this day upon my business and if that little indolent exchequer rogue Vansittart returns to Town in sufficient time to

ratify the nonsense, I may still spread my wings for Riddlesworth to-morrow. Those rascally mendicants the Dutch have borrowed all the idle money with no better security than their breeches. What a curse it is that a citizen of my known integrity and established concerns in the monied world should for a moment be ignorant where to put his empty hand upon 30 or 40,000! times are altered, publick credit droops, even the muffin man presuming upon a long standing account of thirteen and threepence, now leaves his morning's deposit with a double knock at my door, and that impudent slut the milkmaid is not to be pacified with my bill at six months. I shall very much regret not being able to get down to you. I had sanguinely anticipated a three days' visit in your House. I had been studying Hoyle for Mrs. Thornhill brushing up my Greek for Scrope Davies—and selecting a few hints from Machiavel and Lagaville de Toomes for my friend of Nazareth King Allen.

"You have of course, by this time heard of poor Mildmay. What a melancholy termination to a five years run! damages certainly 50,000 but that perhaps is not the severest judgment to which he has madly exposed himself—for mad he certainly must have been—

"truly yr

"George Brummell."

That is the letter, and a very pleasantly written letter, too. The absence of commas may perhaps be attributed to disturbance of mind on account of the knocks of the irate muffin man, or his inability to satisfy that "impudent slut the milkmaid." Perhaps some reader may be able to throw some light upon the adventurous career of "poor mad Mildmay." It is interesting to note this early reference to Hoyle's work on whist. Though the letter is not dated, internal evidence seems to show that the career of the beau was fast drawing to a close, and his retirement to Calais, which took place on May 16, 1816, was near at hand when he was writing. His misfortunes did not damp his wit. An Englishman, visiting Calais, happened to meet him, and expressed great pleasure at seeing him, because he had heard a rumour of his death. "Mere stock-jobbing, my dear fellow, mere stock-jobbing," airily remarked the irrepressible, broken-down beau. There he lived for some years with small means, and recklessly renewed his old course of life. He hoped great things from the visit of George IV, which took place in 1821, but his Majesty paid no attention to the poor deserted beau, and refused to see him. We need not trace his subsequent career, his appointment to the customs at Caen, his imprisonment in 1835, and his death in the mad-house

of Bon Sauveur five years later. The letter is an interesting memorial of the closing days of the beau's prosperity, and of the light-heartedness with which he faced his growing difficulties.

## III

### THE EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON

The late Sir Francis Tress Barry, Bart., M.P., was connected for many years with Portugal. He was a devoted antiquary, as his long-continued labours in the excavation of the interesting Brochs near his castle of Keiss on the northern shore of Scotland abundantly testify. Searching one day amongst his family papers, he met with a curious old document which proved to be an elaborate account of the earthquake at Lisbon of 1755, by a survivor of that terrible visitation. It is a well-written manuscript, a copy of the original letter, dated June 1756, the year after the earthquake. This document my friend, Sir Francis, kindly sent to me, as he thought it might be useful to me for some of my publications.[1]

[1] I published the following account of the disaster in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and am grateful to the Editor for kindly allowing me to republish it in this book.

In these days of the ubiquitous correspondent of the daily newspapers, few events can occur in the inhabited earth without some lynx-eyed and brilliant writer witnessing them and startling the world with a graphic description. When a tragedy happens, reporters dart like hawks upon their prey, and nothing is hid from the public gaze. A century and a half ago affairs were managed differently. There were few newspapers, and fewer correspondents, and calamities and strange events found few chroniclers. Hence the gleanings from private papers and family archives are specially valuable, and occasionally a fortunate chance unearths a document which recalls some half-forgotten event of which many people have heard, but few know anything of the details.

This graphic description of the earthquake at Lisbon is a case in point. The manuscript is entitled "Copy of a MS. letter from Mr. Chace, dated Decr. 31, 1755, containing an Account of the Earthquake at Lisbon, and his own Sufferings and Escape," and some extracts from this lengthy document may not be without interest and help us to realize the tragedy of one of the most terrible convulsions of Nature the world has ever known. Mr. Chace shall tell his own story, but he is rather prolix at times, and some of his reflections and

bemoanings may with advantage be abridged. He begins as follows—

"About three quarters after 9 o'clock in the Morning on Saturday the first of November 1755, I was alone in my Bed Chamber four stories from the ground, opening a bureau, when a shaking or trembling of the Earth (which I knew immediately to be an earthquake) gentle at first, but gradually increasing to greater violence alarmed me so much that turning round to look at the Window, the Glass seem'd to be falling out; surprized at the continuation of it, and immediately recollecting the miserable fate of Callas in the Spanish West Indies, I expected the same would happen then; and also remembering that our House was so old & weak, that any heavy Carriage passing by made it shake all over, I ran directly up into the Urada, to see if the neighbouring Houses were Agitated with the same violence: this place (as is Customary in many Houses) was a single Room at the Top of the House, with Windows all round, the Roof supported by Stone Pillars, it was only one Story higher than my Chamber, and commanded a Prospect of some Part of the City from the King's Palace up to the Castle; I was no sooner up the Stairs, than the most horrid Prospect the Imagination can

form appear'd before my Eyes; The House began to heave to that degree, that to prevent my being thrown down, was obliged to put my Arms out of Window, to support myself by the Wall, while every Stone in the Walls, separating from each other, and Grinding against one another (as did all the Walls of the other Houses with variety of different motions) made the most dreadful Tumbling Noise ever heard. The adjoining Wall of Mr. Goddards Room fell first, then followed all the upper part of his House, and every other, as far as I could see towards the Castle; when turning my Eyes quick to the front of the Room (for I thought the whole City was sinking into the earth) I saw the Tops of two of the Pillars meet, and saw no more; I had resolved to throw myself upon the floor, but suppose I did not, for I immediately felt myself falling, and then, (for I know not how long after) just as if waking from a Dream with confused Ideas, I found my Mouth stuffed full of something, which with my left hand I strove to get out, and not being able to breathe freely, struggled till my Head was quite disincumbered from the Rubbish; in the doing this, I came to myself again, and recollecting what had happen'd, suppos'd the Earthquake to be over, and from what I had so lately seen, expected to find the whole City fallen to the Ground, and myself at the

Top of the Ruins; when attempting to look about me I saw four high Walls near Fifty Feet above me (the Place where I lay being about Ten Feet in Length & scarce Two Feet wide) nor could I perceive Door or Window in any of them. Astonish'd to the last degree at my Situation, I remember'd that there was such a place between the Houses, and having seen the upper part of both fall, concluded that either the Inhabitants must be all destroy'd, or at least no probability of their looking down in Time enough for my preservation; so that struck with Horror at the Shocking Thought of being Starv'd to Death immediately in that manner, I remained Stupified till the still following Tiles & Rubbish made me seek for shelter under a small Arch in the narrow Wall opposite my Head as I lay, at the bottom of which there appear'd to be a little Hole quite through it upon my approach; dragging myself out of the Rubbish, I found it to be much larger than I imagin'd, & getting in my Head and Arms first, by degrees pull'd all my Body after, and fell about two feet into a small dark place, arch'd over at the Top, which I suppos'd to be only a support of the two Walls, till feeling about, found on one Side a narrow pafsage that led me round a place like an Oven, into a little Room, where stood a Portugueze Man cover'd with Dust,

who the Moment he saw me coming in that way, starting back & crofsing himself all over cried out as their Custom is, when much surpriz'd, Jesus, Mary & Joseph who are you? where do you come from? which being informed, he plac'd me in a Chair, this done, clasping his hands together: He lifted them and his Eyes together to ye Cieling in shew of the utmost distrefs or concern. This made me examine myself which before I had no leisure to do."

Mr. Chace then describes in detail his injuries, a broken arm, a shoulder dislocated, and divers wounds and bruises. Another shock came, accompanied by falling houses and the screams of the people. He made his way to the street, and found the people all on their knees praying and covered with dust. He walked a little way and then his strength failed and he lay prostrate in the street. He was discovered by a friendly German merchant—Mr. John Ernest Jorg—who took compassion on him and conveyed him and other friends to his garden, which seemed to be the only safe place. As he lay on a bed in a room another shock occurred, and he was covered with dust and falling plaster. The English surgeon, Mr. Scarfton, was sent for but could not be found, and Mr. Chace's

friends tried their best to dress his wounds. Fires broke out which added greatly to the horror of the scene and were destined to cause future terrible dangers.

"About two O'Clock, the Earth having enjoyed some little Respite, the Cloud of Dust was defsipated, & the Sun appearing, we began to hope the worst was over; as indeed it was with regard to Earthquakes; but still every succeeding Shock, tho' it did little harm, was attended with the same dread and Terror as the former great Ones, not knowing to what lengths it might proceed. However this made the People in the Garden, consisting of English, Irish, Dutch & Portugueze, recover Spirits enough to think of attempting to get out of the ruinous City; when Mr. Jorg wholly intent upon afsisting every Body, desir'd them only just to stay to eat some Fish he had order'd to be got ready, and they would then be better enabled to bear any future Fatigue; to oblige his great Care, I eat a little without any other Inclination, imagining from the painful condition I was in, a very few Hours more would relieve me from any further cares."

Mr. Jorg proved himself a ministering angel, rescuing several people, amongst others an old lame

lady who would probably have perished had he not thought of her. Mr. Chace begged to be carried out of the city, but all the servants had fled, believing that the city was destroyed, and the German advised him to stay where he was. From the window of his room he saw the flames spreading in all directions and apparently very near to the house. He thought himself abandoned as he heard no sounds in the house. He resolved if that were his fate to cast himself down from the gallery and put an end to his excessive misery at once. By the help of two chairs he dragged himself to the door, and on opening discovered his friend, who with the lame lady and two others were waiting to discover what Fate had in store for them. At eleven o'clock Mr. Jorg thought it was time to go, and with great composure went for his hat and cloak and brought a cap and quilt for the wounded Englishman. He was carried in a chair; some one holding a torch led the way down a narrow alley at the bottom of which was the church of a convent of friars, wherein he saw lighted candles upon the high altar and "the Friars very busy in their Church Dresses, and in the porch lay some dead bodies."

The Church of St. Mary Magdalen stood firm, and in Silver Smiths' Street there were no houses quite fallen, but the people were busy throwing

bundles into the street. At the great square, the Terreiro de Pace, he saw the King's palace, which occupied one side of it, slowly burning. He was placed under a stall.

"To find myself then so much beyond all expectation, so suddenly relieved from the constant Apprehension of falling Houses, and Danger of the Fire (as I thought at least) when I was in the greatest Distrefs and had given up all for lost, rais'd my Spirits to that Degree that now for the first Time, notwithstanding the great Pain I was in, I began to hope that it was pofsible still to live, till new Terrors employ'd my Thoughts, for y^e^ People, all full of the Notion of its being the Day of Judgment & willing therefore to be employed in good Works, had loaded themselves with Crucifixes & Saints; and Men and Women equally the same, were during the Intervals between the Shocks, either singing Litanies or cruelly tormenting the dying with religious Ceremonies: & whenever the Earth trembled were all on their Knees, roaring out, Misericordia in the most dismal Voice imaginable. The fear then that my Condition might excite their Piety at such a Time when all Government was at an end, & it was impofsible to guefs what their Furious Zeal might take against the worst of Criminals, an

Heretick, made me dread the approach of every Person. Add to this, that the Case de Pedra, or Stone Key adjoining to the Square had already sunk & the leàst rising of the Water would overflow us all; with such reflections, having pafsed about two Hours (during which Time Mr. Jorg and his Family were come to the Square to Mr. Graves's Family) the Fire was now almost opposite & under the Shed, which had at first been quite crouded, while now no Body was left but myself when I heard a Cry of beat down the Cabana, or Stalls (some of which it seems had taken fire) and telling all that were under to get out; they began immediately to knock down that where I lay: with the greatest difficulty I just got myself out before it tumbled down and meeting with Mr. Jorg & another Person they carried me to Mr. Graves's Family, & laid me on their Bundles. Mrs. Graves I found to be of the common Opinion that it was the Last Day: and attempting to persuade her to the contrary, She told me it was but of little importance to Us, as the Fire was just approaching to the Gunpowder Shops opposite, & she expected they would blow up every moment."

Happily the three explosions proved harmless, though the reports were very loud. On Sunday

morning at 5 a.m. the wind changed and blew the flames in the direction of the square. Some black servants carried Mr. Chace to the part opposite the Custom House, but this soon blazed up, and another retreat had to be discovered.

At nine o'clock the sun was shining brightly and several boats came to the shore and carried off many of the people. The distressed merchant and his friends betook themselves to the water-side, but found it impossible to embark, as directly the boat touched the landing-place it was immediately filled by an eager crowd. The fire followed them, creeping along the low buildings near the harbour and blazing up by means of a large quantity of timber stored there. They retreated to the square, where they were greeted by a shower of ashes. Mr. Chace was compelled to cover his face with his quilt. Then two Chaise *Machos*, or mules, whose harness had caught fire, began to career madly up and down the square, galloping over the unfortunate people who screamed. Then his quilt caught fire, but some kind friend snatched it away and stamped out the flames. They then sought a more secure position at a corner of the square.

"About an Hour afterwards the Fire still gaining upon Us, my Figure excited the Pity of a Por-

tugueze Woman, to begin her Prayers in a Melancholy Tone, holding a Crucifix close over my Head, and the People on their Knees forming a Circle round us, join'd with her: as this was what I had all along expected would happen, I waited the event with the utmost Anxiety, & had determin'd to pretend being Senseleſs, when She abruptly stopt, and immediately the dismal Roar of Misericordia, always usual with the Earthquakes (of which there had been several uncounted by me since the Fire had become the more threatening Danger) made me expect another Shock, but not perceiving any trembling at all, I was the more surpriz'd at it, and venturing to open my Quilt, I saw all kneeling down, and that great Square full of Flames, for the People from the Adjoining Streets had fill'd it with Bundles, and as the Fire increas'd, had taken themselves only away: these were now all on Fire, excepting just our Corner, and under the Palace Walls, where Mr. Graves's Family had return'd to; but as the Wind blew very fresh & drove the Flames in Sheets of Fire close slanting over our Heads, expecting them every minute to seize upon us, I lost all my Spirits, and again abandoning myself to despair, thought it was still impoſsible after so many escapes to avoid that sort of Death I had so much dreaded."

Happily the wind abated and the flames burned upright and made no further progress. Hope revived, and Mr. Chace felt hungry. An Irishwoman recognized him and gave him some melon and bread and water. Mr. Jorg also brought him some food, carried him on his back to the little company of Mr. Graves's family, and there left him. The writer expresses deep gratitude to his German benefactor, who had saved his life several times, but had at last deserted him when his chief dangers were over. He became very uneasy, not knowing upon whom to rely in his helpless condition. He requested Mr. Graves to give him a passage in his boat, but was refused on the ground that the boat would be entirely filled with his family. However, he obtained the services of a black servant, whom he sent to secure a place in one of the boats. He gave him 36*s*., all the money he had, for his conveyance up the river to the Convent of Madre de Deos and thence to the house of his friend Mr. Hake.

"About 3 O'Clock as I suppose, we began to hear a most dreadful Rumbling Noise under Ground, which seem'd to me to proceed from the Ruins of the Palace, as if the Earth had open'd there & the River was rushing in & forcing great Stones along

with it. The cause of it however I could not learn, but it continu'd when I came away."

The "black boy" returned with the satisfactory news that he had secured a place in a boat, and carried the writer on his back into a large boat full of people and laid him upon a board in the centre of it. A priest came along and trod upon his lame leg, causing him intense agony, but the coolness of the water revived him. He had much trouble with the watermen, who refused to convey him to his destination, stopping at the Riberia or Fish Market, and again at Horse Guards at the end of the city. They called him "an Heretick and his Blacks Devils."

At length, after divers adventures which it would be tedious to narrate, Mr. Chace arrived at the house of his friend Mr. Hake, who received him with joy as one returned from the grave. They carried him into a sort of tent made with carpets, under a vine walk, where three beds were placed. The king's farrier, who was a famous bone-setter, was sent for, and examined his wounds, finding that the arm only was broken. But they did not discover the dislocation of the shoulder, which caused him much agony. However, his condition was far better than he expected. But there were

many dangers. Bands of starving people were clamouring for bread, threatening to burst in upon them, so that they were obliged to eat their victuals by stealth. Terrible reports of murders and robberies reached their ears, and all the government had ceased to exist. However, at length Mr. Hake and his family with Mr. Chace were conveyed on board the good ship *Tagus* (Captain John Allen) on November 29, and set sail for England.

"Thus far have I endeavour'd to describe most minutely every Accident that happen'd to me, as likewise the Hopes & Fears occasioned by them whether Depreſs'd or Magnified by my debilitated state of Body. I know not therefore, only can say that after I got into the Street the General Diſtreſs painted upon every ghastly countenance made but little reflection neceſsary to suppose the nearest Relations would be unable to aſsist each other; & from the short examination I had made of myself, thought it was of little consequence to me: therefore at once resolv'd, Silently, without a Murmur, to resign myself to the Will of the Supreme Governor of all Things, humbly hoping by my Patience in Suffering what he was pleas'd to Inflict, to make some Atonement for my Faults: nor indeed could the vehement noisy supplications of the Disabled

tend to anything else at such a Time as that, except only to increase the general Horror. How great then must be my Thankfulnefs to Divine Providence for raising me up afsistance (not only unask'd, but even unhop'd) amongst people almost Strangers to me, especially Mr. Jorg (with whom I had but a slight acquaintance) who like a Guardian Angel appear'd always to afsist me in the utmost Extremities.

"Sometime afterwards, I learnt that no part of our House fell except the Urada, where I was, nor were any of the Family kill'd, only the House-keeper & one man servant were much hurt by the falling of the Urada upon them as they were going out of the House. The Cieling of the upper Story was however so much shatter'd that they were afraid to venture into any of the Rooms. It is universally agreed that all the mischief proceeded from the 3 first Shocks of the Earthquake, which were attended with a tumbling sort of Motion like the Waves of the Sea, that it was Amazing the Houses resisted so long as they did. No Place, or Time, could have been more unlucky for the miserable People; the City was full of narrow Streets, the Houses strong Built & High, which falling fill'd up all the Passages. The Day of All Saints, with them a great Holiday, when all the Altars in the Churches were

lighted up with many Candles, just at the time when they were the fullest of People; most of them fell immediately; the Streets were likewise throng'd with People going to & from their Churches, many of whom must have been destroy'd by the falling of the Tops of the Houses only. It would be impofsible to pretend to describe justly the universal Horror & Distrefs that every where took place. Many sav'd themselves by going upon the Water, whilst many found there the Death they hop'd to have avoided. Some were wonderfully preserved by getting to the Tops of their Houses, more (as much so) by retiring to the Bottoms of them, others again were unhurt imprison'd under the Ruins of theirs, others to be burnt alive,[1] in short Death in every shape soon grew familiar to the Eye. The River is said in a most wonderful manner to have risen & fallen several Times successively; at one Time threatening to overflow these parts of the City, & directly afterwards leaving the ships almost aground in the middle of the River, shewing Rocks that had never been known before.[2] The duration of the first Shock (which came without any warning

[1] "Whilst two Dutchmen in particular were said to escape by the Fire coming to the Ruins of their Houses, and lighting them thro' Passages they would not otherwise have found out."

[2] "It's said Captn. Clies once actually deserted his Packet, thinking she must be lost."

except a great noise heard by the People just by the Water side) is variously reported, but by none made lefs than three Minutes & a Half, at the latter end of it. I was (I suppose) thrown over the Wall & fell about four stories between the Walls, where I must have been but a little Time, if it was the second Shock I felt in the Portugueze Man's House, which was said to have happen'd at 10 O'Clock (tho' by some People it is confounded with the first) therefore I think it could not be the third I felt at Mr. Jorg's House, for as it was at 12 O'Clock, I must have remain'd a long time in the Street, which appear'd to me instead of 2 Hours (as it must have been, if it had been between the 2nd. & 3rd. Shocks) scarcely a ¼ of an Hour From Mr. Jorg's House which was in the same Street with our own call'd Pedra Negas, situated upon the Hill leading to the Castle. I saw the middle part of the City to the King's Palace, & from thence up the Hill opposite to us leading to the Bairo-Castle, containing a number of Parishes, all in one great Blaze. Three Times I thought myself inevitably lost, the 1st. when I saw all the City moving like the Water, the 2nd. when I found myself shut up between four Walls, the 3rd. when with the vast fire I thought myself abandoned in Mr. Jorg's House, and even in the Square (where I remained ye Saturday Night

& Sunday, the almost continual trembling of the Earth, as well as the sinking of the great Stone Quay, adjoining to this Square at the third great Shock at 12 O'Clock) cover'd as it was said with 300 People, or perhaps more justly with 150 who were endeavouring to get into Boats, & were Boats & all swallow'd up,[1] made me fearful least the Water had under-min'd it, & that at every succeeding Shock, we should likewise; or else as the Ground was low & even with the Water, the least rising of it would overflow us. Full of these Terrors, as well as the Distrefses already mention'd, it more than once occurr'd to me that the Inquisition with all its utmost Cruelty could not have invented to have so much variety of Tortures for the Mind,[2] as we were then suffering. Could the general consternation have been lefs, not only many Lives, but even effects might have been sav'd, for the Fire did not till Sunday Morning reach the Custom House which stood next the Water Side, & had large open places on each side of it & in some parts was 2 Day getting to them: but the Kings Soldiers, among whom were many Foreign De-

[1] "And which was the reason so few Boats ventur'd upon the River for some time after."

[2] "The earnest neglected Supplications of the Disabled, as well as the noisy Prayers of the People, who thought it to be the Day of Judgment, added to the general Distraction."

serters who instead of afsisting the People, turn'd Plunderers, adding to the Fires (as some before their Execution confefs'd) already too numerous from the fallen Houses, for no Fire came out of the Ground, nor were there any openings of the Earth, except the Quay already mention'd was one; but every where innumerable Cracks, from many of which were thrown out Water & Sand. The King sent directly to the nearest Garrisons for his Troops upon whose arrival order was restored, and the Butchers and Bakers dispers'd about to provide for the People, who were not permitted to remove farther from the City without Pafses: the common People were immediately forc'd by the Soldiers to bury the Dead Bodies, the Stench growing so noisome that bad consequences were apprehended from it.

"The Judges were likewise scatter'd about, with orders to execute all upon the Spot, that were found guilty of Murder or Theft.[1] The Heart of the City (the Richest part of it) was burnt, the Suburbs, which are very large escap'd & have since been repair'd. All the Towns and Villages round about, suffer'd more or lefs. Several were not only thrown

[1] "It was said before we left the City, that there were about 80 Bodies hanging upon Gibbets round about the City. The Ships were several of them search'd & not allow'd to leave the Harbour without permission."

down & then burnt, but afterwards quite overflowed. It was strongly felt at Porto, 150 Miles to the North & even at Madrid 300 Miles from Lisbon; every Palace to the South suffer'd greatly: the Royal Palace & Convent at Mafra was not thrown down, nor the grand Aqueduct: the Royal Family were at Belem, where they most commonly resid'd, it was said a large stone graz'd the Queens Neck as she went down Stairs, none of them however were hurt. The Portugueze ran to two extreams from the first, making the number of their City to be much greater than it really was; & on the other hand as much diminishing the number of People lost; the former they insisted could not be so little as 350,000, but Mr. Hake from many Years residence in the place, thinks 250,000 to be the outside; & the latter they are desirous of concealing from political Views, I suppose, therefore it is not likely it will ever be known. In one of their best accounts since publish'd, it is computed at about 15,000, but Mr. John Bristow Junr. has told me, which he had from the very best Authority (as I imagine from the Secretary of State) that the Number of the Dead found & buried was 22,000 & odd Hundreds, in which case, as there must have remained still more under the Ruins, the Computation would be moderate at 50,000 People lost by the Earthquake.

"There were 69 British Subjects kill'd upon that occasion (as by a list of names since handed about) most of whom were Irish Roman Catholicks, only about 12 or 13 English out of near 300,[1] a most moderate number in proportion to the general Loſs, which I presume was greatly owing (next to Divine Providence) to the Distance most of them were at from the Streets where the Destruction was almost over before they could well arrive. It is almost inconceivable as well as inexpreſsible the great Joy it gave us to meet with one another; each thinking the other to be in a manner risen from the Dead, and both having a wonderful Escape to relate; all equally satisfied to have preserv'd their Lives only, without desiring anything further: but in a short time the prospect of Living, restor'd the cares of Life along with it, the melancholy Consequences making them regret the same Stroke had not de-

[1] "Mrs. Hake, Sister to Sir Charles Hardy, was kill'd by the falling of the Front of her own House, after she had got into the Street, her Body was found under the Rubbish three Months afterwards, not at all chang'd. Mr. Giles Vincent, Mr. John Legay, Junr. his Wife and Infant Daughter, Mr. Theobald and four others, were all lost in Mr. Legay's Junr. House. Mrs. Sherman suppos'd to be burnt, not being able to follow her Maid Servant thro' a narrow Passage. Mrs. Perochon, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Hutchins etc. lost. Mr. Holford had both his legs broke & was carried into a Church, which was afterwards burnt. Mr. Branfill's Housekeeper, Mrs. Huſsey, who had lived many Years with my Father, was taken up alive out of the Ruins, but died soon after."

priv'd them of both Life as well as Fortune. As for the Portugueze they were fully employed in a sort of religious Madneſs: lugging about Saints without Heads or Arms, telling one another in a most piteous manner how they met with such misfortunes & if by chance they met in their way a Bigger, throwing their oun aside, they hawl'd away the greater Might of Holineſs, all kiſsing those of each other they encounter'd; their clergy saying it was a Judgment upon them for their Wickedneſs, they thought it was almost Impious for them to try to take care of themselves & many of them call'd it fighting against Heaven, but the Officer upon Guard at the Mint, with the greatest Courage & resolution imaginable remain'd there three Days, & by beating down the Buildings round about preserv'd it from the Fire. However the King rewarded him as his Merit highly deserv'd. At last a Miracle brought them tolerably to themselves, perform'd as was suppos'd by us, by a secret Order from Court; for in the middle of the Night the Virgin Mary was seen sitting among the Flames, waving a White Handkerchief to the People from the Ruins[1] of a Church of a famous Convent of Hers,[2] call'd our Lady of Pentia da Franca, situated

[1] "Just thrown down by the Earthquake."
[2] "Of Fryars."

upon the Top of a very high Hill; this was immediately declar'd to be a forgiveneſs of all their past Offences, & a Promise of Life. It was said the Queen of Spain immediately sent her Brother a large remittance of cash, & that the King wrote a letter with his own Hand, not only offering his Treasure and his troops, but to come himself in Person if necessary. Other countries made some very trifling offers, but the Portugueze People of all Denominations fix'd their Hopes upon England from the very first, most confidently expecting all manner of Aſsistance from thence; nor would they have been much deceiv'd, had the Winds prov'd but as favourable as the Intention of the English."

## IV

### THE DIARY OF A MUTINY HERO

Even cottages can sometimes produce unexpected treasures. Old books, old engravings, and furniture are still to be found in cottage-homes, in spite of the ubiquity of the agent who scours the countryside and buys up the belongings of the poor. Sometimes where Americans and millionaires abound, he will "salt" an old cottage with "modern antiques"

which "have been in the family for generations," and are sold to confiding curio-hunters for large sums and at fictitious values. But these instances of duplicity, we hope, are rare. Very seldom can you meet with such a rare and curious book as that which I now present to your notice. I first published extracts from this diary in the *United Service Magazine*,[1] and it created much interest among the distinguished soldiers who served in the campaign and subdued the rebels. General Deedes especially took a keen interest in the diary, and also General Rice Nicholl, who served with the 2nd Batt. Rifle Brigade throughout the suppression of the Mutiny, wrote, "Nutt's journal is curiously like mine, not only in what he describes, but in so many of the slang expressions of those far-distant days. Of course there are exaggerations, and a few minor mistakes in the journal; otherwise it fits one's memory exactly." I hoped to have published the Diary *in extenso*, as the *Spectator* in its review of the article suggested, and to have supplemented it by notes from the pen of General Nicholl, who served with our diarist; but I have not yet discovered a publisher who was willing to undertake the book.

[1] For the courteous permission to republish this I am indebted to the Editor.

## A HERO OF THE MUTINY

He was an old time-worn man, bent with age and "very cripplely," owing to a wound in his thigh received at Lucknow. But there was fire in his eyes, and he straightened his shoulders when he talked of the dark deeds of those dreadful days of the Indian Mutiny, in the crushing of which he played a not unimportant part. Twenty years ago he could do a good day's work on the farm, when his wounds did not trouble him, and when he could go into the fields and gather certain herbs he wot of, that were specially designed by nature for the cure of such mortal ills. In winter, when the herbs did not show their healing leaves above the ground, he suffered most. He was a wonderful reader, and the Old Book was his favourite. He used to read it through from Genesis to Revelation twice every year, and occasionally divert himself by studying some dry, musty old sermon books of venerable antiquity which somehow had come into his possession. Stories and novels he loathed. "They ain't true, sir," he used to say.

This old soldier has left behind him a wonderful diary which he kept during the stormy days of the Mutiny, when he played his brave part in that strange drama. It is a battered old folio book that

accompanied him during his fighting days. Its existence is due to the fact that my old friend, James Nutt, was sergeant in the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and that it was his duty to pay the men under him, and to assign to each man a regular allowance of grog. There are carefully kept tables of the amounts given to each man; and then, at the other end of the book, he recorded the events of each day. We have many accounts of the Mutiny, elaborate histories, and recorded experiences, but this account written by a plain soldier in the ranks is probably unique.

He was serving in one of those regiments of gallant soldiers who were on their way to China when the Mutiny broke out, and were called to the rescue of the sorely pressed English garrisons. Historians tell us that these men saved India, and that without their aid the massacre would have been complete. It may be interesting to follow Sergeant James Nutt of the Rifle Brigade, and to learn what he has to tell us of those awful days.

The "Log of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade" begins with the landing at Calcutta on the 4th of November, 1857, after completing the voyage in the short space of seventy-eight days. The first thing he noticed was that the 70th Native Infantry were doing duty with ramrods only, as it had been

deemed necessary to disarm them. He approved of his quarters at the Free School, where there was "first-rate messing," but the "mosquitines" (mosquitoes) early took a fancy to our people. He was much impressed by a nocturnal visit to Calcutta; but his company was soon ordered to march up country. Crossing the Ganges by a steamer, he travelled by rail one hundred and twenty miles to Ranegunge, where he was much surprised to see a number of elephants, and also some skeletons of Sepoys who had been killed by the Madras Rifles a short time before. Then they started on their onward march, accompanied by Captain Pellew, Major Wilmot, and Captain Earl. For eleven days they marched, the men taking it in turns to walk or ride in the wagons, at the rate of three miles an hour, accomplishing three hundred and sixty-three miles, on an average thirty-three miles a day. Thus they arrived at Allahabad, and were thankful to get some bedding to sleep on and their tents, and to be able to take off their clothes. Cawnpore was their objective, "the chief seat of the Rebbles." Another thirty-six miles' weary tramp, and my friend was looking forward to a night's rest, when an order came that they must press on at once to Cawnpore. It was a hard struggle, many men fell out with blistered feet, and Nutt was

glad to mount an elephant and ride four or five miles.

"At last the besieged city appeared in sight. When within three miles of Cawnpore we could distinctly hear the firing of great guns: then a camel orderly rides up begging Colonel Fyers to bring his men on with all speed, as the Sepoys were swarming into the city in thousands and threatening the fort. Our officers begged us to keep up, though we were scarcely able to stand through fatigue; but the thought of meeting with the murderers of our country-women and children, the rascals who filled every British heart with horror and disgust, revived the old spirit of the Battalion. . . . We lost sore feet and forgot our long march, and set out in double quick time."

Great confusion reigned in the town. There were 21,000 Sepoys of the Sir-Hind Division and the Gwalior Contingent, well disciplined soldiers, in Cawnpore, while the English force only mustered 2,500 men. The rebels gained possession of the town, but the gallant garrison held the fort. The fighting in the streets was very trying and severe, the rebels firing from every door and window at us, and of course we charged into the houses. The doors were very small, and only one man could enter at a time, and incurred great danger of "an

ugly cut from their tulwars." The streets were crammed with baggage and household goods belonging to the civilians, and it was painful to see the poor women and children who had survived the massacre fleeing in all directions from their cruel foes towards the fort. The work was so sharp that nobody had much time to look about "if he wished to keep a sound napper. We forced the enemy to retire and established a strong picquet around our position. Then we marched to the fort to an advanced trench near an old hospital, and had to keep a sharp watch as we fully expected a night attack from the enemy, whom we could see quite plainly over our advanced work at a distance of about seventy yards.

"The night of the 28th November passed without alarm. Falling in at daybreak, and having received a dram of grog, we marched to the outworks under Colonel Walpole, and then General Windham ordered us to attack the enemy who were advancing to take up a position on the Telegraph Road, and to stop our communication with Allahabad. It was a matter of vital importance to us to keep that road open. Our six companies were those of Captain Nixon, Major Warren, Captain Mills, Captain Earl, Captain Dillon, and Colonel Pellew. The enemy discovered us and we were saluted by a

round of shot and grape, and had to proceed cautiously in skirmishing order under the cover of some ruined buildings. The Sepoys were taken by surprise in their own trap. They were drawn up in line in an open plain near the new barracks, and there appeared to be a great number of them. They had large guns in position, and were about 950 yards from us. They gave us plenty of grape and canister, which I am sorry to say did great execution in our battalion. However, we paid them dearly in return.

"Our skirmishers advanced in double line and peppered them in all directions. We quite astonished them by the long range of our rifles, which knocked them over rapidly at 950 or 1000 yards distance. After an hour's fighting, the enemy tried to effect a retreat, and commenced by withdrawing one of their guns. We kept up a well-directed fire which prevented them from harnessing two elephants to one large gun. We advanced rapidly, charging at two of their guns in the face of a furious fire. In this charge we lost our gallant Colonel Woodford, who was killed by two musket balls entering his temple. After a short struggle the enemy fled, leaving two eighteen-pounders in our possession, which we immediately spiked.

"We found that our shots had 'played the deuce'

with the gunners, who were lying dead in heaps by their guns. We destroyed what ammunition we could find, and then were puzzled how we should get the captured guns away to the fort, a distance of two miles, as we had no cattle to draw them. However, we were not to be done. The whole of our officers and men set to work at pulling at the ropes and chains, and found that we made capital progress, though it was hard work. The enemy kept firing upon us while we were retiring, but they proved themselves bad marksmen, and never hit any of us. We got the guns safe to the fort, and gave them over to the crew of the *Shannon*, who were doing duty in the batteries. We received great praise from the officers and men of the corps, for having captured two such guns without supports, and we were treated with some grog."

A very graphic account of a gallant feat of arms truly! The enemy in the city gave the fort no peace, and fired cannon-shot directly at the hospital, where the scoundrels knew our sick and wounded lay, also at the wooden bridge across the Ganges, in order to destroy our communications. It was very important that this bridge should be preserved, as Sir Colin Campbell was hourly expected from Lucknow with "the gallant and brave hearts of Old England, and an immense convoy whom he had

relieved from their perilous position." The guns of the Naval Brigade and the Artillery in the fort returned the enemy's fire. At eight o'clock in the evening the enemy attacked the rear of the fort, but were repulsed with great loss.

"On Sunday we were ordered to make an attack upon the town in order to discover the conditions of the enemy, their defences and the position of their guns. We left the outworks under cover of bushes and heaps of rubbish, and while rushing down the streets of the town were saluted by a most deadly fire of grape, canister, and round-shot. Having gained the object for which we were sent, we retired as speedily as possible. There is no doubt that the enemy thought that we were an immense force on account of our daring charge on the town, and as we were in skirmishing order we appeared more numerous than we really were. If they had known our exact strength, they could have cut us off to a man, as they number 25,000, including thousands of the Gwalior Contingent, the pride of the Indian Army, and we were only three companies of the Rifle Brigade, and these were not up to their proper strength. It was the sharpest sortie I ever saw, and we were glad to get out of the town again. We managed to gain our position by keeping up a well-directed fire, and we were quite breathless when we

arrived. During this day Sir Colin Campbell arrived from Lucknow with the convoy of women and children. He took up a position three miles from the Fort near the Grand Trunk Road with his gallant 42nd and 93rd Highlanders, 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, 8th King's Own, and several other troops. While the convoy was passing, the enemy fired continuously, but only succeeded in knocking over a few camels.

"Some days were passed without much excitement, except the usual round-shot and shells flying about. At night we were fearfully cold as we had no great-coats. It appears that being short of materials, the officers took all the men's knapsacks, and everything else they could find for making a battery. Hence our coats are covered in the earthworks. They say we will get compensation for it, but I would much rather have my clothing to cover me."

On the 5th December the Rifle Brigade was relieved from duty at the outworks by the 78th, and joined Sir Colin Campbell's force. After twelve days and nights ceaseless duty, our hero was thankful to sleep in a tent on some bedding, and "was soon in the arms of Morpheus." On the 6th an attack was made on the town. "We proceeded up a narrow street under a sharp fire of musketry and

artillery. We crossed the Grand Canal, and then came up with the enemy, when we peppered them fearfully, likewise charged them. We passed our swords right through them, and going through the town, came out at the other side of the Brick Kilns, formed up again, and then found some of the rascals on our right in the bush. We skirmished again and soon drove them out of that, and then advanced by another road towards the town; but the round-shot and shells flew so quick that we were forced to advance in file. The fire eventually subsided and we could see the enemy retiring in immense numbers from the city. Owing to the peculiar method of street fighting, we got separated from the rest of the army, and we did not know the result of the day's work." Cawnpore had been captured, and the dead bodies of the enemy were lying in heaps in the houses and streets. The whole of the night was spent in searching the houses and taking prisoners. All who were suspected of being Sepoys were shot by order when declared guilty.

After ten days' rest the regiment marched away, and along the road found many skeletons of Sepoys killed by Grant's cavalry during the retreat from Cawnpore. "The Jackalls soon make skeletons of dead men." A fort held by the rebels gave them much trouble, desperate hand-to-hand fighting in

holes and hiding-places, the scoundrels firing matchlocks and doing considerable damage. Several women, too, aided them, whom the soldiers spared. Our hero was much struck by the beauty of the Futtyghur district, which he calls the "Garden of India." Some days passed when "nothing particular" is recorded. But the enemy was not far away. At Ramgunga, finding that they were erecting a battery to play direct upon the English camp, the Rifle Brigade wisely moved their quarters, and had the satisfaction next morning of seeing round-shot and shell dropped into their former camp. "Our gunners returned their salute with some 68-pound shot, which went battering among them in grand style, making the welkin ring again with a vibration that lasted five minutes." Later on our hero met a convoy with women and children, and "great was our rejoicing to gaze on the comely and pleasing countenances of our country-women and children; and when we beheld them and thought of the cold-blooded murders at Cawnpore and other stations, it made our blood run cold, still wishing for an opportunity to revenge our country-women and children's wrongs." They were very keen to fight, these avengers of the Mutiny!

At Bunterab it was reported that the enemy was

advancing in overwhelming numbers. The report was false, and "the men were regularly vexed because the enemy did not come. Our English troops never think of being beaten; they always go in with a good spirit, and never think of retiring before an enemy, no matter what their numbers may be.

"I once heard a General say to a Bugler of ours to sound the Retire; and the Bugler answered in a most respectful manner—

"'It is not known in the Rifle Brigade. I will sound the Double if you like, sir.'"

Severe fighting followed in the neighbourhood of Lucknow, Sir James Outram commanding the Rifle Brigade. They were fired on from the batteries at Dilkoosha, advanced steadily our hero and his comrades in skirmishing order. Then the 2nd Dragoons charged gallantly, lost their commander Major Percy, but won the day, killing eight hundred Sepoys. During the day the battalion captured several prisoners and hanged them on the nearest trees. The rebels seemed terribly afraid of these brave Englishmen. Again and again they were engaged, but the resistance was usually slight.

But soon came the Siege of Lucknow, and much desperate fighting. On the 18th of March, soon after daybreak—

"We advanced along the road leading to the stone bridge across the Goomtee near the heart of the city. We were saluted with a grand shower of grape and canister, which burst over us without doing very much harm. Our skirmishers peppered them sharply, and our great guns were brought into play, which made them fly in all directions, many of them making for the iron bridge. Part of our battalion advanced towards the stone bridge in the hope of cutting off their retreat. Those who did escape fought with desperation. They dashed at us cutting savagely, more like madmen than human beings, and many hand-to-hand encounters took place, Captain Thyne and Ensign Cooper being killed. The enemy were driven back from a plain and made for the bridge; but this was held by us, so they plunged into the river and were shot during the passage across by some of our marksmen. Scores entered the river but few gained the opposite bank."

The rebels' ranks were thinned by nine hundred men, and several guns and stores were captured. The main body retired to camp and were fired on in round shot and grape from the roof of the Residency and other public buildings; but either through fear or bad marksmanship, the shots took no effect. The enemy being now confined to the

city the siege was prosecuted with vigour, and a fearful bombardment took place, shot, grape, and rockets flying all night, and the booming of large guns was incessant day and night. It must have been a fearful time for the wretches within the walls. As our author states in his old-fashioned style: "Siege still carried on with untiring assiduity." Sir Colin Campbell determined to shell the enemy to death, rather than to expose his men to needless danger. Some of the men of the Rifle Brigade were set to work the guns, and earned great praise from the officers, and proved themselves first-rate artillerymen. The soldiers in those days could turn their hands to anything. We hear later on of the Rifles capturing horses and becoming good cavalrymen, and also forming a useful camel corps that did good service.

Lucknow became too hot for the rebels, and then at length our hero hears that the Beegum, or Queen Mother, with the main body of the enemy had made their escape. On the 17th, General Sir Hope Grant was sent with two bodies of troops to intercept the flying rebels, and committed fearful slaughter, the roads and fields being strewn with dead and dying. On the 18th the bombardment ended and strong parties were sent to scour the city, search the houses, slay the rebels, while the engineers were employed

in blowing up the principal buildings where the enemy had formed batteries.

There is a story of an Irishman of the Brigade who came with his comrades to a house where several rebels were concealed. It was a sort of compound with a wall about six feet high around it. He dropped his rifle over the wall and said to his friends: "My rifle is gone entirely, and sure I must follow it." He caught hold of the top of the wall and raised himself up, when the rebels let drive at him. He cried out, "I've got 'em, boys." But it was *vice versâ*, for they had got him and would soon have "cooked his goose," as he termed it, had not his comrades climbed over after him. However, he recovered his rifle, shot one enemy and was stabbing at the others with his sword when three of his friends charged them in the rear. There were twelve Sepoys and two women. "The men were killed and the women permitted to depart, but one I am sorry to say I shot myself immediately afterwards; for no sooner did she get away than she picked up a matchlock and was in the act of shooting one of my comrades, when I sent my bullet through her, and she fell from the top of the house and expired. There were plenty of such-like Amazons in the city, and they fought like tigers deprived of their cubs."

On the 20th of March a royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired to apprise the Army that Lucknow was taken, and the flag of Old England floated over the once proud and magnificent city, the principal stronghold of the enemy. One hundred and seventeen large guns were taken, and 5000 rebels slain, our loss being trifling in comparison. Our author strolled round the city of palaces, as it was called. There was an enormous amount of jewellery and treasure captured, and "there are plenty of men that is made up for life." Loot evidently did not come in the way of our hero.

But he had plenty of hard fighting and seems to have enjoyed it, and was always disappointed when the enemy refused to stand, or when he had to look on and see other regiments engaged. Under General Sir Hope Grant, "an exemplary soldier, and I have every reason to believe a good Christian," the brigade sallied forth on a secret expedition, slew 400 rebels and captured fourteen large guns, seven boxes of treasure, an elephant, five camels, and 500 bullocks, "prizes that were not to be despised."

After Lucknow, the back of the Mutiny was broken, and the rest of our hero's labours were confined to hunting out the enemy and restoring the country to quietude. Our men were always dis-

appointed when they could not find "the scoundrels," as the thoughts of Cawnpore were in every man's breast. "We will hunt them to death, for rest to murderers we deny."

On one occasion "our men advanced upon a fortified village with that coolness which always marked their proceedings on such occasions, and to our surprise the rebels did not offer to retire, and it soon became evident that they mistook us for native troops, owing to our having donned our Indian clothing, which is somewhat similar to that worn by the native sikhs, whom the rebels do not seem to care about. We reserved our fire until within 150 yards of the village; when our men received the signal from our Colonel Hill, we gave a British cheer which made the welkin ring again and let them know the contents of our rifles. The enemy very soon discovered their mistake. Our men charged furiously through the village and chased them for upwards of five miles over very uneven ground. Two hundred and fifty men were killed and a great number wounded. We captured a couple of standards. The general was pleased to give our regiment great praise for their coolness and reservation of their fire until they could use it with such good effect."

During the hot weather the men suffered terribly

from sunstroke; the heat was intolerable. In one day two hundred and fifty of the brave fellows were struck down, some of them raving mad. During some fighting poor Sergeant Pitt, having been sunstruck and tied down in a doolie in order to prevent him from injuring himself, was deserted by the doolie bearers, who ran away, and when his comrades found him they saw he was headless, his head having been cut off and carried away by the "cowardly vermint."

Many men died from sunstroke during each day's march. Even our hero was weary, and he murmurs "there is no rest for the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade"—"there is no rest for the wicked." The endless marching he disliked more than the fighting. "We march to-morrow towards Chinnett for another fighting and marching affair. I hope it will be the former." He had his fill of it at Newabghunge, where the Beegum and 16,000 troops were in a very strong position; but the enemy were routed as usual, only the sunstroke claimed its victims, "which on every occasion does more to thin our ranks than all the shots and swords of our foes." They hoped to encamp permanently at Newabghunge during the monsoon, the season of rains. A permanent camp was formed with great labour, and when everything was ready, huts and

houses constructed, orders came to them to march to Fyzabad, the ancient capital of Oude, where our ally Mon Singh was reported to be hemmed in by about 30,000 rebels. "We are rather sorry to leave our hut, but we must be content." "More duty, more honner (honour)," he bravely consoles himself. We cannot follow our hero through all his adventures during the rest of the campaign. His trials were not over. He had to march through dense jungles, wade through rivers, and be ever on the alert, skirmishing, fighting, charging. One day his company marched 36 miles, crossed seven rivers, sometimes up to their necks in the water, their belts hung to the top of their rifles, and won a battle, the victory being gained by the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade only.

This kind of warfare must have been the most severe and trying of all, endless marching through a difficult country, the overwhelming heat, and then the bitter cold, and the continual encounters with an alert and well-armed foe. It is noticeable how confident our hero always was of victory. "Of course they (the rebels) could not withstand the pluck of our English veterans," he writes. He and his men could not lose a fight. His confidence was not bred of natural courage only. On the 3rd of November, 1858, he wrote—

"This being the anniversary of the day we landed in India, those that are surviving cannot but feel grateful to their Maker for preserving them so long and through so many difficult struggles and the past operations, and breathe a prayer for the future."

Two days later was the anniversary of the battle of Alma,[1] when "there was much rejoicing among the veteran warriors, and they had likewise an extra dram of rum, and everything went off alright, singing and some old tales related."

Even during the troubles of those fearful days the recreation of the men was not forgotten. Our hero tells of the military races which lasted three days, "and it was truly gratifying to observe the hundreds of clean, neatly dressed soldiers wending their way with cheerful countenances towards the racecourse at break of day." The men played cricket matches, too, and our author delights to add when he can "the match ended in favour of ours."

As a military history this diary is of importance. It tells of many a great event in the annals of the Mutiny, and of the generals and great men who played a great part in it. The name of the camp occupied each day is recorded, and usually the

[1] I think my friend must have been thinking of the battle of Inkermann, fought on the 5th of November.

I have followed the spelling of Indian names as given in the diary, but cannot guarantee its correctness.

number of miles marched, the strength of the enemy, the number of killed and wounded, and of guns captured. As a human document it is beyond all price. It tells of the dogged bravery, constancy, and untiring devotion of the English soldier of half a century ago, his calm, cool, deliberate courage which never seems to fail. Our hero may well serve as a model for the young untried soldiers of to-day. No one can foretell how soon they may be called upon to display the same good qualities which shone forth so conspicuously in the life of my old friend, and they may learn from his writings how gallantly their sires fought

"In the brave days of old."

## V

### A LAST LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON

It has recently been my privilege to study the deeds and documents of the Dawson family of Yorkshire, and subsequently of Arborfield Hall, Berkshire. These papers abound in interest. The Dawson family has a distinguished and royal ancestry, being descended from King Edward III. Prince Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third son of

that monarch, married Lady Elizabeth de Burgh, and from that union the descent is traced through the Mortimers, the Percys, including the renowned Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, the Cliffords, Dacres, Lowthers, until we arrive at the marriage of Agnes Lowther, daughter of Sir William Lowther, of Swillingham, with William Dawson, Esq., of Heworth, Farlington and North Ferriby, which took place in 1684. The original home of the family was Greystock in Cumberland. They migrated to Yorkshire and became county magnates; but families have their periods of prosperity and adversity, and the story of the Dawsons shows many vicissitudes.

William Dawson of Heworth, who died in 1736, lived in the grand style of a great Yorkshire squire. His son George entered the Army, and when he succeeded his father, continued to follow in his father's footsteps. The estates became impoverished, and Captain George Dawson contracted many debts. He was called to fight the battles of his country when Walpole's policy of peace broke down, and he was compelled in 1739 to proclaim war against Spain. Captain Dawson was ordered to that country, and took part in the fatal fight of Carthagena in 1741, in which he was slain. On the night before the battle he wrote the following

touching and affectionate letter to his eldest son Roper (so named after his maternal ancestor William Roper, son-in-law of Sir Thomas More). He seemed quite conscious of his approaching fate, and almost to expect death. He was conscious, too, of the debts which he had contracted, but hardly realized the disastrous state of his affairs. Roper had gone to America to make his fortune, but there were many other children, and most of them young. Roper inherited a legacy of burdens and troubles which he faced manfully, and did his best to straighten the affairs of the family. However, it required a private Act of Parliament to settle the estate and provide for his brothers and sisters.

We need not follow the fortunes of the family, which wonderfully retrieved its greatness. Roper and the American branch prospered. His brother George went to India and did good service for his country, returning to England rich and prosperous. Later on a fortunate marriage with an heiress brought abundant wealth to the family, which a reckless expenditure somewhat curtailed. But we are concerned only with this letter, the last letter written by an affectionate father to a dear son. It abounds in pathos, shows a firm and unyielding faith, anxious solicitude for the welfare of his

children, and is well worthy of a place in this collection of family papers.

Major George Dawson's letter to his son Roper Dawson, before the attack on Carthagena in which he was killed :—

"*Carthagena, March the 3rd*, 1741.

"My dear Roper,

"Yesterday the English fleet with the troops on board came into this bay, and to-morrow or the next day expect to land and attack the town, which is so large and well fortified, that it will be smart work ere we carry it. It may be my fortune to fall in the attempt as soon as another; if so, my dear child, consider that I am doing no more than my duty. I hope my good God will have mercy upon me; when it's His pleasure I am ready to resign.

"If so, it's my last charge to you, that you fear God, be true and just in all your dealings, stick close to your business, and think not of home till your time be up. Your uncle Lillington will advise you, and take care of what immediately falls to you, till you have occasion for it. Of all things be not too hasty to marry, but as much as in you lies be a kind brother and father to your poor brothers and sisters, who are most of them young. Remember thus far how tender I have been of you,

both as to yourself and education, and if it please God to spare my life, will put myself to the greatest straits rather than you shall want to carry on your business, and to put you forward in the world.

"My dear darling, be dutiful to your Mama whose jointure you will have after her decease.

"I hope that you will think proper to settle at Boston, and, when fit, take your brothers to your business, or put them out to other business as you think most proper. I never desire any of them to follow my way of life as a soldier.

"When your time's up, go to England, settle your affairs, which will raise money to set you up. When it pleases God to call your Mama, you will get the remainder.

"I am now Major to Colonel Wynyard's regiment; if it please God to spare my life some few years more, I shall be able to clear some debts that I contracted in England, and be able to do better to my younger children which will be of ease to you, but other ways, I request my dear Roper will do all he can for them, and remember this my last desire, I would rather they were settled in New England than Old, where I hope you will settle yourself and raise a family. You will have much more to do it with than some of your relations that left a great deal behind them. I doubt not but that

your Uncle Lillington, Cousin Crowle and Cousin Johnson will upon all occasions do you the best service in their power, and fail not to take their advice in all your affairs.

"If this comes to your hands, it will be the last time you will hear from me, so keep it by you and remember my last charges, and let no person lead you astray. But, my dear child, prove a father to the fatherless and widow, your charming brothers and sisters. God Almighty bless you, and send you happy in this life, and that to come, my dear son. Adieu.

"Your sister Nancy is out at business, and, with the assistance of her friends, I hope will do well, and assist to help her younger sisters; how joyful should I be to see you set up, and your poor sister Dolly your housekeeper. Adieu."

So ends this affectionate father's last letter to his son. It is unsigned. On the following day the hand that wrote it was still in death. It has been preserved with the utmost solicitude by the American branch of the Dawson family, and doubtless helped poor Roper in his heavy task of providing for his brothers and sisters and settling the affairs of the family. Searching the family deed chest is, however, somewhat wearisome. We will close the lid, and seek for other palaces.

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# III

# THE PALACE OF BOOKS

## I

### HATCHARD'S AND OTHERS

A NAME that should be ever honoured by book-lovers is that of the ingenious bookseller who first devised the plan of issuing catalogues of second-hand books for the benefit of buyers in the country. He should have a niche in the temple of fame, and his statue erected in every private library. This worthy was Thomas Payne—not the Paine who wrote *The Age of Reason*, but a seller of books who in the early part of the eighteenth century established his business in an obscure place, called Round Court, near the Strand, whence he moved about 1755 to the place now known only by name as Mews Gate, nigh the King's Mews, a site now occupied by the National Gallery. The locality derived its name from the place where the king's hawks were kept. "Mewing" was the sound

the keepers made when they wished to attract a hawk to its perch. There Thomas Payne attracted other customers than hawks, save that the eager book-lovers darted on their prey in his book-shelves with quite as much eagerness as the birds attacked a heron. There in his classic shades you might have seen the great bibliophiles and scholars of the day, Beloe, Cracherode, Porson, George Steevens, Malone, Windham, Lord Stormont, Sir John Hawkins, Lord Spencer, Burney, Townley, Colonel Stanley, and a host of other learned and bookish men, who loved to assemble in Tom Payne's Literary Coffee House and Bookseller's Shop. He earned the title of "Honest Tom," and history relates that he was "warm in his friendships as in his politics, a convivial, cheerful companion, and unalterable in the cut and colour of his coat," and that he uniformly pursued one object, fair dealing. We hear of Payne's shop again in the *Pursuits of Literature*, by Mathias, where we read—

"Or must I as a wit with learned air
Like Doctor Dewlap to Tom Payne's repair,
Meet Cyrill Jackson and mild Cracherode,
'Mid literary gods myself a god?
* * * * * * *
'Hold!' cries Tom Payne, 'that margin let me measure,
And rate the separate value of the treasure;'
Eager they gaze—well, sir, the feat is done,
Cracherode's *Poetæ Principes* have won."

This Cracherode was a wealthy parson, the Rev. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, the owner of a great classical library, the books of which rejoiced in wide margins, and are now in the British Museum. Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys, to whom I am indebted for much of the foregoing information, states that he was one of the great book collectors, "the most ardent that the clerical profession has ever claimed, which is saying a good deal, for the clergy have ever been good bookmen."

Tom Payne's epitaph, written by his son, must be recorded—

"Around this tomb ye friends of learning bend!
It holds your faithful, though your humble friend!
Here lies the literary merchant Payne,
The countless volumes that he sold contain
No name by liberal commerce more carest
For virtue that became her votary's breast.
Of cheerful probity, and kindly, plain,
He felt no wish for disingenuous gain;
In manners frank, in manly spirit high,
Alert good nature sparkled in his eye;
Not learned, he yet had learning's power to please,
Her social sweetness, her domestic ease.
A son, whom his example guides and cheers,
Thus guards the hallo'd dust his heart reveres;
Love bade him thus a due memorial raise,
And friendly justice penn'd this genuine praise."

Epitaphs do not always speak the truth, but the testimony of his contemporaries bear witness to the virtues of "Honest Tom." Since his day the custom

of sending out catalogues of second-hand books has increased enormously. Few days pass without the post bearing to me the most attractive lists of books. I read them, and mark them, and then, too often, the catalogue is lost, and I fail to obtain the books I covet. In these days it is not well to imitate the literary calm of "mild Cracherode" and Dr. Dewlap and Payne. I received one morning a catalogue of books; there were several I needed. Happily, I was going to London that day, and on arriving I hastened to the portals of the friendly bookseller. Alas! I was too late. Most of the precious volumes had already been purchased, and I had to turn disconsolate away.

There are few bookseller's shops more attractive to the book-lover than the famous Hatchard's, in Piccadilly. Not long ago the house was being rebuilt, and though the business was carried on just over the way, one missed the accustomed place. And now it compels one to stop with a force that none can resist. The new front has a quaint Queen Anne style about it that is altogether attractive. Moreover, displayed in one window are the old-time books that tell of sport and travel, places and people, while in the other are all the newest books that an ever-rolling press is always producing. Daring to enter, you can never resist the luring eyes

JOHN HATCHARD (1768–1849).

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of the countless books, which seem to say, "I am just what you require. Buy me. Read me. Do I not please you?" Perforce you must buy; and if you ascend the lift that takes you to where the second-hand volumes are stored, you are a doomed man. Your pockets will be heavier and bulge frightfully, but your purse will be lighter.

"Who is Hatchard? What is he, that all the *savants* commend him?" If you would know, you must go back to Honest Tom's shop about the year 1790, and then you would have seen an active, bright young man named John Hatchard, who rivalled his aged employer in the interest he took in the books that lined the walls. He kept, fortunately, some biographical notes, still preserved, which tell us that he was born in 1768, educated at the Grey Coat Hospital, tried printing and did not like it, became an apprentice to Mr. Ginger, a bookseller of Great College Street, Westminster, served his time well and celebrated its expiration (at his father's expense) with a good supper and a flowing bowl of punch, with songs and toasts and sentiments. Then came his period of service with Tom Payne, and after eight years, during which he made many friendships and acquaintanceships with the learned book-lovers of his day, he set up for himself in 1797 at No. 173 Piccadilly, with less

than £5 in his pocket, and when he died in 1849 he had a fortune of nearly a hundred thousand pounds. As he piously and gratefully remarks, "God blessed my industry and good men encouraged it."

As he prospered he moved his shop, first to 190, Piccadilly, then the paradise of booksellers, and afterwards to 187, where Hatchard's stands to-day. The ghosts of bygone great personages crowd the shop. We may see, if you will, the distinguished members of the Clapham sect, Wilberforce, Granville Sharp, Clarkson, Zachary Macaulay, and his little son the future great historian, who has just received a present from Hannah More with the command to buy a book at Hatchard's. Moreover, the good lady herself was a frequenter of the place, which not only provided books published by other people, but sent forth into the world many goodly tomes, amongst these Macaulay's *History of England*. Hither, too, came John Keate, Eton's headmaster, Cracherode, Beloe, Dr. Heberden, Heber, Archbishop Howley, George Canning, the poet Pye, Crabbe, whose poems Hatchard published—a host of other good men and true who frequented Hatchard's and brought thither their precious manuscripts for publication, or bought books for their delectation.

A bookseller's shop was very different in those far-off days than the modern book emporium. Then it was a kind of club. The daily newspapers were placed on a table near a comfortable fire-place, and there were comfortable chairs where the frequenters used to discuss the topics of the day, read the papers and go to sleep. These were very pleasant attractions when clubs were few and the old coffee-house had dropped out of fashion. But even the delights of Hatchard's pale before those of the booksellers of Cheltenham. We might take the coach that starts from the White Horse Cellars, nearly opposite No. 187, Piccadilly, and travel to that pleasant watering-place; and then visit Bettison's Library in the High Street. It is a marvellous place. The proprietor tells us that this library has lately received an accession of several thousand volumes, collected by Mr. Bettison, who has also successfully exerted his taste in the embellishment of its interior. Its situation is most eligible; its accommodations are superior, and its various store of learning exhaustless. Whether it be the sublime labour of divinity, the steady works of philosophy, the true portraiture of history, the poetical effusions of imagination, or the fancy-fraught productions of romance, here is the chaste receptacle of ancient and modern genius. All this

grandiloquence is in the prospectus of this refined establishment, where we are informed "the unwearied assiduity and skill of the proprietor, in collecting select works and miscellanies, cause a variety of volumes, in every language, to excite the curiosity of the connoisseur, or impart instruction. The reading-room, which is eighty feet in length, and supported by Doric pillars, is terminated in a shrubbery, which tends to produce that serenity of mind so adapted to contemplation—indeed everything that contributes to the comfort of a library is here concentrated. Upwards of one hundred London, Irish, Welsh and provincial papers are taken in weekly, which, with the most esteemed and popular new publications, are continually on the table for the subscribers' inspection. The most strict attention is proffered, whilst fashion and polite manners impose the greatest silence."

And then we come to the greatest climax! The spirited proprietor has established a series of musical entertainments, assisted by able professors, when the gardens are brilliantly lighted with gas, and occasionally a grand display of fireworks. If from this scene of refined splendour one might transport oneself into the dreary present, we should like to compare the book-shop of Mr. Bettison with that of the modern seller of books. Imagine a

band, illuminations and fireworks! Perhaps we might take a leaf out of Mr. Bettison's book, and bring prosperity to the book trade. Nor was he quite singular. If you went to the Library of Mr. Williams, at the eastern corner of the Assembly Rooms, "a fashionable lounge for the gay, the youthful, the philosopher, or the devotee of pleasure, which could boast of the assemblage of ancient and modern genius, foreign and domestic," you would hear the strains of a band playing regularly twice a week, and *Soirées Musicales* seem to have been a common feature of the fashionable book-shops. We can well imagine Mr. John Hatchard saying, when he heard of these strange goings-on, "Fudge! what mountebanks! a disgrace, sir, to their calling!"

Very different from Mr. Bettison's was the ordinary provincial book-shop which many of the principal cities and towns could produce. They were the resort and lounge of all who cared for literature in the place where they were established, and who needed no bands or fireworks to attract them thither. The father of Dr. Samuel Johnson, Michael Johnson, at Lichfield, was a bookseller of this type, wherein his illustrious son first imbibed his love of books.

At Reading, in Berkshire, there is a famous book-

seller's shop, now known as the Southern Counties' Library and owned by William Smith & Son. Its former name was Lovejoy's Library, having been founded by George Lovejoy in 1832. But the bookshop, though not on its present site, dates back to the early part of the eighteenth century, when it bore the sign of "The Bible and Crown," one of its early proprietors being John Newbery, the celebrated bookseller and publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard. John Newbery was the intimate friend of Dr. Johnson and of Oliver Goldsmith; indeed, he was "the philanthropic publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard," as Goldsmith calls him in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Born in 1713, at Waltham St. Lawrence, a village nine miles from Reading, John Newbery, when about sixteen years old, was engaged by William Carnan, afterwards the publisher of one of the earliest provincial newspapers, *The Reading Mercury*. *The Mercury* had first appeared on July 8, 1723, and was said to have been founded by John Watts, Mayor of Reading in that year. Carnan dying in 1737, Newbery was not only one of his executors, but also married his master's widow, and carried on the concern with considerable success. Reading, however, not affording sufficient scope for his energies, he soon opened the London House, still retaining his con-

trol over the Reading business. In those days most booksellers dabbled in patent medicines, and Newbery was certainly no exception, and pills and powders formed a profitable part of his stock-in-trade. At his death his successor disposed of the shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, and founded the well-known house of Francis Newbery and Sons in Newgate Street. Meantime the shop at Reading and the publishing office of *The Reading Mercury* were in the hands of Newbery's stepson, Thomas Carnan, to whom he had already transferred that business. The poet, Christopher Smart, whose works Newbery had published and to whom he had proved a good friend, died in 1770. He had married one of Newbery's daughters, and at her death Thomas Cowslade married one of her daughters, the publishing firm being then styled Smart and Cowslade. In 1832, the Cowslade family, still being proprietors, sold the bookselling and stationery department to George Lovejoy, at that time in their employ, retaining the publishing and printing in their own hands. Lovejoy migrated with the business he had acquired to its present site in London Street, and his diary records the payment of the first instalment of the purchase-money in that year.

I remember the old man well, a kind, genial

bookseller, who delighted to talk about books, and about Miss Mitford, Charles Kingsley and other great writers who used to frequent his library. He died in 1883, but the old book-shop still invites book-lovers, and can boast of nearly two hundred years of vigorous life.

Country squires used to go to London once a year, and visit the book-shops, and bear back to their manor houses some of the treasures they found there. In the booksellers' shops literary workers used to consult each other, gather information from their fellows, and lend each other books. We should like to tell of other shops celebrated in the annals of book-collecting, of the Tully's Head, kept by Robert Dodsbury in Pall Mall, where wits, statesmen and book-lovers forgathered, including Johnson and Burke, Young and Akenside, Walpole, Warton and many others; of Murray's, founded as long ago as 1768 in Albemarle Street, where Sir Walter Scott first met Byron.

Sometimes mighty quarrels arose between rival authors. The race is proverbially touchy, and our ancestors were not very sparing in their criticisms of each other or in their personalities. When Pope's satire flowed fast, there was rage in the shops of the booksellers. Thus, when Dennis picked up a copy of Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, and read—

> "Lo! Appius reddens at each word you speak,
> And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,
> Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry,"

he flung down the book, and glaring around, exclaimed, "By ——, he means me!" Dennis pursued the poet all through life with the most insatiable vengeance, and it is said that Pope, after the publication of the *Dunciad*, had always a tall Irishman to attend upon him and guard him from his enemies. Colonel Duckett threatened to cane the poet. Phillips hung up a birchen-rod at Button's, in readiness for a chastisement. Thomas Bentley sent him a challenge, and Pope consulted his military friends, who declared that his person should protect him.

The atmosphere of the shops must have been highly charged when all this animosity was in the air. But these quarrels were of an earlier day than John Hatchard's. However, in his time, almost next door, at Wright's, there was once a very pretty row. Gifford, the editor of *The Anti-Jacobin*, wrote *An Epistle to Peter Pindar*, ending with the lines—

> "Thou can'st not think, nor have I power to tell
> How much I scorn and loathe thee, so farewell."

Walcot, the "Peter Pindar," was very angry, waited for his libeller near Wright's shop, and

struck him on the head with a stick. But the aggressor was vanquished and pitched into the gutter. Thus was the quiet atmosphere of the abodes of learning rudely disturbed at times by the quarrels of authors.

John Hatchard was succeeded by his second son Thomas, his eldest son having taken Holy Orders and become Vicar of St. Andrew's, Plymouth. Mr. Thomas Hatchard reigned at 187 Piccadilly until 1858. His only son became a distinguished Churchman, rector of St. Nicholas, Guildford, and Bishop of Mauritius. Mr. Thomas used to attire himself in a blue dress coat with velvet collar, gilt buttons, white cravat, yellow waistcoat and brown nankeen trousers, and was a very kind-hearted, pious and gentlemanly man. John Hatchard's great-grandson, Mr. Henry Hudson, for many years very successfully conducted the business until 1880. It is now in the capable hands of Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys, who dedicated his *Memorials of the House of Hatchard* to his colleague and friend Mr. Edwin Shepherd, "An excellent fellow who for forty (it is now fifty-seven) years has been faithfully and gracefully connected with 187 Piccadilly, and with whom it is my fortunate lot to be allied in carrying on the business commenced by John Hatchard." Both the writer and he to whom he dedicates his

book realize the description of a true Bookseller contained in the Preface. The bookseller thinks the world of books the only world worth living in, and, like the character of the happy man—with a variation of Dyer's line—

"His shop to him a kingdom is."

Therein he is content, his conversation is of books and abounds in "barn-door flights of learning." He is placid and stoical. The keynotes of his philosophy rest upon a love of books and the men who buy them. He is happy in his lot, and is usually much envied.

## II

### THE BRITISH MUSEUM

If you cannot discover a book you need for the *magnum opus* on which you are engaged, and even the shelves of Hatchards or the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, wherein you are favoured with the assistance of a learned and zealous librarian, fail to provide you with what you require, you wend your way to the British Museum, and there in that Palace of Books try to find the help and information you are seeking. You have, of course, a Reader's ticket that admits you to this world of

letters, and are fortunate if you possess the old green ticket which has not to be renewed every year. I have one somewhere, but it has been mislaid, and I am in fear and trembling when I pass the severe-looking janitors, lest they should require me to produce it. All sorts and conditions of men use the reading-room, amongst them starving authors who need a great-coat and would, perhaps, attempt to purloin a book; so you have to deposit your bag at the cloak-room, and your great-coat is safer there than when placed over the back of your chair. On entering, you secure a seat by depositing your hat upon a desk which may be numbered H, 5, and thither you may attract all the literature of the ages and revel in its pages. It is well to have careful notes of the Christian name, as well as the surname, of the author of the books you seek. Otherwise it is weary work toiling through the huge catalogues for the particular writer whose name is Scott or Smith. Then comes the filling in of the forms correctly and legibly with your name and H, 5, indited upon them; and then you have to wait till the Fairies, or the attendants, waft the books to your particular desk. There must be some magic about the process. Formerly you had to learn patience; but now the books appear so quickly that you wonder how it is done. Magic and mystery can

only account for the speed. Old documents stored in the Record Office or British Museum often contain strange stories of adventures which are far more exciting than those woven by the imagination of novelists, and bear witness to the truth of the trite saying that fact is stranger than fiction. Amongst much that is very dry and uninteresting to the ordinary reader, amongst scarcely decipherable writings which are valuable only to the historical student, we sometimes meet with the account of some dramatic and exciting episode which is quite as thrilling as the stories of Mr. Stanley Weyman or Mr. Anthony Hope. Here is one such story, told in plain unvarnished language by one "John Brett, gentleman, servant to the King and Queen's most excellent Majesties, who was despatched into the parts beyond the seas by their Majesties, with commission dated the 16th day of June 1556," to deliver certain letters to certain important persons who had found England too hot a country to live in. This story I have called

### The Adventures of a Royal Messenger

On the accession of Queen Mary of evil memory, several ladies and gentlemen, being alarmed for their safety, fled the country and took up their residence in Frankfort, Strasburg, and the Rhenish

Palatinate. Amongst the refugees was Katharine, the Dowager-Duchess of Suffolk, who married one Richard Bertie, of Birsted, Kent. She favoured the Reformed religion and especially disliked Bishop Gardiner. On one occasion she caused a dog to be dressed in a rochet and called by his name; and when the Bishop was a prisoner in the Tower she saw him at the window of his chamber, and cried out that it was merry with the lambs when the wolf was shut up. So Gardiner bore her no goodwill; and on his accession to power, hearing that they were in danger, the Duchess and her husband fled abroad. Fuller says of their adventures: "It would trouble one's head to invent more troubles than they had all at once, and it would break one's heart to undergo but half so many, seeing their real sufferings out-romanced the fictions of many errant adventurers." Other refugees were Sir Thomas Wroth, a favourite of Edward VI; Sir Henry Nevell; Sir William Stafford; John Hales, Esquire; Jane Wilkinson, who was "silkwoman to Anne Boleyn, a gentlewoman of great credit and also of fame for her worthy doings;" and Bishop Barlow of Bath and Wells.

The Queen and her royal consort Philip desired the return of their wandering subjects, in order to correct their errors or burn them at Smithfield.

Hence they sent their confidential messenger, John Brett, with letters strongly urging their return to England. Master Brett shall tell his own tale with regard to the adventures which befell him during his not very successful mission.

At Frankfort he discovered Jane Wilkinson, and presented their Majesties' letters, which she received, as it seemed, very humbly. She declared that her indisposition and sickness was the cause of her coming out of England to see if she could recover her health at the baths in these countries. However, if it pleased the Queen's Majesty to call her home, she would repair towards England with the best speed she could, for loath she would be that any person should be cumbered for her cause. The lady spoke fair, and so far all was well with Master Brett's mission; but I fancy that Mistress Wilkinson's "indisposition and sickness" were of a lingering nature, and German waters do not always effect a very speedy cure.

With John Hales he was not so successful. The refugee refused disobediently to receive the letters which the Queen had so kindly sent him, declaring with many threats that she had no power to send processes into these countries, nor had Brett any right to present them, as he should well perceive to his pain ere his departure. Many hot words

and much threatening followed, and Brett retired to his lodging. Then Hales and his two companions girt their swords about them and hastened to the Mayor, and complained that, contrary to the liberties and laws of these countries, the Queen of England had sent to vex him and others who for their refuge and conscience' sake had come thither to fly persecution in England. They demanded the punishment and arrest of Master Brett. This the Mayor did, and sent an officer to summon him to the council chamber. However, Brett with honeyed tongue persuaded the Mayor that he did no wrong "to deliver letters to Englishmen from their sovereign mistress, to their great comfort if God gave them well and wisely to weigh it." So the Mayor gently dismissed him.

Now his troubles were to begin. The Duchess of Suffolk and her husband had taken up their residence in an old castle on the summit of a hill near Weinheim, and thither Brett repaired to deliver his letters; and this is his account of what followed:

"Leaving my horse in an inn, I went up the hill, a good half English mile high, afoot, accompanied with mine own servant and a man of the town to show us the way. When I came before the castle gates I found them fast shut, and a stripling like an English lackey standing afore them. Of him

I demanded if the Duchess and her husband were within. The lackey answered yea, and had scarcely spoken this word but one looking out of a grate in the gate asked who I was and what I would have? I told him that I would gladly speak with the Duchess and Master Bertie, and that I had letters to deliver them from certain their friends. He demanded my name, and I told it him. Then he bade me tarry at the gate, and he would go tell the Duchess of me. And with that he and his companion went a speedy pace towards the inward parts of the castle.

"Then we heard a noise of laying down stones in the window of a little turret over the gate; and, looking up, we saw one or two people look out as though they did not wish to be seen, and immediately they began to cry out in French, 'Kill them, kill them.' Then we heard other people coming towards the gate. As I approached, the people in the turret threw down a stone. Then another came. It was lucky that it missed my head; but it hit me so heavy a blow on my right hand that I could not rule my forefinger and thumb a fortnight after. Then some of the servants of the Duchess rushed out of the gate with great fierceness, so it seemed to us high time to retire, or to tarry by force. Some cast stones at us, and six fellows followed us into

the market-place of the town afore my lodging; and as we struggled the townsfolk gathered together, and to them the Englishmen said that we were thieves and papists who had come to carry away the Duchess their lady, or by some secret means to poison her and their master, favourers of the gospel and truth.

"In the best Duche [German] I could, I made the people understand that their childish exclamations were false, and that I came to try no matters with weapon in hand, but in an honest and just cause, nor to the confusion of their lady, but rather to her singular comfort and to all theirs also, if they bore true hearts towards their country. Then two of the men had away my two horses to the castle, and disposed of them at their pleasure for eight days without other remedy to be had at their hands. Then came the Mayor of the town, to whom the Englishmen told their complaints against me, and to these I replied with much spirit, but with little avail. The Mayor placed me in the custody of his men until he should have learnt the wishes of the Duchess; meanwhile the Englishmen uttering many brave braggs and deep oathes against me and the Queen's Majesty and her honourable Council. In three hours the Mayor returned, and with him Barlow and three or four Englishmen. This Bar-

low wanted to know whether the letters from Her Majesty were letters or processes. If they were processes they would not receive them. The Duchess was discontented with her servants for my ill-usage at the castle. He began to threaten me, saying that I might well repent myself for my presumption in taking upon me such an enterprise in case my letters were found to be processes. When I refused, he called the Mayor, who was always ready to gratify him and his company, and ordered me to show my commission and deliver to him all my letters. As they were ready to rifle me, I consented to produce them, and handed them to the Mayor in a sealed box. The Englishmen requested that I might be warily looked to for writing or going away; so I remained as a prisoner with my keepers in an inn where I was evilly lodged and entreated for several days. Then the Palsgrave, who lived at Heidelburg, two good leagues away, sent two men-at-arms to fetch me. I wanted my two horses, but the Mayor said I must go afoot in company with the horsemen. I prayed him that I might have horses or a wagon, otherwise I assured him they should drag me thither, for I would not go so far afoot. At last a cart was gotten with much ado, and I set out for Heidelburg. There I was delayed eighteen days as evilly lodged and used as I had

been afore. Two doctors of the Palsgrave's council informed me that I should deliver none of the Queen's letters to any Englishman within the Palsgrave's dominions, and that I should pay for all my charges and my keepers the time of my detainment. They added that the Palsgrave had taken the Duchess and her husband *in fidem tutelam et protectionem suam*, and that, therefore, he would defend them and the others who had submitted themselves to him."

So Master Brett was forced to depart with his letters. He says the Englishmen tried to persuade him not to make any report to the Queen of what had befallen him, and to accept some office in these countries, so that he should not return to England. This failing, they thought to use force, and Brett perceived that certain men lay in wait to do him displeasure. So he gave out that he was going to Worms, but changed his course and went through the forest towards Speyer, and thence to Venice, in order to escape their hands.

However, his adventures were not yet over. He returned to Germany, and went to Strasburg in order to find Sir Thomas Wroth. The day before his departure he heard of a conspiracy against him. "Who were the chief procurers thereof I wot not; but a Frenchman that came with the arch-heretic

of Geneva seemed most diligent to procure that a Ryter Knight and his men, ready for hire to do any mischief, should have rid me out of the way for making report of my former service. And although I sought divers ways how to have rid me of the Ryter's company, yet could I not be freed from it. Whether I went by water or land his purpose was still towards me. One day when I was going to Speyer by the Postes, he sent his man on the way afore; and I being afterwards scarcely two flights' shot from the town, though I rode so fast as my post-horse would suffer me, yet did the Ryter easily pass afore me, as he that rode of a very good horse, with two daggers at his saddle-bow and two others behind him. When I saw that and considered all the circumstances afore, lest I might seem rather desperate than diligent in my business, I turned back again to Strasburg with my guide that doubted no less than I the peril that might have happened to me on the way." Verily discretion is the greater part of valour.

Master Brett obtained a safeguard from the rulers of Strasburg, and presently departed to England with his letters still undelivered but his body safe. One man told him that he might repent his enterprise, and that he would not have been in his coat for a thousand pounds to have come to deliver

any letters in these parts. He might therefore congratulate himself that he escaped with a whole skin. He had quite the genius of the spy, and ferreted out most of the refugees, recording where they were residing and who were their companions. He did not add fuel to the fires of Smithfield; and after narrating his adventures, he concludes his report somewhat regretfully; "This is all I did or could do in the execution of my said charge and commission."

After this he passes away into obscurity. We hear no more of his adventures as a spy or queen's messenger. There is one John Brett whose name occurs in the State Papers of the reign of Elizabeth, and who was employed in the service of the Government in a humble position as a collector of fines. Probably this is the same man. Of the other actors in this drama, many returned to England on the death of Mary. Bishop Barlow became Bishop of Chichester. The Duchess and Bertie suffered much during their exile; their resources began to fail them, until at length they were invited by Sigismund Augustus, King of Poland, to the earldom called Crozan, where they continued in great quietness and honour until the death of Queen Mary.

# IV

# PALACES OF REFUGE AND OF PAIN

## I

### SANCTUARY

It is a wild and stormy night, black-browed and horrible: such a night as when Macbeth slew his royal master; and there are "lamentings in the air, strange screams of death," and the distant roar of many voices clamouring like wolves for blood. A man worn and wearied is toiling up the dark, steep, silent lanes that lead to Durham Minster. Ever and anon he glances furtively behind him, and then he tries to run, but his tired limbs will scarcely bear him onwards. He stumbles over a heap of garbage in the street and nearly falls. The cries of his pursuers become louder. He is up again, and speeding on, and the long, dark outline of the minster is dimly seen. A few steps more, and then he catches convulsively at a huge strange knocker on the church door. One loud, appealing knock

he makes, and then sinks exhausted on the minster steps. Two lay brothers slowly open the heavy door, and lead in the wanderer, and he is safe. Outside the avengers are clamouring for his blood, but they are too late. They cannot touch him now.

Such was sanctuary in olden days in England, a strange and curious custom which prevailed to a very large extent throughout the land. All churches had the privilege of sanctuary, and infraction was deemed a species of sacrilege, and was punished sometimes with the loss of life and goods. Even divine vengeance was believed to pursue the daring wretch who violated the holiness of a church, and presumed to capture one who had sought refuge therein. Thus Leland tells us of a knight named Thurstin who was instantly struck with a disease for pursuing a person in a church with a drawn sword. Nor did Henry VII dare to capture Perkin Warbeck, who sought sanctuary in a church, but allured him from his place of safety by a promise of life and pardon.

But inferior churches were not often resorted to, and this for a very excellent reason. Although avengers or ministers of justice dared not infringe the sacredness of sanctuary, they could guard the gates and doors of the church, and so prevent their victim from receiving any food. Sometimes they

SANCTUARY KNOCKER AT DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

set fire to the church, and so compelled their prey to come out. Hence the wise man who had reason to fear for his safety sought refuge in some of the great *asyla*, where there was food enough provided for such as he, warm cloaks too, and plenty of liberty, and where his foes would not dare to come and seize him.

Such secure retreats were the beautiful Abbey of Beaulieu, in Hampshire, founded by King John; Battle Abbey, built by the Conqueror in memory of Senlac; the cathedrals of Winchester, Wells, Ripon, Norwich, York and Durham. If we had erred in London, we should have sought safety in the church of St. Martin-le-Grand, or the Temple, or St. Mary-le-Bow, or the famous sanctuary of Westminster. The collegiate church at Manchester, now the Cathedral; Beverley Minster, the churches of Lancaster, Derby and Hexham would have offered us havens of rest in the north; and Colchester, Northampton, Merton Priory, Abingdon (Berkshire), in other parts of the country. Scottish debtors found protection in Holyrood Abbey, and its precincts remained a refuge for them until comparatively recent times.

Whence did this strange practice arise? It is doubtless connected with the Mosaic enactment appointing six cities of refuge that the manslayer, who

by misfortune or accident had killed a person, might have a place of security to flee unto. The Greeks, too, had their places of safety, such as the sanctuary of Cadmus at Thebes, and that of the Heraclidæ at Athens. Their temples were *asyla*, and especially the touch of the tutelary image brought safety to the refugee. Plutarch tells how Alexander would not violate the sacredness of a temple, and how he directs Megabysus to draw and entice a slave from his asylum and capture him, but not to touch him while he remained in the temple. The Romans, too, copied the Greeks, and the ancient founder of the city of the seven hills is said to have filled his newly-erected Rome by declaring it to be an asylum, and thus collecting a colony of outcasts, runaway slaves, and lawless profligates. Juvenal might well reproach the Romans of his day with their base and ignoble descent.

To Boniface V, who assumed the Papal tiara in 609, is usually assigned the honour of instituting the privilege of sanctuary in Christendom. He ordained "that criminals who fled to churches should not be taken thence by force." The result was not entirely satisfactory, as the churches became the resort of thieves, traitors, murderers, and other villains. So great was the abuse that Pope Sixtus V suppressed all the sanctuaries in Rome.

His edict was not very effectual. Smollett tells us that he saw "the most execrable villains diverting themselves in the cloisters of some convents in Rome," and also beheld a man who had murdered his wife "taking the air with great composure and serenity on the steps of a church at Florence."

All Christian countries seem to have been furnished with sanctuaries, but in England they were more abundant than in any other land. It would be tedious to enumerate all the laws relating to them issued by ancient kings, from the times of Edgar and Alfred until their final abolition by James I. We would rather see the system at work, watch the culprit as he flies to his restful haven, and see the welcome that awaited him there. At Durham, having gained the door of his minster, he raised the sanctuary knocker—a grotesque head made of bronze with a ring hanging from its grinning mouth. Its eyes were formerly filled with crystals or enamel. Two janitors who occupied chambers over the doorway, traces of which may still be seen, were ready to let the wanderer in at any hour of the night. They then tolled the Galilee Bell, in order that the outside world might know that some one had taken sanctuary. A gown of black cloth with a yellow cross, called St. Cuthbert's Cross, was given to the fugitive, and he was

lodged on the south side of the Galilee Chapel. He was, moreover, disarmed, and was only allowed to retain a pointless knife to carve his food. This was a wise precaution in the most frequented sanctuaries, as bands of these sanctuary-men were sometimes known to sally forth from their harbour of refuge and commit murders and robberies and bring back with them their stolen goods. Such outrages rendered them liable to imprisonment in the monastic gaol, where they remained as long as they claimed their privilege: but they could depart when they pleased.

Beverley Minster retains the famous frith-stool or sanctuary chair, a rude stone seat which formerly bore the inscription: "HAEC SEDES LAPIDEA FREED-STOLE DICITUR, *i. e.* PACIS CATHEDRA AD QUAM REVS FUGIENDO PERVENIENS OMNIMODAM HABET SECVRITATEM."

Here the fugitive could wander with no fear of capture to a distance extending a mile from the church in all directions. Richly-carved crosses marked the limit of the sanctuary. The altar and frith-stool were regarded as the most sacred place, which no one dared to violate. Great kindness and hospitality were shown to those who sought sanctuary at Beverley. They could have food in the refectory for thirty days, and usually lodgings in

the precincts. At the end of that time their privilege protected them to the borders of the country. If a fugitive sought safety three times he became a permanent servant of the Church. He took an oath of fidelity to the Archbishop of York and the rulers of the Church, and was ordered "to bere gude hert to the Baillie of the town, to bere no poynted wepen, to help to quell riots and extinguish fires, to do his dewty in rynging."

Here is an example of the form of entry in the register—

"John Spret, gentilman, Memorandum that John Spret of Barton upon Umber in the connte of Lyncoln com to Beverlay the first day of October the vii year of the reen of Keing Henry the VII., and asked the lybertes of Saint John of Beverlay for the death of John Welton, husbondman of the same town, and knawlig (acknowledged) hymself to be at the kylling of the saym John with a degarth (dagger) the 15th day of August."

Some sought refuge for murders and felonies, many were debtors, and others were coiners of base money, stealers of horses and cattle, or were guilty of treason or other crimes. All sorts and conditions of men flocked to the sanctuary. Here came gentlemen, esquires, and gentlewomen too, wandering minstrels, chapmen with their wares, weavers,

vintners, pewterers, singing men, pouch-makers, skinners, and divers other workers and traders, who were driven by crime or misfortune to this secure haven.

The collegiate church at Manchester was constituted an asylum in the time of Henry VIII, and the sanctuary-men bore a cross in their hand, as a sign that they were pardoned for the sake of the holy place where they sought succour. But their presence caused much trouble to the merchants and traders of this busy hive of industry. "Divers light and evil-disposed persons" seeking sanctuary there used to escape out of the town by night and commit sundry great robberies and felonies upon the king's loving and obedient subjects, entice honest servants to unlawful games, and be guilty of many misdemeanours. Hence the act ordaining the privilege of sanctuary was refused, and the sanctuary-men removed to Chester, where there was a strong gaol and a mayor and officers to curb the spirit of these not too sincere penitents.

What happened to the fugitive when his time of sojourn had expired? He was not usually supposed to have a right to burden the Church for ever. If we were travelling in mediæval times along the king's highway, we should occasionally have met a man carrying a crucifix in his hand.

COLLEGIATE CHURCH, MANCHESTER.

COLLEGIATE CHURCH, MANCHESTER.

This was a sign that he was under protection, and that he was a sanctuary-man making his way to the nearest port in order to leave the country. Forty days were allowed him to try to gain a passage on board a ship. Each day he must wade up to his knees in water; and if after that period he failed to obtain a convenient vessel he might return to his sanctuary.

The name of the old sanctuary at Westminster still remains; it was the scene of many exciting episodes in the annals of English history. Here Edward V was "born in sorrow and baptized like a poor man's child"; and here Skelton, the rude, raiding satirist, found shelter from the revengeful hand of Cardinal Wolsey. Sir Thomas More gives a picturesque account of the widow of King Edward IV taking sanctuary in Westminster:

"Therefore now she (Queen Elizabeth Woodville) toke her younger sonne the Duke of Yorke and her daughters and went out of the Palays of Westminster into the Sanctuary and there lodged in the Abbote's Place, and she and all her children and compaignie were registered for Sanctuary persons. Whereupon the Bishop (Lord Chancellor Rotheram, Archbishop of York) called up all his servants and took with him the great seal and came before day to the Quene, about whom he found much

heavynesse, rumble, haste, businesse conveighaunce, and carriage of her stuffe into Sanctuarye. Every man was busy to carry, bear, conveigh stuffe, chestes, and fardelles, no man was unoccupied, and some caried more than they were commanded to another place. The Queen sat alone belowe on the rushes all desolate and dismayed."

This privileged precinct, under the protection of the abbot and monks of Westminster, included the space immediately adjoining the Abbey on the west and north side. The privileges survived the Reformation, and the bulk of the houses which composed the precinct were not taken down till 1750.

When James of Scotland began to rule over England, one of the first acts of the "Solomon of the north" was to abolish the privileges of sanctuary with all the abuses, crimes and follies which had woven themselves around the ancient institution. But imagination still pictures the hunted criminal or luckless homicide clinging to the frith-stool at Hexham or Beverley, secure within the sacred circle of the crosses, while his pursuers cry aloud for vengeance, but dare not thwart the power and might that thus granted to him protection.

## II

### LEPERS IN ENGLAND

We who are in robust health, in our reflective moments sometimes wonder what we should do if we were afflicted by one of those terrible complaints which occasionally strike down a friend or relative. A mild attack of influenza fills us with dread and alarm. Appendicitis, one of the greatest scourges of our age—we shudder at the thought of so fearful a malady. But if we were to cross-examine our neighbours in order to find out what disease they would shrink from most, I fancy we should discover that leprosy would gain the predominance of votes, at least from those who by study or experience have had an opportunity of realizing what the malady means to those who are afflicted by it.

A few years ago the people of England were startled on hearing that the awful scourge of leprosy really existed in this favoured land of ours. Unpleasant fears were aroused when they learnt that a butcher was carrying on his trade in the Metropolitan Meat Market who was suffering from this disease. Nor was their alarm lessened when they read the account of a meeting of learned doctors, who stated that leprosy was contagious, and that

it was not unlikely to spread to this country. However, as there are probably not more than twenty lepers in the whole of Great Britain, we need not be especially alarmed. Other countries are not so favoured. In India a quarter of a million of our fellow-subjects are suffering from it. In Hawaii there are no fewer than 123,924 lepers. Our age lacks not heroes, and the world has recognized the bravery and self-sacrifice of Father Damien, a Roman Catholic clergyman, who gave his life to minister to the suffering lepers of Hawaii. For some years he lived entirely among them, witnessing day by day their hopeless, helpless condition, ministering to them, applying to each medicines that might assuage but could not cure, until at last he caught from them the foul infection and died. His life was a true example of sacrifice for the sake of others, and he has his reward.

Although England is now almost free from the scourge of leprosy, there was a time when the dread disease raged throughout the land and claimed its swarms of victims. These unhappy beings were often driven from their homes by their unsympathetic friends and relatives, but by the kindness and charity of rich lords or abbots special houses were built on purpose for the reception of such outcasts. These were called "lazar-houses," or hospitals for

lepers. The very fact that there were at least two hundred such institutions in England, which provided accommodation for about four thousand persons, at a time when the whole population of the country was about two millions, shows the alarming prevalence of the disease, and proves that the land was overrun by it and how heavily the scourge was felt.

We read a great deal of leprosy in the Bible, of the laws laid down in the Pentateuch for the treatment of lepers, of their separation from their fellows, and of our Lord's gracious acts of healing of some of these afflicted creatures. We remember how ten of these men met the Saviour one day and begged Him to cure them of their malady, how He bade them show themselves to the priests; and then —O happy journey! O abundant reward for their ready obedience!—"it came to pass that as they went they were cleansed." And we remember the base ingratitude of the undeserving nine. Only one returned to thank the Great Benefactor, and he was no Jew: a stranger, a Samaritan. But this leprosy that prevailed in the Eastern lands during the time of our Lord's sojourn upon the earth was very different from that which raged in England during the Middle Ages or now afflicts the poor people of India or Hawaii. The old leprosy of

Palestine was a skin disease. It does not appear to have produced the loss of the bodily members, or to have eaten into the flesh. Naaman, the captain of the hosts of Syria, was a leper, but he was a great man with his king, and honourable. He led his army to battle. He conducted his royal master, who leaned upon his arm, into the house of his god Rimmon to worship. He was beloved by his slaves and domestics, even by the little Jewish captive maid who by her advice accomplished his cure. All this was very different from the leprosy which our forefathers suffered, one of the most loathsome of the many scourges with which the Almighty, in His wisdom, has seen fit to visit mankind.

The first signs of the presence of the disease were a reddish colour of the face, hoarseness of voice, loss of hair, frightful dreams and nightmare, and spots or eruptions on the skin. When the second stage was reached, the spots extended and formed rings which became ulcerous; the victim's eyebrows lost their hair, his nostrils swelled, his face became terrible to behold, his muscles lost their power, his hands and feet their feeling, his skin was full of ulcers, which ate into the flesh and caused it to present a honeycombed appearance; his blood became thick. In the last stage of the disease the victim's nose fell in, the lips became enlarged, his

pulse scarcely beat, and sometimes his limbs would drop off entirely or crumble away by degrees. In the pictures of Father Damien this enlargement of the lips and the tuberous or honeycombed appearance of the skin are very noticeable.

Such is the awful description of a leper. It is not the work of an imaginative writer, but is taken from the book of a learned medical man, one Bernhard Gordon, who wrote at the beginning of the fourteenth century.

How did leprosy first come to England? What was its origin? These are questions which no one can answer. It has been said that the Crusaders brought the infection back with them, but there were lepers in England long before the Crusaders sailed to the East. In the days of our Saxon ancestors there were lepers, and when the Normans came many lazar-houses were built for their accommodation. We are reminded of the legend of the mythical Prince Bladud, the reputed founder of the city of Bath. He was a leper, and in consequence of his disease was driven from his court and became a swineherd in the region of *Aquæ Solis*. His pigs caught the infection, but cured themselves by wallowing in the mud of the hot springs. The prince followed their example, and likewise experienced the same happy fate. So he founded the city of

Bath, and lived happily ever after. Such is the legend which, if it were true, would prove the existence of leprosy in Britain 900 years before the birth of Christ. But, of course, this is only an idle tale.

When an unhappy person was once attacked his doom was sealed, as far as his earthly life was concerned. By the charity of good men, creature comforts, such as eating and drinking, were supplied in abundance in the richer lazar-houses. Indeed, some of these houses became so rich as to excite the envy and cupidity of the powerful. In 1351 King Philip V of France actually caused many poor lepers to be burnt alive, giving as an excuse for his barbarity that they had poisoned the wells used by the people. And this abominable crime was not perpetrated in order to stamp out the disease, but in order that the king might rob the richer lazar-houses of their lands and wealth.

We will visit some of these English hospitals for lepers. There was a famous lazar-house at Reading, called the Hospital of St. Mary, founded by the second Abbot of Reading, Aucherius, in the year A.D. 1134, for thirteen lepers. The rules of this hospital are worth recording. Every leper was allowed half a loaf a day, half a gallon of middling beer, fivepence a month for meat, sevenpence for his servant, and every year a cloak, vest, mantle,

READING ABBEY.

two shirts, and all other woollens. They were to rise at the first ringing of the bell to go to church. He that gave another the lie was to fast the whole day on bread and water; if he resented it, he was to fast the second day; and if he was still angry, the third day, and to lose the charity for forty days. No one was to go abroad (*i. e.* outside the hospital) without a companion. If anything was given to one abroad it was to be in common, unless given particularly by kindred or friends. None were to go abroad without leave, nor into their laundresses' houses without a companion. At another house in Suffolk only one member of the community was allowed to go out to beg. He used to sit by the roadside with an alms-dish on the other side of the way, and sound a wooden clapper, not daring to address the passers-by lest he should convey infection by his breath.

As we enter the great gate of the lazar-house we are met by the Prior, who has devoted his life to the spiritual welfare of the lepers. Already the mark of the fell disease has settled upon him. He knew when he entered the house that he would probably die of the dread infection, but that did not deter him, nor hundreds like him—priests, doctors, and sisters—from fulfilling the law of Christ in ministering to their suffering brethren. There was

a particular order of monks, called the Knights of St. Lazarus, who specially devoted themselves to this service of sacrifice. They were a branch of the famous Knights Hospitallers of Jerusalem. It was ordained that the Master of the Order should always be a leper, in order that he might have more sympathy for his afflicted brethren. The Prior conducts us to the central quadrangle, containing half an acre of ground with a cloister running round it. On one side stands the refectory, on the other the common room. A Norman chapel is on the north side. Opening on the cloister are alternate doors and windows generally closed by shutters, in the centre of which is a thin plate of horn, so that when the shutter is closed there may be some light in the apartment. In each of these small chambers there is a central table and three or four wooden bedsteads. The building consists of only one storey. The table in the dining-hall is often well supplied with provisions, but in several houses the lepers are entirely dependent upon the alms of the benevolent.

The account of the food supplied to the inmates of the lazar-house of St. Julian at St. Albans, A.D. 1335–1349, is curious: "Let every leprous brother receive from the property of the hospital for his living and all necessaries whatever he has been

accustomed to receive by the custom observed of old in the said hospital—namely, every week seven loaves, five white and two brown, made from grain as thrashed; every seventh month fourteen gallons of beer, or eightpence for the same. Let him have in addition on certain feast days, for every feast, one loaf, one jar of beer (or one penny for the same), and one obolus (a halfpenny), which is called the charity of the said hospital. And let every leprous brother receive at the feast of Christmas forty gallons of good beer (or forty pence for the same), two quarters of pure and clean corn, which is called the great charity; also at the feast of St. Martin each leper shall receive one pig from the common stall, or the value in money, if he prefer it." At other specified times there were given other pennies, an obolus for buying herbs, four shillings for clothes, and fourteen shillings for fuel, "as has been ordained of old for the sake of peace and concord."

At Sherburn, Durham, we find there was a more varied diet, including a mess of flesh three days in the week, and of fish, cheese, and butter on the remaining four. On high festivals a double portion was bestowed; in Lent fresh salmon and other fresh fish, and on Michaelmas Day a goose for every four lepers. The cooking was all done in a common kitchen by one cook. Every year each

of the lepers received for clothing three yards of woollen cloth (white or russet), six yards of linen, and six of canvas. In addition to the ordinary supply of fuel, at Christmas they had four Yule logs, and each a cartload and four trusses of straw. Straw and rushes were given also for their bedding, and for covering the floor two or three times a year.

We might give further details of the fare the lepers enjoyed, but enough has been said to show that those at least who were fortunate enough to live in the larger and richer hospitals were not forgotten by generous benefactors. The leper's day was not spent in idleness. He attended the services in the chapel, the Seven Hours. He worked at his own trade, made his own clothes or shoes, or baked or brewed, or worked in the fields or garden. The hours of meals and recreation were all regularly ordered. But the progress of the dread disease cast a gloom over all, and many of the poor inmates would long day and night for that last quiet resting-place, God's hallowed acre, where the huge plain cross with the word "PAX" cut upon the steps rose above the ground and proclaimed the happy release of lepers' souls from crumbling bodies and their peaceful rest in Paradise.

All lepers, however, were not confined to the lazar-houses. Many used to wander through the

country and support themselves as best they could, shunned by every passer-by, driven away with threats and oaths from every farmhouse door, supporting themselves by the berries and rough food which the woods afforded, or by the chance charity of the well-disposed. They wended their weary way to some of the lepers' wells, the healing waters of which were accounted a sovereign remedy for their disease. There was a famous lepers' well at Brewood, in Staffordshire, which attracted many of these poor wretches.

In numerous churches we have what are called lepers' windows. These are usually in the south wall of the chancel, nearer to the ground than the others, and are termed low-side windows. Their object has been, and is, much disputed among antiquaries. The popular idea is that poor lepers used to come to this window to witness the celebration of the Mass, as they were, of course, not allowed to enter any parish church; but unfortunately it is quite impossible in most cases to see the high altar through this window, and moreover lepers were never allowed to enter a churchyard. Whatever may have been the use of these windows, the popular name preserves the memories of the distressed wanderers, to whom even the consolations of religion were denied.

By a royal mandate of the reign of Edward III all lepers were excluded from the City of London, and the porters of the City gates were sworn that they would prevent lepers from entering the City; otherwise they rendered themselves liable to the punishment of the pillory. The poor lepers are accused in this document of "endeavouring to contaminate others with that abominable blemish that so, to their own wretched solace, they may have the more fellows in suffering."

A special service was used when the leper was received into a lazar-house. The priest, duly vested, preceded by a cross, went to the house of the victim. He exhorted him to suffer with a patient and penitent spirit the incurable plague with which God had stricken him. He then conducted him to the church, reading aloud the beginning of the Burial Service. On entering the church the leper was stripped of his clothes, enveloped in a pall, and placed between two trestles—like a corpse—before the altar. After the service he was conducted to the lazar-house. A pair of clappers, a stick, a barrel, and a distinctive dress were given him. The dress consisted of a russet tunic with a hood and sleeves closed as far as the hand, and closed down to the ankles, and a cap of black cloth. A particular form of boot or shoe, laced high, was also required,

and if the leper did not wear these he was condemned to walk barefooted until the master of the hospital forgave his offence. An oath of obedience and a promise to lead a moral and abstemious life were required of every leper on his admission.

Happily for England, the disease seems to have spent itself before the end of the sixteenth century. The lazar-houses became empty, and no longer poor wretches wearily dragged themselves from village to village, arousing the anger of the hard-hearted, who often set their dogs to hunt them, or exciting the compassion of the benevolent. In England at the present time, in spite of a few isolated cases, the disease, once so fatal, may be considered dead. In Scotland there were some cases as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, and in Norway there are still lazar-houses in use.

In ancient times the old and milder form of leprosy prevalent in Palestine was always considered a type of sin; how much more may that awful disease which here, in England, doomed thousands to a living death, be understood to represent that terrible spiritual malady which ruins so many souls and destroys the happiness of our fellow-creatures? Though we do not know now, in our own land, the miseries which once this fell disease caused, we have seen how terrible are its

ravages in other less-favoured countries, and perhaps we may be able to do something to comfort the afflicted and alleviate the sufferings of distressed humanity.

## III

### CAGED IN FRANCE

The peculiar methods of Chinese tortures strike terror into the hearts of civilized Europeans, and the powers of human invention seem to have been sorely taxed in order to provide adequate punishments for the poor wretches who have failed to grasp the intricacies of Chinese legislation. One form of mild torture is to shut up the condemned in a diminutive cage wherein he can neither sit, nor stand, nor lie down. However, to put a man into a cage is by no means a novel punishment, and it is not necessary to journey to the Far East in order to become acquainted with a real cage, which in the terrible gloom of its associations far surpasses the crate-like cells wherein poor prisoners in China are now incarcerated.

When we examine ancient prisons beneath the keep of a Norman fortress or the palace of Venetian doges, we wonder what race of beings could possibly

have endured all the squalor, filth, horror and privations which must have been the lot of the unfortunate persons confined in such places. And yet month by month, and year by year, they lived on. The dungeons, often situated below the level of the moat, reeked with damp and filth; rats and vermin swarmed; a crust of bread and water the prisoner's daily food; the air was pestilential; frost and cold numbed their limbs; a rough board or filthy straw served for a bed; heavy chains clogged their steps; and yet men contrived to live! It is wonderful what human bodies could endure "in the brave days of old." And all this suffering was apart from other and more terrible agonies, the application of the rack, the thumbscrew and other instruments of torture of an inventive age, the thought of which causes us to wonder how men could be so cruel.

But of all gloomy and terrible dungeons those of Mont St. Michel are perhaps the most hideous and awful. Those who entered them might well sigh their fond adieus to hope and liberty. And there in that hideous tomb still hangs the iron cage which has contained many a luckless prisoner. Few visitors to Mont St. Michel are likely to forget this fearful prison within a prison, so associated is it with horror, cruel tortures and death.

The cage is hung in a dark sepulchral chamber nigh the cave-like holes in the rock which furnished cells for less distinguished prisoners than those who were confined in the cage. Most of the substructures in the south-west portions of the fortress were built by Robert de Toringni, who ruled as abbot at the end of the twelfth century. Between the kitchens and the prison is the beautiful crypt of the Aquilon, designed by Roger II about the same period. Passing through this noble chamber with its six massive columns, we enter the prisons, and in a recess in the wall hangs the "Cage de Fer." It is composed of thick beams of wood, held together by strong iron bars which would defy the most determined efforts to escape. Caged singing birds are allowed to enjoy the sunlight which inspires their songs and renders pleasant their captivity. But the unhappy victims of the iron cage were almost in total darkness. Day followed day and year succeeded to year, but it was all the same to them—one continued existence of gloom, torture, and horror. Such a life must inevitably have shattered reason.

What fiend in human form invented this vile instrument of torture history relateth not. Nor does history record the lives of many of its victims. They disappeared from their accustomed haunts.

Nothing more was heard of them. Their fate was sealed. The gloomy walls of the Bastille or of the prisons of Mont St. Michel recorded not the annals of their guests, and the dwellers in the iron cage could scarcely carve their names as other more fortunate prisoners have done on the walls of their cells. However, we know something of the lives of at least two of its captives which are not without interest.

In 1749 there lived in Paris a young poet, named Deforges, or Desforges. After the fatal rising of 1745 in England the Young Pretender fled to France and found a welcome and safety in the French capital. Negotiations, however, were made by the English Government for his arrest, and the French King yielded to their demands. In the crowded Opera House one evening the last of the Stuarts was arrested, and Deforges was present at the time. Indignant at this violation of the sacred rights of hospitality, he believed that the honour of his nation was compromised, and at once proceeded to pour forth his complaints against the injustice of the act in bitter and envenomed verse. His poem began with the lines—

"Peuple, jadis si fier, aujourd'hui si servile,
Des princes malheureux tu n'es donc plus l'asile?"

The line "All is wicked in these places, ministers

and mistresses," especially aroused the anger of the Court, and caused Madame de Pompadour to fly into a violent fit of passion. Such plain language was too much for the susceptibility of the king and his ministers. The enraged poet was discovered and doomed to perpetual imprisonment in "Le Cage de Fer." For three long years he was confined in this terrible cell, the floor of which was only eight feet square : a faint glimmer of light contrived to find its way through certain crevices in the ceiling, but only sufficient to make the darkness visible. The poor poet endured his terrible punishment with courage and resignation, and won the heart of his jailer, M. de Broglie, the Abbé, who felt great pity for his misfortunes. At the end of the three years the Abbé contrived that Deforges should exchange the cage for the Abbey, and released him from his prison. He wisely took great precautions lest the sudden return to the light of day after so long a sojourn in darkness should cause blindness. Nor did the Abbé's kind offices cease. He procured for him his release after five years' imprisonment, obtained for him the office of secretary to Maréchal de Broglie, his brother, and on the death of Madame de Pompadour Deforges became Commissioner of War. In this case, happily, death was not the only release afforded to the victims of the iron cage.

The Dutch writer Dubourg was not so fortunate. His real name was Victor de la Cassagne, a journalist of Holland, who had taken the liberty of censuring the acts of the King of France, Louis XV. This criticism appeared in a public print at Frankfort. Although he was living beyond the borders of French territory, at Leyden in Holland, he was not safe from the emissaries of Louis. The agents of the royal police succeeded in gaining possession of his person and conveying him to Mont St. Michel. There he was confined in the cage. Touched by his supplications, the prior of the Abbey consented to send a letter to his wife at Leyden, the mother of four children, acquainting her with the fact that he was alive, but entombed in the cells of Mont St. Michel. He was certainly entombed! Overcome by despair and by the sufferings and privations which he had endured, Dubourg died in the night of August 27, 1746. In the morning his body was found almost devoured by a legion of rats. The State Papers contain an account of the burial of "the body of a man named Dubourg, aged about 36 years, who died in a cage situated in the castle of the town, where he had been detained by the order of His Majesty." It is creditable to the humanity of Charles X that when he visited the island fortress as Count d'Artois, in

1777, he ordered the cage to be destroyed. This command was not carried out, though the cage was no longer used as a place of confinement until Louis Philippe visited Mont St. Michel in 1837, when he caused it to be broken up before his eyes. The present cage is a restoration and exact representation of this ancient relic of barbaric tyranny.

Another kind of cage is one concerning which there is much mystery. Many conjectures have been made with regard to the identity of the unhappy personage whose head was caged in iron, and was for ever doomed to wear the Iron Mask. Recent investigations have thrown much light upon this subject, but in spite of this the public cling to the old romances which the gossip of courts has woven around the fate of this unhappy prisoner. Even a writer in *The Times* declares that the secret was probably known to Louis XVIII, and perhaps perished with the Comte de Chambord. A recent privately-printed memoir of Nicholas Fouquet positively states that the famous Viscount of Melun and of Vaux, the faithful Treasurer of the *Grand Monarque*, was the victim, and quotes as his authority M. Desodourds, who was present at the destruction of the Bastille.

"In the first moments," says this writer, "which

followed the taking of the Bastille, all the doors were thrown open, and the archives were at the mercy of the people. Some spectators, more curious than the rest, picked up different papers, among which were cards signed by ministers containing notes relating to the prisoners. One of these cards, marked 4,389,000, contained these words:—"Fouquet arrivant des Iles de Sainte-Marguerite avec 'un masque de fer.'" This testimony is not absolutely conclusive, and we shall see presently that we have in the State Papers of the French Government much surer evidence with regard to the identity of *l'Homme au Masque de Fer*. Other guesses have been very wild and romantic. Alexandre Dumas wrote a novel on the subject, and assumed that the victim was a twin brother of Louis XIV. Voltaire and Gibbon conclude that he was Admiral Comte de Vermandois, a natural son of Louis XIV. and Mlle. de la Vallière; while the Duke of Beaufort, who disappeared mysteriously in 1669, the Duke of Monmouth, a son of Oliver Cromwell, Fouquet, a lover of Louise d'Orléans, the Armenian Patriarch named Avedyck, a natural son of Anne of Austria, have all in turn shared the glory and misery of this notable captive.

After endless speculations, it was left to M. Delort and Mr. Agar Ellis to unravel the mystery, and

without "any possible doubt whatever" it has been proved conclusively that the captive was Hercules Anthony Mattheoli. This man was entrusted by the French monarch with the task of persuading the Duke of Mantua to cede to France the fortress of Casale in return for a large sum of money, the possession of which place would enable the French to invade Italy whenever they might feel so disposed. Many intricate negotiations ensued, which need not now be followed. The only fact that concerns us is that Mattheoli turned traitor to his French master, betrayed the design to the Austrian and Spanish rulers, and by devising delays ruined the whole design. But vengeance suffered him not to escape. He was tempted by the offers of the French commander to leave Italy and to meet the emissaries of Louis near Pignerol, where he was immediately arrested and confined in the fortress. His name was changed to Sieur de Lestang, and after a year's imprisonment and ill usage he went mad. In his cell he had as a companion a mad monk. The custodian of the prison was M. de Saint-Mars, who seems to have devoted his life to the careful watching of his poor prisoners. He removed them to the Fortress of Exiles on the frontier of Piedmont, and from that place, after the lapse of some years, to the island of St. Margaret. The greatest secrecy

was always observed during the journey. Poor Mattheoli was "carried in a chair covered with oil-cloth, into which there would enter a sufficiency of air without its being possible for any one to see or speak to him during the journey." During eleven long years he was confined in this island fortress, and was there obliged to wear the iron mask which has rendered him so famous. Dumas thus described his appearance—

"By the red flashes of lightning against the violet fog, which the wind smeared upon the sky, they saw pass gravely, at six paces behind the Governor, a man clothed in black and masked by a vizor of polished steel, soldered to a helmet of the same nature, which altogether enveloped the whole of his head. 'My lord!' said one of the musketeers who beheld this strange sight. 'Call me not "my lord,"' said the prisoner. 'Call me the accursed!' He passed on, and the iron door creaked after him."

Mr. Hartshorne, however, in an article in the *Antiquary*, considers that it is quite impossible that this object can have been wholly made of iron, "inasmuch as it was worn by the prisoner for many years, a discipline which no human countenance could endure. The only iron in its construction must have been used after the manner of a 'privy

cap of fence,' a 'segreta in testa,' in which folding ribs of steel are arranged in a semi-spherical shape to fit within a velvet cap, forming an object of not uncommon use in France and Italy in the sixteenth century. A construction of this kind, covered with black velvet, fitting to the face, with adjustment for breathing and eating, and fastened at the back of the head, would at once conveniently shroud the features and account for the iron of the mask upon which vulgar imagination has seized and so tenaciously adhered to."

Always to be caged in this hateful mask, to spend year after year in the same gloomy vault, and then to be moved in the oilcloth-covered litter to another dungeon of the same description, all this seems to describe an existence absolutely unendurable. Still Mattheoli lived on, until at length he was removed to the Bastille, where after another five years of suffering he expired in 1703. Thus perished after an incarceration of twenty-four years the celebrated *l'Homme au Masque de Fer*, concerning whose identity no one need now hazard guesses or express doubts. It is all set forth in the State Papers of France, and recent investigations have made assurance doubly sure.

If we were to examine more closely the chronicles of France it might be possible to discover many other cages and their victims, many

other tragedies of an equally astounding nature. But a hurried glance at ancient dungeons, and the ingenious devices of their keepers, is abundantly satisfying to the most inquisitive investigator, although he is able to reflect with some degree of thankfulness that he is no longer in danger of incurring the wrath of ruthless kings, and that the reign of the *Grand Monarque* was happily ended some time ago. However, the reigns of "ruthless kings" were not responsible for the incarceration of such a crowd of doomed wretches as were the hateful tyrants, Robespierre, Fouquier, Tinville and others who employed Sanson during his reign of terror. During that fearful period there were thirty-six vast prisons and ninety-six provisional gaols constantly full in Paris alone, and in France 40,000 provisional gaols and 1,200 prisons. Those were the days of liberty, fraternity, and equality, and far surpassed in horrors any that preceded them. *L'histoire des Prisons de Paris*, by M. Nougaret, is terrible reading, and supplies us with a surfeit of horrors.

The principal prisons of Paris during the Reign of Terror were the Conciergerie, Abbaye, Luxembourg, Les Madelonnettes, Port Libre, commonly called La Bourbe, Carmes, Ste. Pélagie, St. Lazare, La Mairie, La Force and Le Plessis. All these places tell the same story of frightful horror. Hard

were the heart which does not feel the keenest pity for the victims of demoniacal cruelty who suffered within these walls the agonies of torture, despair and piteous death.

The most hopeless of all these hells on earth was the Conciergerie, whence few escaped except to ride in the fateful tumbril which conducted them to the guillotine. All the other prisons daily fed the Conciergerie with a mass of victims who in turn were led to the slaughter. The recent play, *The Only Way*, founded on Charles Dickens's famous novel, *A Tale of Two Cities*, is a very correct representation of the scenes which once took place in these abodes of cruelty. Who can see with dry eyes the examples of noble heroism and light-hearted courage which are here set forth, and watch unmoved the rehearsal of the scene of the guillotine when the victims of revolutionary lust practise the ascent to the scaffold? Women especially shine forth as noble examples of self-sacrifice and prove themselves true heroines. What touching tenderness do they show to their fellow-sufferers, trying to alleviate the anguish which pierces their own breasts also!

As many as eighty prisoners a day were sent to the scaffold, where the sharp knife of the "little Barber" soon ended their woes. Death was everywhere. Even in the streets outside the prisons the

terror was felt almost with equal power as in the dungeon. No one knew when his turn might come. Men's faces were calm, but their hearts were filled with fear. *Moutons* were everywhere, detestable traitor jackals, who spied and bore false witness. The *garçon* who served you with a *petit verre* might be an agent of the Republic, whose report might send you to the Conciergerie in the evening, and on the morrow to the guillotine. The fatal roll-call was read out daily. Men rushed to hear if their names were included in the list of victims. If not, they breathed more freely; at least, they had another day to live.

Some of the victims lived to record their sufferings. M. Jacques Claude Beugnot gives a very graphic description of the Conciergerie. The constant sounds of plaintive cries and deep groans fell on the ear. Great dogs howled and barked. One man was raving in his sleep of blood, the hideous headsman and violent death. The noise of grating locks was heard frequently. Some wretches were carried off for examination and condemnation. And then there was the constant dread of a renewal of the September massacres. And yet at times there was a strange gaiety amongst the unhappy prisoners. Men drank and played cards, and amidst all the horrors gallantry and even profligacy and *amours* were not unknown.

The Luxembourg contained a thousand prisoners, and often sixty a day were condemned and executed. Here flourished a notorious spy, one Boyenval, who married Oliva, of the Diamond Necklace fame. He pretended to be a Royalist, and having secured the confidence of some of the prisoners betrayed them. Another hateful wretch was a jailer named Morino, who loved to arrest modest and pretty women and strip them naked. On one occasion the prisoners were startled by seeing a cannon placed at the door, while armed men filled the corridors. They thought that a massacre was about to take place, and that their end had come. It was only a device of the brutal revolutionists in order to take all the jewellery of their prisoners.

The food which the prisoners received was not plentiful or of excellent quality. They dined in batches at the hours of eleven, twelve and one o'clock, and the dinner consisted of bad soup, half a bottle of bad wine, and two *plats*, the first vegetables in water, the second bad pork with cabbage. They had no other meals during the twenty-four hours.

Amongst the hosts of inhuman wretches who earned reputations for singular brutality were Lhullier—a *mouton* of Robespierre, who subsequently displeased his master and committed suicide in the prison of Ste. Pélagie—Guiard and Beausire.

This last wretch used to play cards with the prisoners, and all who won money from him were put to death for conspiracy.

La Bourbe was perhaps the worst of these cruel abodes of horror. This prison was a fold in which sheep were penned for the slaughter, and rarely escaped their doom. In the prison of Le Plessis, on the pretext that some of the captives had tried to escape, the size of the windows was lessened. The air was nearly exhausted by the crowd of poor victims, and in order to breathe they had to stand upon the chairs.

This reign of terror lasted until the 9th Thermidor, an. 11 (July 27, 1794), when Robespierre fell, and the fair land of France was freed from a tyranny which has scarcely been surpassed in the annals of history. It has been well described as the rule of fiends upon earth.

To be caged in France at the present day is not usually perhaps a worse form of imprisonment than that which captives in other civilized countries have to endure. But French ingenuity can still make a prisoner's lot a somewhat unhappy one, and the revelations of the miseries of the poor victim of French militarism, M. Dreyfus, in Devil's Isle, prevent one from earnestly desiring to be left to the tender mercies of the French Government, or their jailers.

# V

## PREHISTORIC PALACES

THE abodes of primitive man were not very luxurious places. He lived a long time ago. The most recent investigator of the prehistoric period has given him a record of 170,000 years. Such calculations must be somewhat conjectural, but from an examination of the gravel on the banks of the Thames, and by estimating the time taken for the river to assume its present level, some approximate date can be ascertained for the presence of Paleolithic man upon the British Isles. Caves and dens of the earth were his earliest abodes. He had some ideas of art. In the cave of La Mouthe in the Dordogne, France, the walls were decorated with figures of animals, and we can still see representations of the bison with a very exaggerated hump, the ox, reindeer, wild goat, mammoth and horses. Indeed these caves might be termed "ivory palaces," as the tusks of the mammoth, or hairy elephant, have been found with carvings on them.

In this country prehistoric "palaces" consisted of pit and pile dwellings, caves and barrows, the palaces of the dead, beehive huts, and earthworks. Their contents are varied and curious, and the study of the weapons and tools of the prehistoric folk is very attractive and interesting. We will devote the rest of this chapter to the consideration of his subject.

### FLINT COLLECTING

The collecting of flint implements, the relics of primitive man, is perhaps the most fascinating of all pursuits. From them we learn what kind of beings the people were who first roamed our woods and killed "big game" in the primeval forests of Britain. The efforts of the collectors of these objects, and the careful excavators of barrows during the past fifty years, have added enormously to our knowledge of early man, and revealed a condition of civilization undreamed of by the scientists of the early Victorian era. Therefore, it has its uses. It is not a form of collecting which takes you into the crowded sale-room and auction-mart, or to bargaining with dealers in close curiosity shops. The true flint collector hurries away to the sweeping south downs of Sussex above Seaford and Eastbourne, to the chalk hills of the Cotswolds, the likely spots which he well knows in Kent or Surrey

or other counties, and there in the open air, fanned by the breath of summer, listening to the song of the birds, communing with Nature, and admiring its harmonious colouring, he pursues his hobby, and gains health and strength together with his flints.

Another advantage is that flint collecting does not require the fortune of a millionaire to equip its votaries. You have not to give £1,000 or £100 for a specimen. A hundred pence will often gain for you all you need. It is a mistake, a crime, to give large sums for flints. If you do so, you fashion forgers and forgeries. You bring into being armies of Flint Jacks, who manufacture "ancient" flints for the purpose of deceiving the unwary. The chipping and finishing of forgeries is by no means an easy process, and takes some time and skill to accomplish. Therefore, unless prices rule high, it does not pay workmen to make them. So if you give large sums you encourage forgers, and add to the difficulties of collectors.

You, doubtless, could never be deceived by a forgery, and yet many over-hasty curio-hunters are often taken in by the tricks of the followers of Flint Jack, and even experienced judges have been deceived. A large number are fashioned in and around London, particularly at Stoke Newington, where good imitations are made. Mr. Worthington G. Smith has investigated the matter, and finds that

they are made by mechanics expert in the use of the hammer, and sold to the men working in the gravel-cuttings for small sums. They are then disposed of as genuine, and "recently discovered," to visitors who have evidently money at their command, but who are quite ignorant of the character of these productions. A sovereign, and even five pounds, has been paid for an unusually fine specimen. I need not describe now the process which the forgers adopt in order to produce their specimens. Perhaps later on we may return to these "fine arts," but you can usually distinguish a genuine paleolithic flint implement from forgeries by their surfaces having a well-marked patination or glossy appearance. Fresh work has, as a rule, a dull aspect like the face of a newly broken flint. The difference can be told by feeling them even better than by sight. My old friend Dr. Stevens, the founder and curator of the Reading museum, who was one of the pioneers in the study of this subject, used to say that he need never look at a flint to see its genuineness, and used to take the object presented to him for inspection, place his hands behind his back, and pronounce the decision. Forgers attempt and succeed to a great extent in producing this patination by continually boiling their specimens in the family tea kettle; a few rusty nails added to the brew assist the deception. But many collectors are deceived by the

fact that the implement they buy from the gravel digger looks glossy. Now a cold implement when newly handled usually has a glossy appearance, resulting from the moisture of the warm hands condensing on the cold flint; so that the implement which has a nice shiny appearance in the workman's hands in the gravel-pit is often very disappointing when washed and dried and made ready for your cases. Then your heart begins to sink and you are afraid that you have been defrauded. But a real expert and experienced collector can meet guile with knowledge, and if he takes the trouble can nearly always detect the imitation.

There may be readers who have not yet fallen under the fascination of flint collecting, and know little of the terms used by the learned in geology and early anthropology. Real experts will forgive me if I dwell for a short space on matters well known to them. Our old history books used to begin with the statement, "Of the early inhabitants of Britain nothing is known with any certainty," and to commence the history of England with the landing of Julius Cæsar, 55 B.C. Since then we have advanced far. Scientific detectives have examined the foot-prints of the early man who inhabited our island, hunted for odds and ends which he has left behind, raked over his kitchen middens, picked up his old tools, and even opened his burial

mounds. About sixty years ago the attention of the scientific world was drawn to the flint implements which were scattered over the surface of our fields and in our gravel-pits and mountain caves; and inquiring minds began to speculate as to their origin. The collections made at Amiens and Abbeville and other places began to convince men of the existence of an unknown and unimagined race, and it gradually dawned on us that our moors and downs were the tombs of a race of men who fashioned their weapons of war and implements of peace out of flint. These discoveries have pushed back our knowledge of man to an antiquity formerly never dreamed of, and enlarged considerably our historical horizon.

We must go back to a time when this country was connected with the continent of Europe, and the English Channel and North Sea were mere valleys with rivers running through them fed by many streams. Where the North Sea now rolls there was the great valley of the Rhine. There was no "silver streak" to separate us from the land which the Romans called Gaul, and as there were no ocean waves to cross, animals and primitive man wandered northward and westward, and made their abode here. I need not stop to tell of the glacial period, and of its passing away, and the geological changes which have taken place. Our concern is limited to the study of the habits and relics of the

men who roamed our fields and forests in prehistoric times. From the relics of their arms and implements, which the earth has preserved for us, we can tell what manner of men lived in the old cave dwellings, or constructed their rude huts and lie buried beneath the vast barrows.

The earliest race of men who inhabited our island is called the "paleolithic" race, from the fact that they used the most ancient form of stone implements. Some collectors imagine that they have discovered traces of a still earlier race, which they have styled the "eölithic." The principal authorities on prehistoric antiquities will have nothing to say to this discovery. They refuse to accept such theories, in spite of the researches of Mr. Benjamin Harrison and Professor Prestwich. The former collector has more than a thousand examples of eöliths in his museum. Most of them were found in the high chalk plateau of Kent, the most prolific places being Ash, South Ash, and West Yoke Farm, and M. De B. Crawshay has discovered a large number on the Norstead Hills, and in the plateau west of the Darent valley. These stones are of natural form, generally more or less flat in appearance, with definite edge chipping, sometimes extended all round the flint, but more often on particular portions only, the remainder being free from the marks of artificial working. They are rude in

appearance, very primitive tools, their surface having a deep brown stain, indicative of extreme age. Some authorities state that they are not older than the oldest paleolithic implements. Mr. Harrison disputes this. He thinks they were used as hammers and weapons, that others with a semicircular hollow were for scraping sticks and cleaning bones, while pointed specimens were rude drills. It is well to add some examples of eöliths to your collection, though in the face of the opposing theories of expert authorities it is perhaps not very safe to dogmatize about them, but to leave their origin an open question.

Perhaps it may be worth while before deciding the question to consider the remarks of Sir J. Prestwich in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*. He wrote: "Besides the implements of definite pattern, there is a large, probably the larger, number which, though not the result of chance, show no special design. Amongst them are the natural flints, which have been selected for use as hammer or trimming stones, the result being that the flint has become chipped at the ends or round the sides undesignedly, but still in a manner that could not have resulted from natural wear. In a similar way some are roughened at the end like the large pebbles or balls used at a later neolithic period, exhibiting patches of rough abraded surface, the result of

repeated blows." But there is no clear evidence here that the hand that fashioned the paleolithic implements did not also make in his 'prentice time these so-called eöliths. However, I dare not decide. Go to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, and examine the collections there, or to the Blackmore Museum, and then ascend the hills at Alderbury, and find the implements themselves, and perhaps after some years you will arrive at a right decision.

When we come to the study of paleolithic man we are on safe ground, and traces of his presence are very numerous. He evidently exercised great skill in bringing his implements to a symmetrical shape by chipping. I have recently examined a very fine collection of specimens which have been brought together by Mr. Llewellyn Treacher, F.G.S. He has some hundreds of these works of art wrought by primitive man, which he has collected in the neighbourhood of Reading, the most prolific places being the gravel-pits at Caversham, Ruscombe, the Thames, Cotswold Hills and many other places near and far. His little museum at Twyford contains one of the best private collections of flints of all kinds which I have had the pleasure of seeing.

Side by side with the implements you see the remains of the powerful and fierce animals, the huge mammoth, the hippopotamus, wild horse and

red deer, and many others which struggled for existence in the hills and vales of a cold and inclement country. Evidences of the severity of the climate in the paleolithic period are not wanting. Only those animals which could endure severe cold could exist then. The huge thick-skinned mammoth enjoyed the weather. The tichorhine rhinoceros, the cave lion, the cave hyena, sought shelter from the cold in caverns in the rocks, while the presence of the Greenland lemming and the reindeer, which could hardly have existed in a climate less severe than that of Lapland, testifies to the rigour of our weather at that period. Paleolithic man must have tried to keep himself warm by chipping flints, and fashioning these weapons for hunting the mammoth and other animals. We find many of them in the valley gravels which had probably been dropped from canoes into the lakes or rivers, or washed down by floods from stations on the banks. Eighty or ninety feet above the present level of the Thames in the higher gravels are these relics found, and they are so abundant that the early inhabitants who used them must have been fairly numerous. Their shape is usually oval. Mr. Treacher has a very fine and rare example of a long oval flint, nine inches in length, found at Ruscombe; also many pear-shaped specimens which were discovered at Toot's Farm, Caversham. Lest

any readers of this volume should think of paying a visit to the farm, intent upon finding some more, I may add that the farm is now built over, and therefore no more can be found there. Then there are the long pointed implements with incurved sides, which sometimes are nine inches long, and were probably used for boring purposes. When the Great Western Railway was widened between Reading and London, many good specimens of flint implements were discovered in the Sonning cutting, amongst which was the above-mentioned large pointed specimen. Somewhat rarely you will find a finely-fashioned implement made out of pebble. Such a one was discovered at Twyford.

Sometimes you find peculiar unfinished flints, which on account of some defect in the stone were evidently cast away by the maker. Here is one found at Ruscombe, which had a hard core or defect in the stone. You can see how hard the worker struck at it in order to knock off this troublesome excrescence. The marks show how he struck and struck again, but failed to remove it. So he cast the unfinished implement away, and did not spend any more time and labour upon it. A peculiar kind of flint was discovered at Furze Platt, Maidenhead. It is very dark in colour, with a great knob at one end, and is a somewhat rough and rude type. Very often you find the colour of the upper and

lower surface of an implement entirely different. The upper surface is white, the lower black. This is caused by the decay of the surface of the flint, which in decay always turns white. Here is one which was found three feet below the surface of the ground. By the action of water percolating through the soil the upper surface decayed and became white, while the under side of the flint retained its original colour.

This paleolithic man was a mighty hunter. He knew nothing of domesticating animals. No cows provided him with milk, no sheep with wool, no dogs helped him to hunt and slay the wild animals. His flint implements occur in many lands, from the British isles to the Mediterranean sea, the isles of Greece, North Africa, and Palestine. He is usually known as the "river-drift" man. He left no descendants behind him. No existing race acknowledges him as father. He was surpassed in culture by the cave-men, who probably succeeded him in the same Pleistocene age. These men had their haunts in Belgium and France, and visited this country, inhabiting the caves of Devonshire, Somerset and South Wales. They are probably represented at the present day by the Eskimo. Professor Boyd Dawkins, in his remarkable book *Cave Hunting*, traces this relationship in the character of the implements, the methods of obtaining

food and cooking it, modes of preparing skins for clothing, and particularly in the remarkable skill of depicting figures on bone which both races display. In carving figures on bone and teeth early paleolithic man was more skilled than his successor. Some of the caves in France bear witness to his artistic skill. At Combarilles there are over a hundred figures of animals, with a remarkable sketch of a mammoth, and in the cave of La Mouthe, in the Dordogne, there are sketches of the same quadruped, and of the horse, ox, reindeer, goat and bison.

In your collection of paleolithic implements you will have examples of flakes with chipped edges, scrapers, pointed or pear-shaped picks, and ovate or sharp-rimmed implements. At Caddington, near Dunstable, there was a regular manufactory of such flints, and another one near Ealing, and doubtless in other places. I hope you will be fortunate enough to discover some spot where paleolithic man manufactured his weapons and tools, and largely increase your collection.

Some lengthy period of geological change separates neolithic man from his predecessor of the old Stone age. Specimens of his handiwork show that he was a much more civilized person than paleolithic man, and presented a much higher type of humanity. He had a peculiarly shaped head, the back part of the skull being strangely prolonged,

and from this feature he is called *dolichocephalic*. He was of a small stature, about five feet six inches in height, having a dark complexion, and his descendants are the Iberian or Basque races who survive in the Western Pyrenees, and may still be traced in parts of Ireland and Wales. The long barrows, the length of which is greater than the breadth, contain his remains, and we find traces of his existence in all the western countries of Europe. He made many discoveries which were unknown to his old Stone predecessor. The latter never polished his implements, nor fashioned any of those finely-wrought arrow-heads and javelin points upon which his successor prided himself. The new Stone man discovered that the flints which were dug up were more easily fashioned into various forms, whereas paleolithic man picked up the flints that lay about on the surface of the ground, and chipped them into the form of his rude tools. Instead of always hunting for his food, like an animal, neolithic man found out that the earth would give him corn with which he could make bread, if only he took the trouble to cultivate it. Instead of always slaying animals he found that some were quite ready to be his servants and give him milk and wool and food. He brought with him to this country cows and sheep and goats and horses and dogs. Moreover, he made pottery, moulding the clay with his

hands and baking it in a fire. He had not discovered the advantages of a kiln. He could spin thread and weave stuffs, though he usually wore garments of skins. His dwellings were no longer the caves and forests; he made for himself rude pit dwellings and surrounded himself, his tribe, and cattle with a circular camp. Traces of his agricultural operations may still be found in the "terraces" or strips of ground on hillsides. We are concerned chiefly with the implements he has left behind, and I have far too little space here to describe his dwelling-places, his primitive pit dwellings which have been discovered, such as the nine early habitations found at Hurstbourne, Hants, with their store of flints, a saddle-quern or grain crusher, cooking hole with relics of neolithic feastings, the bones of the *bos longifrons*, pig, red deer, goat, dog, and hare or rabbit, while the presence of a bone needle, awl, or bodkin with fragments of pointed bone, used probably for sewing skins together, testifies to their domestic industry. Moreover, a rude spindle-whorl shows that they knew something of weaving, and two bored stones were evident dress-fasteners. In such dwellings, or near any neolithic settlement, we find heating stones or "pot-boilers." These were heated in the fire, and placed among the meat intended to be cooked, and then placed in a hole in the ground which served the purpose of a cooking pot.

I must not fail to mention another class of neolithic dwellings which have yielded a rich store of materials for collectors. These are the lake-dwellings, or pile-dwellings, rude huts constructed on piles near the banks of rivers or lakes. The most remarkable of these are the lake dwellings found in Switzerland about fifty years ago. The museum at Lausanne contains a vast number of neolithic objects, collected from the pile-dwellings on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, and from Sutz on the Lake of Bienne, and many other museums have some relics from these famous primitive habitations. Amongst these objects are celts, flakes, arrow-heads, harpoons of stag's horn with barbs, awls, chisels, and fish-hooks made of bone, and sometimes wooden combs, and skates fashioned out of the leg-bone of a horse. Some lake-dwellings have been discovered in England, notably at Glastonbury, but the objects discovered there show that the inhabitants were Celts, and could work in metals and belonged to the Bronze age. The Cronnogs of Scotland and Ireland were later still, and were used in mediæval times. Lake-dwellings are still in use in South America, in the estuaries of the Orinoco and Amazon, by the Dyaks of Borneo, in the Caroline Islands and on the Gold Coast of Africa.

The principal objects of neolithic workmanship are the following :—SCRAPERS : These were used for

the purpose of removing the loose tissues and fat from the skins of animals when they were being prepared for clothing. There are various forms and shapes of this implement—(a) *the lengthened oval scraper*, varying in length from one to four inches. One surface is flattish; the other somewhat convex. The flint may be divided into stem and bulb, the latter being bevelled to a bluntish edge by means of fine chippings. (b) *The roundish oval or quite circular scraper*, (c) the *long scrapers*, (d) *adze-like scrapers*, (e) *double scrapers*, (f) *concave scrapers*, (g) *toothed or saw-like scrapers*.

Celts.—The word is usually supposed to be derived from the Latin *celtis*, a chisel, but it is used to describe the large number of objects which were employed as axe-heads. You find them in all stages of workmanship; some "wasters," having been cast aside and never completed, some rough and unpolished, others highly polished, and again others polished only at the cutting edge. These were fastened to a handle and used as an axe for cutting trees, hollowing out canoes, or as a weapon. You very often find them broken at the butt end, and then adapted for further use. It did not occur to the makers of these celts for many years to bore a hole in the flint and insert the handle. In all their earlier implements the hole was in the handle, into which the celt was inserted. Some of them have a

square cutting edge, some a round one. Then there are the chisel-shaped celts, some of the polished examples being quite works of art. We find some curious chisels with a semi-circular cutting edge, evidently imitated after the model of the bronze chisels which were so fashioned in order to provide a larger cutting edge.

KNIVES were used for cutting and skinning, and are of various designs. A very beautiful one is in Mr. Treacher's collection, and was found in the Thames. Hammer-stones, wedges, drills, saws and borers formed part of the equipment of a neolithic workman. The most perfect examples of his skill are the numerous arrow-heads of flint, which were very effective weapons. We find them in various shapes, the most usual being barbed, leaf-shaped, triangular, almond-shaped, tanged, barbed and tanged. Professor Windle shows in his *Remains of the Prehistoric Age* an example of the force with which a neolithic warrior discharged his arrows, the backbone of a man having been pierced by one of these weapons. Near Wallingford a vast number of tiny flint flakes are found, some examples of which I am glad to possess, but the uses of these little implements I have tried in vain to conjecture. As I have said, many of these neolithic flints were highly polished, and this was done by rubbing them on flat stones. A rotary grind-

stone was, as far as I am aware, unknown to the new Stone man. This polished surface is a remarkable and beautiful feature of his art, and the polish imparted by the forger is very different from the real thing, and may usually be detected with the help of a magnifying glass or microscope.

A good collection of flint implements is not very difficult to be made. It is more difficult now than it was twenty years ago, as many keen eyes are watching for the uncovering of interesting objects which the earth has concealed for many centuries. Places where flints are known to have been found have been searched over and over again during recent years, and whenever anything has been discovered the labourers know who are the principal collectors in this district and where they can secure the best market. Rival collectors are very keen, and many a one has ridden off on his bicycle directly he has heard of a discovery, only to find that his fortunate rival has been there before him. But new sites where flints abound are often discovered; there is no limit to the possibilities of flint-collecting; and industry, perseverance and observation may yet fill many cabinets with their interesting relics of the earliest inhabitants of our islands.

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# VI

## SOME EPISCOPAL PALACES

I HAVE often wondered what must be the feelings of a bishop when he drives up to his palace in a humble four-wheeled cab for the first time. He has hitherto spent his life in the busy routine of a large parish, or as head master of a great public school. Suddenly his outlook on life is completely changed. He feels himself a new man, with new cares, new responsibilities, a new career before him, one that will need all the strength of the anointing of the Holy One which he has just received to enable him to perform the new duties that lie before him. "Who is sufficient for these things?" will doubtless occur to him, as his cab goes slowly along the episcopal drive. And then, amid the trees, he catches a glimpse of the huge house that is to be his new home, Farnham Castle, for example, that tells of the illustrious men who have held that see before him, of the power of the Church, of its wondrous history; and unless he be a very conceited man, or a man conscious of his own towering

strength, he will feel inclined to get under the seat of his cab or to tell the driver to turn back again. The sense of crushing, overwhelming responsibility, of impotence in the presence of mighty, irresistible power must be his first overpowering sensation. The sight of the palace will scarcely at first "make him glad."

We who are spared from the prospect of ever being called upon to endure such overmastering feelings, and perceive not the cold shadow of the mitre on our brows, can view the palace with different eyes. We realize the greatness without the responsibility when a friendly episcopal invitation calls us to stay within the walls of a bishop's residence. The story of the past records of the see; the history written on its stones; the names of the great builders of other days who made this house so fair and beautiful, and loved to adorn and perfect the stately cathedral that gazes at us across the close; the portraits of the great men who have held the see—all this delights us as we wander from room to room or pace the paths of the old-world garden and listen to the rooks that cawed in the elms, when Bishop William was building that noble west front, when Bishop Richard was smarting under the taunts of Queen Bess because he had dared to bring a wife to the palace, when Bishop

Roger was being driven out of his house by some rascally Cromwellian troopers, or when Bishop Johnson was editing Greek Plays instead of looking after his flock. It all comes back to us with vivid interest, the great unchanging life, the stability of English existence. Kings and queens have entered through that door into this hall. Henry VIII with his tyrannical look; Mary sad and dispirited with her sinister husband egging her on to a relentless persecution of heretics; Queen Elizabeth gay and winning, yet deep and scheming, fresh from her slaughter of deer in the bishop's park; coarse King James of Scotland protesting his love of bishops—they are all there. All have passed through that same door and are gone, and when the new bishop from his four-wheeled cab has lived a few years, and had his portrait painted and hanged in the dining hall with those of his predecessors, and his tomb raised in the minster, the rooks will caw just the same, and the sun shine on the greensward, and play on the sculptured figures in the west front and make them almost start to life.

We should like to visit all the palaces in England and observe their beauties and perfections; but the owners are always changing now-a-days. Old friends die, and the new race knows us not. Let it suffice to inspect a few of the notable homes of

English prelates, and we will take as examples the palaces of the two Primates, the home of the Bishop of London, and then end our pilgrimage in East Anglia, where a friend of the writer now rules over the East Anglian see.

## I

### LAMBETH PALACE

The palace of a bishop is, strictly speaking, his episcopal residence within his cathedral city. His various seats in other places were not usually described as palaces. The stress of modern times has fortunately diminished the number of houses attached to a see, and prelates are not obliged to keep up several great houses which they could not inhabit even if they would. Addington passed out of the possession of the primate in recent years; Maidstone and Croydon, too, we believe are gone; but it is necessary for the archbishop often to reside in London, and Lambeth House, as it used to be called, still remains for his convenience and as an object lesson of the continuity of the history of the English Church. Ever since Norman times has the site been in the possession of the see, having

been obtained by Archbishop Baldwin (1185–1193) from his neighbour of Rochester, in exchange for other lands, for the purpose of founding a chapter of secular canons in opposition to the claims of the turbulent monks of the priory of Christ Church, Canterbury, with regard to the elections of prior and prelate. The monks liked not this plan, and, backed by Rome, strenuously resisted it. Archbishop Baldwin struggled in vain, was compelled to abandon his project, and following King Richard Cœur de Lion on his crusade to the Holy Land, died in camp before Acre. He probably began some of the buildings, and left the whole troublesome business of the election to the see, and the site by the Thames river to his successor, Hubert Walter, who was also a crusader, a capable prelate, chancellor of the realm; and he reared part of that grey stone tower which subsequent ages have erroneously designated the "Lollards' Tower," for the founding of his chapter of secular canons. Only the stair turret of this Hubert Walter's tower now remains. The Canterbury monks were enraged and stirred up strong opposition to the archbishop's scheme, suborning men with pickaxes and hammers to attack the buildings and pull them down; and you can still see, on the stonework of tower and chapel, the marks of their handiwork. The appointment

of foreigners to English sees was the cause of much discontent; and when Boniface of Savoy was elected Archbishop of Canterbury, and behaved in a violent and atrocious manner to the good canons of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, the citizens of London vowed vengeance on the foreigner and would have pulled down his palace. The pope imposed a penance on the pugnacious prelate, and ordered him to rebuild the waste places of Lambeth and restore the ruined buildings. In consequence of this arose that beautiful Early English chapel with its lancet windows which forms so charming a feature of the palace. At that time (1270) there existed only this chapel, a tower at its north-western end, and the great hall, of which more anon.

Lambeth Palace had to wait a century and a half before any further additions were made to its buildings. Then came Archbishop Chichele, a noble builder, founder of the colleges of All Souls and St. Bernard's (afterwards called St. John's), who reared the present so-called "Lollards' Tower," really a water tower, erected for purposes similar to the Water Gate at the Tower of London, to guard the palace from attack and to afford an exit to the river, where the bishop's barge was ready to convey him whither he wished to go. The Thames was the great highway, and bore on its waters many

magnificent barges belonging to the king and queen, the city companies, rich merchants and others; and amongst them the craft of the archbishop would be no less stately than its fellows. Popular history is responsible for many errors. One day I was using a much-abused Thames steamboat to travel over to the Surrey shore, and was admiring the stately beauty of Lambeth, when a working man said to me, "Them archbishops used to hang people up in that old place. They can't do it now," he added in triumphant tones. So it was in the seventeenth century. The fanatics of that age told the people that Archbishop Chichele, the most humane of men, built that tower for the torture and imprisonment of Lollards; and they christened a harmless post set up to support the beam that spans a chamber "Chichele's Whipping Post." The whole story is mythical. The Lollards were not quite the harmless, inoffensive folk that their champions would paint them, and for the sake of the peace and security of the kingdom it was necessary for their wild, fanatical and treasonable outpourings to be restrained. Some were excellent and religious men, but Lollardy included many dangerous doctrines and deceits, and the extreme advocates of its teachings preached rebellion against State and Church, and were considered inimical to

the well-being of the community. Hence they were imprisoned, and in some cases condemned to death according to the barbarous spirit of the age. There was a Lollards' Prison in the city, destroyed in the Great Fire; and then, having no object lesson of the wickedness and tyranny of bishops, the enemies of the Church fixed upon the Water Tower at Lambeth, and told the people that it was the Lollards' Tower, a witness of the persecuting spirit of the Church, a den of torture where they too would suffer if they allowed the Church to gain too much power. It is true there is an old prison in the tower. You can see the rings in the walls where prisoners were confined, and even read their names and inscriptions carved on the panelling; but this prison was built two centuries before the time of Chichele, and was intended for the imprisonment of "criminous clerks" who had trangressed the rules of their order and disgraced their clerical profession. It is unfortunate that the name "Lollards' Tower" should have been retained; it would have been better to have reverted to the old name, the Water Tower. Now the Thames Embankment intervenes between the tower and the river, but it is possible to detect the remains of the stone steps leading to the waterside, down which poor Anne Boleyn walked after her trial and condemnation on her way to Tower

Hill, soon followed by the martyrs Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More and others who felt the tyranny of ruthless Henry.

When you enter the palace you pass through Morton's Gateway, erected by the peace-loving cardinal-archbishop, the friend and supporter of Henry VII, formerly Bishop of Ely, who refused to assist Richard of Gloucester in his schemes, was imprisoned by him, escaped, joined Henry of Richmond on the Continent, and was afterwards raised to the archiepiscopal see. He was a great primate, and promoted the union of the rival houses of York and Lancaster by bringing about the marriage of Henry VII with Elizabeth. The room above the gateway was the state room. On each side are towers. The porter's room on the left was the Prerogative Court, and above it was the archbishop's parlour and sleeping-room, the upper rooms being used by his attendants. On the right was the warder's room, a prison for "criminous clerks" furnished with rings fastened into the walls, and above were chambers for the detention of suspected persons of exalted rank who had incurred the suspicions of civil or religious authorities.

Having passed through the gateway we see before us the outer court of the palace. In front of us stands the great Water Tower, with an addition

made by Archbishop Laud which contains a stately staircase giving access to the chambers in the great tower, and additional rooms for the use of the primate and his guests. On the right is the library, a noble building, formerly the banqueting hall, restored by Archbishop Juxon. This hall formed part of the palace in mediæval times, and was one of its earliest buildings. Many scenes of history have been enacted within its walls, far too numerous to be recorded here: State trials, lordly banquets wherein the greatest in Church and State have met as friends or enemies. The old hall was ruined by two Puritan wretches during the Commonwealth period, Scot and Matthew Hardy, who applied axes and hammers to its walls, as well as desecrating the chapel, and sold the materials. The hall owes its restoration to Juxon, who attended Charles I on the scaffold, and at the Restoration was raised to the See of Canterbury. At his own expense he restored this building on the old lines with certain Renaissance details, such as the fine entrance doorway. Archbishop Howley converted it into a library, the contents of which are unique in many respects. It has for many years been presided over by my friend Mr. Kershaw, who has devoted the greater part of his life to its service.

From the library we pass through another Re-

*From the University's Guide*] [*To the Libraries of London.*

THE LIBRARY AT LAMBETH PALACE.

naissance doorway into a passage leading to a staircase that conducts us to the dining-room, formerly the old guard-room of the palace. Its panelled walls are lined with portraits of the occupants of the see, a very pleasant chamber, wherein the present writer once enjoyed over the tea-cups a delightful talk with Archbishop Benson.

Here it was that Mrs. Cornwallis, wife of Archbishop Frederick Cornwallis, who was accustomed to entertain with semi-royal state, used to hold her routs and card-parties on Saturday nights, and prolonged them into the small hours of the Lord's Day. Thus she incurred the wrath of the Methodists, and especially of the famous Lady Huntingdon, who one day ventured to lecture the archbishop on his enormities. He resented it, and Mrs. Cornwallis was scornful at the lady's impertinence. But the great Countess Selina was not to be so lightly treated. She begged an audience of King George III, and induced him to write a remarkable letter to the primate, which is probably unparalleled. It was as follows—

"My Good Lord Prelate,—I would not delay giving you a notification of the great concern with which my breast was affected on receiving authentic information that routs have made their way into

your Palace. At the same time I must signify to you my sentiments on the subject, which hold these levities and vain dissipations as utterly inexpedient, if not unlawful, to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence; I add, in a place where your predecessors have led their lives in such sanctity as has thrown lustre on the pure religion they professed to adorn. From the dissatisfaction with which I perceive and behold these improprieties—not to speak in harsher terms—and on still most pious principles, I trust you will suppress them immediately, so that I may not have occasion to show any further marks of my displeasure, or to interpose in a different manner. May God take your grace into His Almighty protection.

"I remain, my Lord Primate,

"Your gracious friend,

"G. R."

We should like to have seen the consternation of the archbishop and the angry looks of his wife at the breakfast-table at Lambeth on the morning of the receipt of this letter; the triumph of the Countess must have been complete.

Thence we journey along the gallery hung with

pictures to the chapel founded by the Norman prelates, ruined by their enemies, restored by the compulsory penance of Boniface, decorated by Morton, pillaged and desecrated by Puritans, and reverently restored by Juxon. Long would it take to tell of all the great events in our national annals of which this chapel has been the scene, and of the archbishops who have worshipped therein. It has sent out bishops to build up the Church in every British colony of the empire. On the north is Cranmer's Tower, the ground floor being used as a vestry, and extending southward is a modern wing of the palace containing the private apartments of the archbishop and his family, study, drawing-room, dining-room, etc., making the house suitable for modern needs.

Such, in very brief, is Lambeth Palace, a house of venerable antiquity, replete with the memories of centuries of English life, of the many great and good men who have been the pillars of Church and State in many anxious periods of the nation's existence. It still maintains its ancient traditions, is a centre of light and learning in the busy life of modern London, and exercises an influence that extends far beyond the narrow borders of our sea-girt isle.

## II

### BISHOPTHORPE

Few episcopal houses are so fair and beautiful or so full of historic interest as the home of the Archbishop of York. It is a very stately building, girt by gardens and towering trees and washed by the broad Ouse. It is far too large for a bachelor, as the present archbishop is, and perhaps it will persuade him to follow Queen Victoria's advice, and take to himself a wife. "She would be of much more use to you than a curate," added the good Queen. "But, your Majesty, I could not dismiss a wife," replied the energetic Dr. Lang. If he had lived many years ago he would have held other noble mansions and castles, including Cawood, Southwell, Ripon, Whitehall, and York, besides Bishopthorpe, which is the only seat remaining to the see. The thought of having to live in so many houses might well deter any one from accepting the archbishopric. The York Palace stood on the north of the cathedral. It was a noble Norman building, but a rascally prelate in the time of Queen Bess pulled down the goodly hall for the sake of the lead that covered it. It is pleasant to reflect that this greedy Archbishop Young was cheated out of the

value of the lead, which was sold in London for £1000 by the Earl of Arundel.

Part of Bishopthorpe was built by good Walter de Grey, archbishop from 1216 to 1255. He was a great builder, and erected the south transept of his minster, the west front of Ripon, as well as this goodly manor house. It was of the type common at that period, consisting of a large hall, a chapel, a solar or private room for the archbishop, kitchens and offices, and a few bed-chambers for his guests. The structure has been much altered since his day, but the keen eye of the architect can detect several lancet windows in the part facing the river and north of the hall which show the work of the Early English builders. The walls of the chapel are original, save that Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, who had a large family, in recent times ruined its appearance by erecting over it a storey of nurseries.

This hall was the scene of the tragical end of Archbishop Scrope. Those were dangerous times when Henry of Lancaster came to the throne. The northern counties rose against him, and Scrope unfortunately allied himself with the insurgents. He was betrayed to the king and doomed to death. A mock trial took place in the hall of Bishopthorpe. The king was mad with rage. In vain did

Archbishop Arundel plead for the prelate's life. In vain did Chief Justice Gascoigne refuse to pronounce sentence on a prince of the Church. The king ordered Sir William Fulthorpe to condemn the prisoner to death as a traitor. No excuses were heeded, and soon his robes were torn off him and, mounted on a "collier's sorry mare with a halter for bridle," the archbishop was conducted to the place of execution, where he died bravely, asking pardon for his sins, kissing the executioner and requesting that he might receive five blows of the sword in memory of the five wounds of his Lord and Master. Strange things happened. The king was smitten with leprosy. Miraculous cures were wrought on the spot where the archbishop died, and his shrine in the minster became a place of pilgrimage much frequented, where rich offerings were made which helped to raise the fallen central tower. Poor Scrope was devoted to his grand cathedral, and even in his death contributed to its magnificence.

As the centuries passed new ideas of domestic comfort arose, and Bishopthorpe, like other mediæval mansions, improved itself and took to it new wings and chambers. Archbishop Scott of Rotherham (1450–1500) erected a great north wing. You can still see his arms over the doorway.

BISHOPTHORPE : EAST FRONT.

Colonel White bought the property when it was confiscated by the Parliament after the Great Rebellion, expended much money on Rotherham's building, and found that he had made a bad bargain, as he was compelled at the Restoration to hand over the mansion to its original owners. The hall and chapel, which had fallen into decay, were restored by Archbishop Frewen, and his initials A. F. with the date 1662 appear on the leaden spouts.

The greatest reformer of Bishopthorpe was the courtly Drummond, whom Horace Walpole describes as "a man of parts and of the world, and a dignified and accomplished prelate." But neither he nor the men of his age knew anything of architecture, and he suffered one Atkinson of York to erect a great modern front in the pseudo-Gothic style, or rather a Georgian house with Gothic details. A "grand" entrance gateway is also his work, described by our ancestors as "a very antique and interesting building," but it is only the pseudo-Gothic of Strawberry Hill with a whimsical little pagoda over it, a very sorry structure.

Old buildings have to be adapted to modern needs, and though we may regret the whimsical designs of Mr. Peter Atkinson and the architects of his age, the palace of the Archbishop of York is not unworthy of the dignity of a primatial see. I

am informed that I am wrong in describing Bishopthorpe as a palace. It is not a palace in the strictest sense. An episcopal palace is really the residence of a bishop in his cathedral city, and the term should not be applied to a country house which becomes his official residence. I have a drawing of an old house near Norwich which is called Bishop Hall's Palace, because he retired to live there when he was driven from his see by the Parliamentarians during the Commonwealth period. This seems to be a misnomer, and Bishopthorpe strictly ought not to be called a palace. But that is a detail which does not concern us very much.

Having passed under the curious eighteenth-century gateway we see before us Archbishop Drummond's imposing sham Gothic front, while on the left are the really interesting parts of the house, the original hall and adjoining chambers. You see a flight of steps leading to the main entrance, which has a porch adorned with numerous pinnacles and crockets, and above it an oriel window similarly ornamented. There are two storeys, with three windows on each side of the porch and an oriel in each storey with ogee canopies. Above is a parapet with central pediment having a pier and battlement. The porch opens into a vestibule which has a groined plaster ceiling. The audience-

chamber is on the right, and the drawing-room on the left, with the study adjoining it.

The dining-room is the old hall, the original palace, renovated and adapted to modern needs. Its appearance is somewhat different from that which showed itself in Archbishop Grey's time. Then it was strewn with rushes in the part below the dais, usually called "the marsh" from its dampness and untidiness. Plain tables set on trestles were brought forward at meal-time. A fire burned in the centre of the hall, and the smoke concealed the lofty roof and found its way out through a hole. Now there is a beautifully panelled ceiling erected by Archbishop Frewen in the style of the later Caroline period. The walls are hung with portraits of the distinguished men who have held the archiepiscopal see. We shall examine them now more closely. A huge white marble mantelpiece of Georgian design, introduced by Archbishop Drummond, with its Doric columns and triglyphs, is scarcely in keeping with the rest of the decoration of the room.

As we look around this famous hall we try to call to mind the numerous great archbishops who have dined in this chamber and left their good deeds and memories behind them. We shall look in vain for any portrait of these worthies earlier than

Cardinal Wolsey, who held the see from 1514 to 1530. His enemies say that he never set foot at York during this period of sixteen years. I expect he often came to Bishopthorpe, and he was arrested at his other palace at Cawood after his disgrace. We might think of some of these mediæval prelates whose ghosts haunt this hall, and many of whose tombs are in the minster—of Geoffrey of Ludham; Walter Giffard, Lord Chancellor of England, of another Chancellor, William Greenfield; of the fighting prelate William de Melton, who made all his clergy fight with him against the Scots, by whom he was defeated at Mytton-on-Swale; hence sarcastic people used to call the battle "the Chapter of Mytton." William la Zouche was also a warrior, and having been made Warden of the North during the absence of Edward III, he defeated the Scots at Neville's Cross. There was often rivalry between the Primates of York and Canterbury, and every one knows the story of an early archbishop, Roger de Pont l'Evêque, who, rather than yield supremacy to Robert of Canterbury at the Council of Westminster, who was sitting on the right of the papal legate, sat down on his rival's knee, and was beaten with sticks for his pains by the enraged clerics. John de Thoresby (1352–1372) was the healer of the quarrel, when it was arranged that his Grace of

Canterbury should be styled Primate of All England, his Grace of York Primate of England. Bishopthorpe witnessed the death of this good archbishop, who left his memory in his cathedral by beginning the building of the present choir and Lady chapel. We cannot record the names of all the Primates of York, of Kemp, Bothe, of the magnificent George Neville, brother of the King-maker, who imprisoned King Edward IV and was afterwards captured by him.

After Wolsey we see Grindal's portrait, of whom Edmund Spenser wrote his charming verse—

> "One day he sate upon a hill
> As now thou wouldest me:
> But I am taught by Algrind's ill
> To love the low degree."

Algrind or Grindal fell foul of the dictatorial Queen Elizabeth on account of his Puritan tendencies, and was suspended from his functions for six months. Edwin Sandys scowls down upon us from his frame—a quarrelsome and avaricious person whom every one disliked. Matthew Hutton, John Dolben the brave and true, Frewen the restorer of the hall, and Sir William Dawes with his full-flowing periwig, recall many a page in the history of Church and State. Kneller painted the last prelate, and also that of Lamplugh. We see the devout face of Archbishop Sharp, and the coarse

features of Lancelot Blackburne. Horace Walpole speaks of the latter as "the jolly old Archbishop of York who had all the manners of a man of quality, though he had been a buccaneer and was a clergyman." Reynolds's fine portrait of William Markham, tutor to George IV; Vernon Harcourt, the last of the "grand" archbishops, who went about in state carriages and kept a household of forty or fifty servants; the humbly born Musgrave, son of a Cambridge tailor; the saintly Longley; the vigorous Thomson; the eloquent Magee; and the revered Maclagan, all look at us from their canvases and tell us of the great minds that have guided the Church in times of storm and stress that are ever recurring.

The chapel is, as we have said, part of the old thirteenth-century work of Walter de Grey, and still retains much of its original Early English work. The beautiful series of lancet windows on the south, with their delicate shafts and capitals and moulded arches, is original, and is a charming feature of the chapel. The eastern lancets are a restoration. The ceiling is now flat on account of the nurseries which Archbishop Harcourt built over the chapel. The whole chapel has been carefully restored by Dr. Maclagan, who has placed beautiful stained glass in the windows, and supplied it with fittings and

furniture, the best productions of modern artistic workmanship.

A glimpse of the gardens reveals one of the chief charms of the palace. The landscape gardener, perhaps "Capability" Brown himself, has been unfortunately busy here, and has uprooted all traces of the formal garden, the low hedges of hornbean and yew, and the old maze wherein Archbishop Sharp used to love to retire and praise his Maker. All these have gone, but the lime avenue, the vistas of rich foliage, the countless shrubs and trees and wide sweeps of lawn delight the eye, and will not be ungrateful to him who has so long toiled amid the streets and lanes of eastern London. Modern bishops are seldom at home; they spend their days mostly in railway carriages; but it is pleasing to reflect that the archbishop has such a sweet retreat wherein to rest after his daily labours.

## III

### FULHAM PALACE

After viewing the archiepiscopal palaces of Canterbury and York we naturally turn to that of London, the most important of all the English

sees, whence its bishops usually migrate to the metropolitan provinces of Canterbury or York, unless they have been killed by their London labours. And so we will travel to the Bishop of London's Manor House of Fulham, a charming old building, erected in Tudor times, which delights the eye by its calm beauty and attractiveness. For centuries the manor has been in the possession of the see. Except for a few years during the Commonwealth period, when Church and State and Throne were for a time overthrown, Fulham has remained in the hands of the successive Bishops of London from the year A.D. 691 to the present time. A wonderful record truly—an apt illustration of the continuity of the Anglican Church. The property was given to good Bishop Erkenwald by Bishop Tyrthel of Hereford, at the end of the seventh century, and was then an island, like Battersea and Chelsea, surrounded by the waters of the Thames; and ingenious etymologists assure us that owing to the flocks of gulls and other birds that made their nests in this sweet retreat its name is derived from Fowls' Home. I should be more inclined to accept the name of the original Saxon owner as the explanation of the meaning of the first syllable. We cannot dwell on the saintly character and good deeds of Bishop Erkenwald. As a boy he is said to have

listened to Bishop Mellitus, the first Bishop of London, when he was striving to win the hearts of the pagan Londoners; and Mellitus was a companion of St. Augustine, and thus we are linked on with the very beginnings of Saxon Christianity. Though Fulham is now styled a palace, it was not always known by that designation. It was formerly called the Bishop's Manor House, his palace being near his Cathedral of St. Paul, on the north-west. You can still discover, amid the network of streets nigh the haunt of the publishers, London House Yard; and Ave Maria Lane and Paternoster Row were the boundaries of his garden. An episcopal palace, as we have said, is the home of the Bishop close to his cathedral—a home which was abandoned by the Bishops of London in the sixteenth century, when they migrated to London House, Aldersgate Street. At the end of the eighteenth century they migrated to London House, St. James's Square, the present town-house of the bishop, Fulham being too far removed from the centre of his episcopal work in the busiest seasons of the year.

Fulham Palace is a home of peace and sweet retirement, surrounded by beautiful gardens and meadows, and girt by a moat. Around it now cluster streets and innumerable houses of the usual modern, suburban, ugly character; but within the railings

and the encircling moat all is beauty, symbol of the Church's message of sweetness and light to a bustling, gloomy world that fain would stifle it.

The tramcars that run along the Fulham Palace Road convey you past the railings that guard the grounds to the entrance of the Bishop's avenue of stately elms, which are said to have been planted by Bishop Compton (1675–1714). A porter's lodge bearing the arms of the See of London is on the right. One side of the avenue has disappeared, and not many of the remaining elms can be two centuries old. After walking nearly a quarter of a mile we come to the entrance to the drive leading to the palace, and cross a bridge over the moat, and see on the left the Lodge, a prettily-constructed cottage with gable and ornamental barge-boards, a diminutive tower with conical roof and a good chimney. The winding drive leads to the entrance gateway built by Bishop Fitzjames in the reign of Henry VII. The first view of the Palace shows that it is not a very grand and stately building. There is no attempt at ornate and magnificent effects, but it possesses the dignity and charm associated with Tudor houses which are so admirably suited for all the purposes of home life, whether in a cottage or in those stately buildings that Wolsey and Henry VIII reared at Hampton Court. The mellowed

brickwork is delightful: there is a true sense of proportion, and the work as a whole is an expression of English character and taste. It was built happily before English architects deserted their ideals of Tudor homeliness and Elizabethan romance, discarded the principles of their native art sanctified by long use and by splendid memories and achievements, and sought for new fashions in foreign climes, producing vast, pompous, and uncomfortable dwellings that were not homes.

Bishop Fitzjames was the rebuilder of a portion of the palace. A view of the previous building shows it to have been a square-planned structure with towers at each corner. This Fitzjames pulled down and constructed a large part of the present building, which, like many other houses, bears the marks of successive owners who repaired, altered and reconstructed according to their taste and the prevailing fashion and style of the ages in which they lived. This entrance archway is the founder's own work, and has been little altered during its three centuries and a half of life. It is of good brickwork, with Tudor archway and famous old original doors, with ancient knocker and ironwork. Here, if we had entered in former days, we could have demanded the bishop's dole—a horn of ale and bread—that awaited all visitors or passers-by.

On the right and left are two guard-rooms, wherein the bishop's men-at-arms kept watch and ward and prevented the approach of rioters or troublesome visitors. One room is styled the armoury, and has a finely-carved fire-place bearing the motto *Vigilate et Orate;* and the other is called the larder. Passing through the archway we find ourselves in a beautiful quadrangle, in the centre of which a fountain plays, where formerly an old pump drew water from a well. This fountain was placed there in quite recent times by Bishop Temple. On the right are some rooms of special interest, as they were used by Archbishop Laud, but the linen panelling has been removed recently to the new vestry of the chapel. Three sides of the quadrangle are Fitzjames's work, the fourth was rebuilt by Bishop Blomfield.

Opposite the arched gateway is the actual entrance to the palace through a porch under the tower. There is a fine Tudor archway, buttresses at the angles, a charming oriel window over the door, formerly that of the Muniment Room, and above, an old-fashioned clock, bearing the arms of Bishop Juxon, and the date 1637. At the summit there is a charming bell-turret crowned by a vane.

On entering the palace we find ourselves in the screened passage adjoining the hall, adorned with portraits of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Margaret

FULHAM PALACE : THE COURTYARD.

of Anjou, queen of Henry VI, and others. Through a door in the screens we pass into the great hall of the palace—the principal chamber in every mediæval house. Over the fireplace is an inscription which obligingly tells us the history of the hall. It runs as follows—

"This hall with the adjoining quadrangle was erected by Bishop Fitzjames in the reign of Henry VII, on the site of buildings of the old palace as ancient as the Conquest. It was used as a hall by Bishop Bonner and Bishop Ridley during the struggles of the Reformation, and retained its original proportions till it was altered by Bishop Sherlock in the reign of George II. Bishop Howley, in the reign of George IV, changed it into a private unconsecrated chapel; it is now restored to its original purpose on the erection, by Bishop Tait, of a new chapel of more suitable dimensions, A.D. 1866."

We notice the fine old oak panelling, some of which we are told came from London House, Aldersgate, the finely corniced ceiling, and the pictures, which include portraits of Henry VII, Henry VIII, William III and his queen, and Queen Anne. The three windows that light the hall are filled with painted glass and many medallions showing the arms of the occupiers of the See of London, some

of which are said also to have been brought from the Aldersgate Palace. A sheaf of corn frequently appears, and "R.F. fecit 1595" (R. Fletcher, Bishop of London). The screen is a massive piece of workmanship crowned with rails. In the corner is an old watchman's chair.

It is easy to lose one's bearings in wandering about a great house, and Fulham was at one time far greater than it is at present. In 1715 many old buildings were pulled down by Bishop Robinson, on the ground that it was far too large a house to be maintained out of the income of the See. Most of the present lawn was at one time covered with buildings. Lest we lose our way we will remember that the rooms of the palace are built about a small central court. On the north-west is the great hall and kitchen, with the quadrangle which we have already seen; on the south-west the bishop's study, chaplain's room, and morning-room; on the south-east, or garden front, the morning-room, drawing-room, dining-room, and the end of the Porteus library; on the north-east the side of the Porteus library and domestic offices.

We will first visit the chapel, which is reached by a corridor that opens from the entrance hall opposite the screen. On the right of this passage is the new vestry, lined with panelling taken from

Laud's room. The chapel was erected by Dr. Tait, afterwards archbishop. This is not the first chapel attached to the palace. At one time, as we have seen, the hall was used as a chapel, and previous to that there was an old chapel that stood near to the Porteus library, wherein Bishop Seabury and many American clergy were ordained deacons and priests. Some authorities state that the Porteus library was at one time the chapel, and that Bishop says that the chapel was formed out of several small rooms by Bishop Terrick (1764–1777), and gives its measurements at fifty-three feet by sixteen feet, and twelve feet for its height. This present chapel is thus described by the latest historian of the palace, the Rev. Sadler Phillips, Vicar of St. Etheldreda's Church, Fulham—

"It is plain and unpretending in appearance, but strong and well built. Its floor is the ancient marble which was originally laid in the Fitzjames Hall. The walls are panelled with oak, and the east window represents the Ascension of our Lord. Two stained-glass windows represent, respectively, St. John Baptist and St. Stephen, St. Peter and St. Paul. The other windows have figures representing the four evangelists. There is a mosaic reredos of foreign work let in the wall, and in front of this there is a carved altar-piece, which was the gift of

Bishop Creighton. All the furniture in the chapel is very rich, and yet is not ostentatious. The two lights are used on the altar and a small cross; the altar-piece is a Crucifixion. There is a beautiful specimen of old silversmith's work in the chalice and patten used at Holy Communion here; it is dated 1651. There is an organ at the west end, and a throne for the bishop, and his chaplains have seats beside him. The chapel seats about seventy persons, and is seated choir-wise."

Returning to the entrance hall, we pass along to the little hall and then to the new buildings along a corridor. On the right is the bishop's secretary's room, whence we can pass into the chaplain's room and then into the bishop's study—a pleasant room with a south view—and across the lawn there is a prospect of All Saints' Church, Fulham. Then we go to the drawing-room, which has a southern aspect, and some interesting sketches and pictures: a view of the old palace, a sketch of Bishop Laud's lodgings, and a portrait of Bishop Tunstall (1522-1530), a copy from Holbein by Taylor. The dining-room has some remarkable portraits of bishops. Amongst them are Bishop Creighton; Juxon (who was driven from his see by the Parliament during the Commonwealth period—the portrait is a copy of one painted by Vandyck); Monteigne (1621–1628); King (1611–

1621), painted by Cornelius Janssens; Gilbert Sheldon (1660–1663); Laud (1628–1633), copied from Vandyck; Terrick (1764–1777); Vaughan (1604–1607); Lowth (1777–1787); Randolph (1809–1813); Blomfield (1828–1856), the last bishop who wore a wig and who died in this room; Howley (1813–1828); Jackson (1869–1885); Porteus (1787–1809); Aylmer (1577–1595); Abbot (1610–1611), by Cornelius Janssens; Temple and Tait—a gallery of worthies whose active and useful lives tempt us to biography. But we have much to see, and must pass on to the Porteus library. This bishop did not build the library, but bequeathed to his successors his collection of books. It is the most interesting room in the palace, lined with several thousand volumes, which repose securely in their shelves in quiet sleep, and are not often, I expect, disturbed from their slumbers. Through a sham-book door we pass into an episcopal study also full of books. There are several of these doors covered with the backs of books so as to match the adjoining shelves, and it is interesting to book-lovers to notice the titles of these sham books which have been selected for this curious use.

This front, that faces the lawn, was added by Bishop Howley, who bestowed much care upon the gardens. The palace owes much to Bishop Blom-

field, who re-roofed the house, built additional rooms, rebuilt a wing of the quadrangle, and restored the whole building. This work, and the vast improvements which he made in the garden, the cleansing and renewing of the moat, the raising of an oft-flooded meadow, and much else, cost him no less than £10,000.

There are forty bedrooms in the palace, so the bishop is enabled to entertain a large number of guests; and as we pass into the large old-fashioned kitchen, somewhat resembling that of an Oxford college, we see that a small army could be catered for. This kitchen has an elaborately ornamented plaster ceiling, and tradition states that it once was a banqueting-room, and that it was built by Bishop Sheldon. The coal-cellar was at one time used as a prison.

Fulham is famous for its gardens, which constitute one of its chief charms. We see rare and beautiful trees, including an ancient cork tree (nearly four hundred years old), cedars, cypresses, Wellingtonias, limes, pines and countless others. The bishops have always been lovers of arboriculture, and careful and assiduous planters. You will notice the fine expanse of lawn, the green turf of the meadow adjoining, the walled garden designed by Bishop Fitzjames, the warren, lovely with its trees

FULHAM PALACE.

though the rabbits have long since fled away, and the kitchen garden. Well did Bishop Blomfield, of Colchester, describe his father's home: "The house so spacious yet so thoroughly comfortable and domestic, the garden half hidden on the margin of the Thames, with its spreading lawn of soft and level turf shadowed with choice shrubs and goodly trees, the avenue of ancient elms, the circling moat guarding the whole from intrusions—all these within a few miles of the Metropolis, give to the Palace of Fulham a charm peculiarly its own, so close upon the restless world yet itself

'A haunt of ancient peace.'"

The gardens and palace are haunted with the memories of the learned and able men who have resided there during their episcopate. We think of Grindal, who loved his garden and planted there the first tamarisk tree that England ever knew. He was greatly troubled by his grapes, as the following story, told by Strype, plainly sets forth—

"The grapes that grew at Fulham were now-a-day of that value, and a fruit that the Queen stood so well affected to, and so early ripe, that the bishop every year used to send a present thereof to her. Eight days were past in September 1569, but these grapes were not yet in case (so backward it seems was this year) to be presented to her, but withal

the next week he hoped to send some to the Queen. And accordingly he did so, and sent them by one of his servants. But the report was that at this very time the plague was in the house, and that one had newly died of that distemper there, and three more were sick; by which occasion both the Queen and Court were in danger." The imperious Queen Elizabeth was very wroth, and the bishop fell into disgrace. But he was fully able to vindicate himself, and in a letter to the Queen, which is still extant, he proves that his servant died of a flux and a cold, and not of the plague. Strype sagely moralizes: "Tender and cautious ought those to be that have to do with the Court of Princes." Poor Grindal had to feel the truth of this and the capriciousness of the Queen, and of him Spenser wrote those lines which have already been quoted with regard to the transitory nature of Court favour, and the many advantages of a lowly lot.

The troublous times of the Reformation call to mind the cruel Bonner, who here sat in judgment on "heretics," and the gentle Ridley, who spent much time at Fulham, and led a pious, studious life. Queen Elizabeth stayed at the palace, and liked it much, save that the thick trees prevented her Majesty from gaining any distant prospect. Aylmer was bishop then, and his enemies said his name should not be Aylmer or Elmar, but Marelm, be-

cause he cut down the elms: a libel that was easily disproved.

We see a brave pageant of bishops whose names are familiar in history: the martyr Laud, the brave Juxon, who attended Charles I on the scaffold, Sheldon, Bancroft, Vaughan, Abbot, looking very sad after his unfortunate day's hunting at Bramshill, where he killed a keeper; the warlike Compton, formerly a cornet of horse, who at the Revolution raised a force to guard the Princess Anne; the stately Robinson, who loved to ride in his coach drawn by eight horses. The last figure in the procession would tell the altered conditions of modern Church life. The modern Bishop of London cannot shut himself up in his palace enjoying, as one of his predecessors loved to do—

"Alternate study, exercise, and ease."

He does not require a coach and eight horses, a large retinue of servants with men-at-arms to guard his gate. He does not restrict himself, as a former bishop did, to one charity sermon a year. He takes his active part in the busy life of modern London, is always preaching, speaking, working. Crowds flock to listen to his words, as when he strives to move their hearts in his Lenten mission and to answer the perplexing questions of life. His strenuous life is symbolical of the renewed activity of the Church, and when the wearied mind and body

need rest it is well that Fulham Palace should receive him and afford him more opportunity for peace than London House can ever give.

## IV

### THE PALACE OF NORWICH

The story of episcopal residences arouses many reflections. The unceasing work of a modern bishop obliges him to be seldom at home. A seat in a railway carriage or motor-car is his usual home of rest. In former days a quiet country-house of sufficient dignity and importance was deemed a most suitable residence, where he could study, edit Greek plays, or cultivate roses. Sometimes two or three such houses were attached to a see. In mediæval times he had a castle or two—Bishop Henry le Despencer, of Norwich, built for himself one at North Elmham—and moved from one to the other attended by his men-at-arms, like a great baron or temporal lord. Some bishops are still troubled by having inconveniently situated residences, such as Cuddesdon or Bishopthorpe, and the dreary drive of eight miles in the early morn-

ing is a sad beginning to a long day's work, and a weary ending when it is over. But Norwich is blest with a real palace, a home of the bishop in his cathedral city, a house that has many associations of historic interest which it may be interesting to recall.

It is a somewhat sunless dwelling, this Norwich Palace. It stands on the northern side of the great cathedral, which effectually screens it from the sun's rays. This was quite in accordance with the views of mediæval builders. Dr. Andrew Boorde, in his *Compendyous Regyment, or a Dyetary of Health*, published in 1542, contended that the chief prospects of a house ought to be east and west, never south, for the south wind "doth corrupte and doth make evyll vapoures," and that the windows should open north, in spite, he adds, of Jeremiah's saying that "from the north dependeth all evil." The palace might have pleased this venerable architect, but in its present condition it is not very attractive. Time has stamped its mark upon the venerable structure and tinged it with picturesqueness. It is imposing rather than beautiful, immense rather than magnificent. Notwithstanding many improvements wrought in recent days, it accords with Dean Stanley's description "as among houses what Moscow is among towns; rooms which we may

really call very fine, side by side with the meanest of passages and staircases."

We approach the cathedral through the Tomb-land, where the fatal quarrel and battle took place between the monks and the citizens in the thirteenth century during the annual Trinity Fair, a contest that was renewed in the fifteenth century. Before us is the Erpingham Gate, opposite the west front of the cathedral. This gate takes its name from Sir Thomas Erpingham, who erected it in 1420. It is a noble entrance to the superb minster, and is a splendid example of the best Perpendicular work in the country. The good knight fought at Agincourt and in many other fierce battles, and doubtless raised this gate as a thankoffering for his deliverance. Of him Shakespeare wrote as "a knight grown grey with age and honour," and it is a wild conjecture that he was obliged to build this gate as a penance for favouring the Lollards. We notice the lofty arch, so constructed as to give a fine view through it of the west front of the cathedral; the mouldings of the arch enriched with figures of saints; the panelled buttresses covered with the shields of the families of the knight and his two wives, and surmounted by a seated episcopal or monastic figure; and above in the simple gable, in a niche, a figure of the founder kneeling. We shall

not forget the lesson of the scrolls with the word "Yenk" engraven upon them. "Yenk" signifies *think,* not a bad reflection when we approach a holy shrine.

Passing through the gate and entering the close, we see on our left an interesting building, the chapel of St. John the Evangelist, erected by Bishop Salmon at the beginning of the fourteenth century (1315). It was converted into a grammar school in the time of Edward VI. Below was a charnel-house, now used more pleasantly as a gymnasium. The porch was added by Bishop Lyhart in the fifteenth century. Here Nelson was educated, and George Borrow and many other distinguished men. We will not stay to admire the west front, which, in spite of its noble window, is far from being a satisfactory compilation. The injudicious restoration of 1875 has had much to do with this. Portions of the original Norman work remain in a great part of the wall, two side doors, arcades, and windows above. The main doorway was erected by Bishop Alnwick, who seems to have cased the old Norman with Perpendicular work—an arch of the old work was uncovered by Dean Goulburn. The same bishop left money for the great Perpendicular window of nine lights which was erected by Bishop Lyhart. We can see the result of perverse modern

restoration by comparing the present front with those shown in earlier illustrations, and discover that the towers flanking the great window have been cut down and shorn of their cupolas, and also the turrets at the extreme north and south have suffered a like deprivation, and some inelegant pinnacles erected instead, while the battlemented parapet has been removed and some ridiculous little round windows inserted. Verily the efforts of modern architects have not been crowned with success.

On the left hand, the north side of the minster, is the gate-house with which we are more immediately concerned. It is the entrance to the precincts of the palace. It was made strong and stern and stark to guard the residence of the bishop. Norwich citizens were excitable folk, keen for rioting and disturbance, and needed good stout defences to keep them back from pillage and fighting. The present gateway was built by Bishop William Alnwick (1426–1436), a keen architect and noble builder. When he left Norwich he was translated to Lincoln, and there you can see traces of his work in the re-edifying of the palace. But there was probably a gateway anterior to Alnwick's erection, and behind the secure walls and doors Bishop Roger de Skerning trembled and quaked, preserving a posi-

tion of masterful inactivity, while the prior of the monastery attacked the citizens in the Tombland fair, and the citizens besieged the cathedral, and mercenaries helped the monks and pillaged the town and climbed the tower to shoot their arrows at rioting crowds. He trembled, too, when he saw his cathedral in flames, and wondered whether his palace would share its fate. But that earlier gate was swept away in 1430 by Alnwick, who built this charming bit of Perpendicular work. There is a gateway and a doorway, and above a row of shields deeply cut, and on each the letter "M," in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Above we see two windows and a niche between them, a battlemented parapet which is modern, and buttresses on each side of the gate. The wooden gates are old, dating back to the fifteenth century, and were placed there by good Bishop Lyhart. You can see his rebus carved on their face—a hart lying down. Possibly the old doors were battered and time-worn. His Majesty King Henry VI was coming to spend Sunday, August 30, 1449, with the bishop, and, not liking to welcome his sovereign at the old doorway, the bishop adorned his gateway with new woodwork. As we shall see presently, in preparation for the royal visit, he made other improvements in his house.

Passing through the gateway we see the main front of the palace, and in the foreground a picturesque ivy-clad ruin. This is the porch that once led to a magnificent hall, built by Bishop Salmon early in the fourteenth century. This grand hall, 120 feet in length and 60 feet in breadth, with kitchen and buttery, was entirely destroyed during the Commonwealth period, an act of terrible vandalism which no words can describe. The hall was the distinguishing feature of a mediæval house, and was continued during the Tudor period, until the Italian Renaissance school decreed its extinction. This example was as large as a church, with a nave and two aisles separated by rows of clustered pillars. You will look in vain for a chapel which also Bishop Salmon built, but its windows, gems of decorated architecture, can still be seen in the seventeenth-century chapel to which they were removed when the former shared the fate of the hall at the hands of the Puritan iconoclasts.

The interior of the palace has been much modernized. The dining-room, drawing-room and another apartment adjoining it are parts of the early palace. You will find beneath the dining-room a vaulted chamber, now used as the servants' hall. The drawing-room, in spite of its modernized appearance, displays itself to the keen eye of the architect

BISHOP'S PALACE AT NORWICH.

as a Perpendicular building. The ceiling hides a fine timber roof, and a small mediæval window betrays the age of this much-modernized room. When at the time of the Reformation monastic houses were dissolved and destroyed, and Rugg, Abbot of St. Bennet at Hulme, was appointed to the spoliated See of Norwich, he brought with him to the palace some of the panelling of the ruinated abbey. This may be seen in a room near the drawing-room, and is curious and interesting. There are twenty panels, containing carved heads of a strange assortment of classical heroes and mythical personages and Scripture characters. These personages appear in circles with their names carved on shields above, and include Ulysses, Penelope, Aurora, Medea, Hercules, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar and Charlemagne, and Joshua, Jabin, Deborah and other biblical worthies.

The chapel is interesting. It was built by Bishop Reynolds, who at the Restoration found the former chapel built by Bishop Salmon utterly destroyed by the Puritan mob. It was past repair. So he built a new chapel, and conveyed to it from the earlier shrine the beautiful Decorated windows which still adorn the present edifice, and used much of the old material. It has a barrel roof, and some of the monuments of the occupants of the see are here,

including that of the founder. Bishop Sheepshanks greatly improved the chapel, building a cloister connecting it with the house, and placing in it a properly furnished altar with cross and candlesticks, and adding carved-oak stalls.

The kitchen is important, as it is part of the Norman fabric, with vaulted roof and central octagonal column. You can see the huge fire-place where in former days, when a bishop's retinue was very considerable, large joints were roasted to supply the needs of a vast household. Next to the kitchen is the larder with other offices, all of which were part of the original palace erected in Norman times by Herbert de Losinga, one of the most remarkable of the great builders of his age. It is pleasant to find here a bit of his work almost unchanged.

We have taken a hasty glance at the actual palace as it now stands. Whose hands reared this pile and gave a home to the Norwich bishops? The founder was this Herbert de Losinga, formerly prior of the ancient Abbey of Féchamp, in Normandy, who was brought to England by William Rufus, made Abbot of Ramsey, and "for a consideration," Bishop of Thetford. This is not the place to record the wanderings of the episcopal seat of East Anglia; from the time of its first sojourn at Dunwich, its division by Theodore into the two sees of Dunwich

and Elmham, its unification after the ravages of the Danes, its removal to Thetford, and finally its settlement at Norwich. Bishop Herbert conveyed it thither, reared that stately cathedral which retains so much of its Norman character, provided monastic buildings for a colony of monks on the south side of the church, according to the usual plan of a Benedictine house, and then raised for himself and his successors a home on the north side. Not only in Norwich did this wonderful and excellent builder exercise his skill. We find traces of his handicraft in many churches and monasteries in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. It is said that he sought thus to make expiation for his crime of simony in paying to the greedy Red King a large sum of money for his bishopric.

Part of Losinga's house, as we have seen, remains. This formerly was joined on to the cathedral. It followed the usual type of a Norman dwelling-place. The hall, kitchen and offices formed the principal part of the dwelling. At the dais end of the hall a wing extended eastward, containing the "solar," or private rooms of the bishop and his chaplains. Every house of any pretension in those days had its chapel. Losinga's chapel was a long narrow building on the east side of the palace. It is not to be supposed that all this grand work was

finished in the life-time of this one bishop. The great hall of his palace was not finished by him. He commenced the building; he left it to his successors to finish what he had so nobly planned. Some of his letters which are extant show with what vigour and determination he urged his monks to press on the work. "Wherefore, my well-beloved sons, take heart again; persist untiringly in your work; let not your hand or your foot rest; shiver in winter's cold; swelter under summer's sun; toil by day, watch by night; gird yourselves for your work." With such a leader work is bound to thrive.

The next episcopal builder who wrought well and worthily for the palace was Bishop Salmon (1299–1325), who after the fashion of his age played a great part in State affairs, and yet found time to build. He altered considerably the house, erecting a noble hall, of which the ruined porch only remains, and a beautiful chapel in place of Bishop Herbert's foundation. We have seen the windows of this structure in the present sanctuary. The palace now became a vast and comely edifice. Several of Salmon's successors ruled the diocese but a short time, were engaged in the King's business as ambassadors, justiciaries and chancellors of the realm, and resided little in their diocese. The palace was suffered to fall into decay. The Black Death caused immense havoc in Norwich, carrying

off, it is said, 51,000 victims. Most of the monks and masons perished, and a long time elapsed before the city recovered from the dread pestilence. Bishop Henry le Despencer was too busy quelling the sympathisers with Wat Tyler's rebellion in 1381, and in fighting in the Netherlands for the Urbanists against the Clementists, to attend to the affairs of his diocese and look after the buildings of his see. His successor Alexander de Totington (1407–1413), Prior of Norwich, had for a long time witnessed the gradual decay of the palace, and on his election by the monks, after an imprisonment by the King at Windsor, set to work to repair the palace. Hither came the Archbishop of Smyrna to reside. What was this ecclesiastic with a foreign title doing in England? The fact is that these mediæval prelates of Norwich were rather fond of war and fighting. The real bishop, Richard Courtenay, was with King Henry V at the French wars, and never set foot in his diocese, and his suffragan, the Archbishop of Smyrna, did his work for him. His successor, John Wakering, found time when not engaged in crushing Lollardy to build a cloister connecting his palace with the cathedral, and a new chapter house for the monasteries, but Time has robbed us of the result of his labours.

Bishop Alnwick, who succeeded in 1426, erected the present gateway which we have seen. Bishop

Browne had need of the strong gates, and blest the memory of his predecessor in making them so ponderous, as during his episcopacy the citizens again besieged the priory, and there was much rioting and fighting just outside the palace precincts. Then came good Walter Lyhart, who was so fond of his rebus, and delighted in building, as the vaulted roof of the cathedral nave shows, and who fashioned the doors of Alnwick's gateway, replacing the old doors battered by the citizens a few years before. He probably built the present drawing-room.

Then came the troublous times. Bishop Nykke of unsavoury reputation seldom used his episcopal residence, and let it to the Mayor and Corporation for their guild festival. Then monasteries were dissolved, and churches pillaged and stripped of their ornaments; and Bishop Rugg came to Norwich, "a base and truculent time-server, prepared to lend himself to any measure, however infamous, which the King and his creatures might order to be carried out." He followed the example of the church robbers, and became one himself, and even tried to sell the palace. The poor episcopal residence suffered much at the hands of such men, and it was not until John Parkhurst came in Elizabethan times that order was restored and much needed reparation effected. Dr. Jessopp describes him as "a genial, scholarly, pliant, hospitable gentleman,

but little more." But the palace reveres his memory, as he instilled life into its old bones, and did not forsake it to go to Court. Indeed, he brought the Court to it, inviting Queen Elizabeth to stay with him, or rather the Queen after her custom invited herself and entailed heavy burdens on her host. There were pageants in those days, as in these, and a mightily edifying pageant with all the gods and goddesses afforded her Majesty much amusement. There were tears in her eyes when she left the good bishop's abode.

Little work at the palace was done by his successors, Freke, Scrambler, Redman and Jagon. Their episcopates were short. We see John Overall there in 1816; a strong churchman of the Laudian type, who moulded the churchmanship of his secretary, John Cosin, and we like to think that it was here he wrote the last part of the Church Catechism, "On the Sacraments," which was his composition. He had the reputation of being the best scholastic divine in the English nation. After him came Harsnet and White to Norwich, who were soon translated to other dioceses, and then that curious bishop, Richard Corbet, a very facetious prelate as his poems show. Several of his verses are not edifying, but his "Faeries' Farewell" has much charm, and is too often omitted from anthologies. Dr. Jessopp says of him that like all wits he was

slandered by the dull for his buffoonery. When Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, he excited the ridicule of the undergraduates by the foppishness of his attire, and you will remember the epigram about the ring attached to his band, when he was preaching before the King; they said of him—

"For to all who were there
It did plainly appear
He handled it more than his text."[1]

The reader will also recall the story of his helping a poor ballad-singer at Abingdon by assuming the garb of the minstrel and singing in his place, when he sang so well and chaffed so freely that a crowd gathered and the poor man's stock of ballads was soon sold. It was said of him that he was a distinguished wit in an age of wits, and a liberal man amongst a race of intolerant partisans. But dire troubles were soon to fall upon the see, the palace and its devoted and faithful occupant, good Bishop Hall, a name honoured in the diocese and in all England. Upon the breaking out of the Commonwealth troubles he was sent to the Tower with other bishops on January 30, a very cold and frosty night at 8 o'clock. He has told the story of his troubles in his *Hard Measure*, and this is supplemented by Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*. When released he returned to his palace at Norwich, and was there

[1] *Old-Time Parson*, p. 67.

harassed, sequestered and abused in the vilest manner. The "Godly Reformers" came to the house, took an inventory of all his goods, even to a dozen trenchers, and wanted to include the wearing clothes of his children and family. All his goods were sold by public auction, but these were bought in by Mrs. Goodwyn. Several booksellers came to take his books, but these were rescued by a worthy divine of the diocese, Mr. Cook. Several times the wretches insulted him in his palace at unseasonable hours. Once a London trooper attended by others came in the morning before the family were out of their beds and threatened to break open the gates; but having got entrance he ransacked the whole house, under pretence of searching for arms and ammunition, examining the chests, trunks and vessels in the cellar, and taking away one of the horses. Finally the poor bishop was driven out of his home, and took refuge in a house near Norwich, now an inn, still called "Bishop Hall's Palace," where out of that little which was left him he distributed a weekly charity to a certain number of poor widows, and kept a weekly fast for the safety of the King's person, until his Majesty was cruelly murdered at Whitehall. He bore all his sufferings with incomparable meekness, humility and patience. The mob besieged his gates and climbed over the wall to hunt

for delinquents, his chapel was desecrated, and he had to endure the hideous sacrilege and devastation of his cathedral, which was "filled with musketeers, drinking and tobacconing as freely as if it had turned alehouse." It was "hard measure," indeed.

During this disastrous period, after the ejection of the bishop, the palace was pillaged and converted into tenements, the hall being used for the preachings of violent sectaries. At the Restoration Bishop Reynolds was appointed, and the Church owes a debt to him for the beautiful words of the General Thanksgiving in our Prayer Book. He repaired the palace and built the present chapel. We cannot dwell on the subsequent occupants of the see, on Anthony Sparrow, the learned author of the *Rationale upon the Book of Common Prayer*, or William Lloyd, of non-juring fame. During the Georgian period there was much episcopal neglect, stagnation and lethargy, insomuch that Norwich became known as the "Dead See." We see poor Bishop Horne, the author of a commentary on the Psalms, sadly taking a morning walk in the palace gardens seeking vainly for health. We see the house brilliantly illuminated with coloured lamps for a grand ball given by Bishop Manners Sutton in honour of Prince William Frederick at the opening year of the nineteenth century. Then came the mild Bathurst, and then the vigorous Stanley,

father of the illustrious Dean, and you can see the scholar's little study in the attics and his favourite corner in the drawing-room. The bishop repaired the palace, and during the rule of his successor Pelham, who died in 1893, many alterations were made, and the house was much modernized. The north-west portion was rebuilt and the entrance changed, the oldest part of the house adjoining the cathedral taken down, and though it has been made more comfortable some of its most interesting features were destroyed.

One curious portion of the palace we have not yet seen, and that is the dungeon. It is not a very inviting apartment. The door leading to it is in the kitchen, whence you descend several steps, until you find yourself in a vaulted den with a strong central pillar, dark, dismal and forbidding. You can see the rings fastened to the central column to which chains were attached for the restraining of prisoners. It is haunted with ghosts, this gloomy underground dungeon, ghosts of heretics, Lollards and Protestants, who in the days of cruel persecutions here mourned their fate until they were led forth to die at the stake. First comes the ghost of William Sawtre, chaplain of St. Margaret's, Lynn, the first victim of the savage Statute *De heretico comburendo* (2 Henry IV c. 15). He lay in this dungeon in the days of the martial Bishop le

Despencer, and the dread place struck cold and chill on his spirit, so that he recanted his Lollard doctrines; but subsequently on his release he preached them again in London, where he was burnt, and not at Norwich, in 1401. There is a full account of all this in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. He tells, too, the sad story of many other Lollards, who doubtless made the acquaintance of this prison, of John Florence, a turner of Shelton, who was "disciplined" in the cathedral, of John Balward, John Goddesell, and of the burning of poor William White, priest, "Sir" William White as he is called in the chronicles, the first martyr of Norwich, who suffered death at the Lollards' Pit in 1531. Very many were accused of minor offences, such as eating meat on fast days, and were tried, but released after a day or two in the prison; but there is the sad story of Thomas Bilney, the "Blessed Saint Bilney" as his co-religionists loved to call him, who died bravely for his faith. There were others, too, of whom Foxe tells us, who died in Mary's reign: William Allen, Simon Miller, of Lynn; Elizabeth Cooper, a pewterer's wife of Norwich; Cecily Owen and Thomas Hudson, who perished in those dark days, and whose ghosts haunt this gloomy prison.

Emerging from the darksome cell we seek again the light of day and walk in the grounds of the

palace. We survey again the ruined porchway of the hall, those graceful chapel windows and the long nave of that glorious cathedral with its graceful spire pointing heavenwards and whispering a *Sursum corda*, and we reflect much upon the past, the story of the spiritual growth of the Church, its contention with the evils of love, pride and pomp, its defence of the liberties of England, the services it has rendered to the people, its sufferings and its woes, its times of decay and failure, its revival and wondrous activity. Once the "Dead See" of the Church of England, the Norwich diocese is now very much alive, the home of spiritual and religious activities, and the cathedral and palace are the centre of that vast church organization which has won the hearts of the East Anglian folk, and made the land a see "that the Lord hath blest." As at the first the Spirit moved over the face of the waters, so in these latter days the same Divine Spirit has brooded over the once Dead See, and lo! its stagnant waters have brought forth abundantly, and the great ship of the Church rides on and the nets are teeming with fish, and all is well. Storms there may be for East Anglia, as for the rest of the English Church, but He who has supported her through so many gales and tempests will still preserve her, and bring her at length to "the haven where she would be."

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# VII

# THE GUARDING OF THE GATES

## I

### THE POETS AND THE SPANISH ARMADA

ENGLAND is threatened from without and within. To-day party strife occupies the attention of statesmen, and the people are deceived by false statements at election times, and seem to have lost their grip of great questions. To catch votes, no matter by what means, appears to be the main endeavour of politicians, and the defence of the country, its preparedness for war, are subjects which are met with the scorn of the Socialist and Little-Englander. In vain are the bugles of warning sounded. The notes fall on dull, deaf ears. The English people lack imagination. Day by day their food comes to them from across the seas. The sun rises and sets, and no war-cloud appears on the horizon. But what would happen if the granaries of the New World could not pour forth their stock of corn to feed our millions? if the path across the Atlantic were barred by hostile fleets? What would happen if an enemy

contrived to gain a footing on our shores? Some authorities contend that such events may easily happen; others are not so sure. But it is worth considering. It is well to try to imagine what would be the condition of this country if either of these calamities occurred.

We have suffered from invasion before; and one day when I was at the British Museum I tried to discover the mind of the people of England when the formidable Armada threatened their lives and liberty. Their unity, their patriotism, their bravery and gallantry were beyond praise. They fought and won a victory unparalleled in the annals of history. I wonder whether, if occasion arose, we should show the same splendid qualities. The conditions of service were perhaps a little different then and now. In these days, however brave a man may be, unless he were adequately trained he would not be of much use in warfare. In the days of Queen Bess every man was more or less a soldier, and the ports teemed with seamen who had scoured the Spanish main and knew each art and trick of fighting at sea. To-day we have to be trained in the use of rifles, to know each lesson of attack and defence, of the art of taking cover. Playing at soldiers would be as valueless as the shooting of arrows. It would be a blessing to the manhood of

England if each youth were trained in military service; if their flabby muscles were made strong by active work; and it would be a comfort to know that in case of emergency the whole country could rise as one man to bid defiance to any foe.

It is perhaps a little difficult in these days to realize the spirit of the times in which the Defeat of the Navies of Spain occurred, to understand the mind of the people of that period, their feelings, fears, aspirations, and tumultuous joys, when the results which so far exceeded their highest aspirations were achieved. No cry was ever heard so full of joy and thanksgiving as that which burst from the heart of the nation when Spain's galleons were sunk in the pitiless sea, and the dread of her harsh rule, her whips and galleys, was removed from English breasts.

Where shall we find the national spirit more distinctly displayed than in the poetry of the period, in the ballads of the days which were recited by the ballad-makers at the fairs and market gatherings, ales, and harvestings, all over England? And when the poets of later times have caught the spirit of their ancestors, shall we not find in their verse a reflection of that great national feeling which the stirring scenes enacted on our coasts in the year of grace 1588 called forth?

When England was aroused to meet her mighty foe, her very soul was stirred, the land was full of song—

"This isle was full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that gave delight and hurt not."

But it is not in the writings of the courtly poets, such as Sydney, Dyer or Raleigh, that we find the true reflection of the national joy; but in the humbler rhymes of the ballad-singers, which were loved of the people, and expressed their feelings. Happily some of these have been preserved, although they are little known; and the Armada Ballads form a small but interesting collection.

The Spaniards had their poets, too, who, before the Armada sailed, sang in lofty strains of the gallant deeds they were about to accomplish. They even had a poet on board one of their ships, who fought against England, Lope de Vega. The lady of his love had proved unkind to him; so he shouldered his musket amidst the universal enthusiasm of 1588, went on board a Spanish ship, where he says that he used up for gun-wadding the verses he had written in his lady's praise.[1] Another Spanish poet, Louis de Góngore, wrote a grave and stately ode on the Armada, containing the most confident

[1] "Volando en tacos del cañon violento
Los papeles de Filis por el vento."—*Ecloga á Claudio.*

predictions of success. Evidently he sang the pæan of victory *before* the fight, not *after* it. Even grave historians burst into poetry when they described the magnitude of the Spanish galleons, their swelling sails and towering prows, and the Italian Bentivoglio states that the ocean groaned with supporting them, and the winds were tired with impelling so enormous a weight.

But we are concerned principally with our own writers, and chief among our popular rhymers was Thomas Deloney, a famous ballad-writer of his day. Besides his ballads he wrote a historical novel entitled *Thomas of Reading, or the six worthy Yeomen of the West*, of which branch of literature he was probably the inventor. He had a quarrel with Kemp, one of Shakespeare's players, who supposed himself maligned in some of the ballad-maker's productions.[1] Thomas Deloney was a prolific writer, and his three Armada ballads are amongst his best and most spirited verses. It is

[1] Kemp, in his *Nine Daies Wonder* (1600), thus remonstrates: "I have made a privie search what private jig-monger of your jolly number had been the author of these abominable ballets written of me. I was told it was the great ballet-maker T. D., or Tho. Deloney, chronicler of the memorable lives of the six yeomen of the West, Jack of Newbery, the Gentle Craft (intreating of shoomakers), and such like honest men, omitted by Stow, Hollinshead, Crafto Hal, Froysart, and the rest of those well-deserving writers."

beyond the scope of this chapter to give them *in extenso*, but some extracts from them may prove interesting. The first of them is entitled—

"A joyful new ballad, declaring the happie obtaining of the great Galleazzo, wherein Don Pietro de Valdez was the chiefe, through the mightie power and providence of God, being a speciall token of his gracious and fatherly goodness towards us, to the great encouragement of all those that willingly fight in the defence of his gospel and our good Queene of England."

(*To the tune of Mounsenes Almaigne.*)

O noble England
  Fall downe upon thy knee;
And praise thy God with thankfull hart
  Which still maintaineth thee.

The foraine forces,
  That seekes thy utter spoile;
Shall then through His especial grace
  Be brought to shameful foile.

With mightie power
  They came unto our coast;
To overrunne our countrie quite,
  They make their brags and boast.

In strength of men
  They set their only stay;
But we upon the Lord our God
  Will put our trust alway.

The ballad then goes on to describe the wonderful fleet, the soldiers, the stores of provisions, and how

the Pope has sent "many blessed graines, to sanctify their bad pretense bestowed both cost and paines." But "the little land" was not dismayed, for—

In happie houre,
Our foes we did discry;
And under saile with gallant winde
As they came passing by.

Which suddaine tidings
To Plymouth being brought
Full soon our Lord High Admirall
For to pursue them sought.

And to his traine
Courageously he saide:
Now for the Lord and our good Queene
To fight be not afraide.

Regard our cause
And play your partes like men;
The Lord no doubt will prosper us
In all our actions then.

Here is a grand description of a Spanish galleon—

This great Galleazzo,
Which was so hughe and hye,
That like a bulwarke on the sea,
Did seeme to each man's eye.

There was it taken
Unto our great reliefe;
And divers nobles in which traine
Don Pietro was the chiefe.

Strong was she stuft
With cannons great and small;
And other instruments of warre
Which we obtainéd all.

A certaine signe
Of good successe we trust;
That God will overthrow the rest
As he hath done the first.

Then the verses describe the pursuit of the Spaniards until they "neere Callice came." There the false Spaniards on board one of the ships hung out a flag of truce, which when the sailors saw, they sent some "little barkes" to board her; but "the false Spaniards broke their word, and with charged cannons," received them rather warmly; so "like lions fierce," the Englishmen fought their faithless foes, and killed the men and sunk their ark in Callice sand. The name of the Spanish captain is given, Don Hugo de Moncaldo, "through whose braines ye pouders force a Bullet strong did beat."

The "mightie vessell" was three score yards in length; what would the poet have said if he could have seen our modern ships-of-war? He describes her equipment, the intentions of the savage foes. Evidently these verses were written during the fights with the Armada, while the ships were in the Channel, for the ballad concludes with a spirited verse praying "his deare bretheren which beareth armes this day for safegarde of your native soile," to regard their duties and fight valiantly for their God, their queen and country.

Many a simple English heart was doubtless

stirred by Deloney's strains to fight for his hearth and home, and many lonely ones comforted when they heard the news that their gallant sons had not yet been defeated.

Having appealed to the courage of his countrymen, Deloney in his next ballad appeals to their fears. He draws two very savage-looking whips with large ugly spiked balls on each lash, a very heavy one for the men, and one not quite so ponderous intended for the backs of English women. He describes his ballad as—"A new Ballet of the strange and more cruell whippes which the Spanyards had prepared to whippe and torment English men and women, which were found and taken at the overthrow of certaine Spanish shippes in July last past 1588. To the tune of the valiant soldiour."

Al you that list to looke and see
What profite comes from Spayne,
And what the Pope and Spanyards both
Prepared for our gayne.

Then turn your eyes and bend your ears
And you shall heare and see
What courteous minds, what gentle harts
They bear to thee and mee.

Certainly the rude engraving at the commencement of the ballad would be likely to fill the hearts of the people of England with dread, if they thought they were about to suffer from such cruel whips,

but the description of them would certainly add to their fears—

> For never was there horse nor mule
> Nor dogge of currish kinde,
> That ever had such whips devisde
> By any savadge minde.

The men's whips were of strings with "wyerie knots like rowels they did frame which pluckt the sinewes from the bone, pricked and pearced each tender vein, left each crooked ribbe bear," and did various other damage. The women's whips were almost as destructive. The ballad then alludes to the cruelty of the Spaniards in India, to the fate of the brave British Queene Voadicia; and then, by an ingenious confusion between the Romans and the Papists, asks "if these ruffling mates of Rome did princes thus torment; think you the Romish Spanyards now would not shewe their desent?" The poet concludes with a description of the rejoicings of Spaniards in anticipation of their victory—

> How did they late in Rome rejoyce
> In Italie and Spayne
> What ringing and what Bonfires,
> What masses sung amaine.
>
> What printed Bookes were sent about,
> As fitted their desire,
> How England was by Spanyards wonne,
> And London set on fire.

Be these the men that are so milde,
Whom some so holie call,
The Lord defend our noble Queene
And countrye from them all.

FINIS, T. D.

Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin and Thomas Gubbin, and are solde in Paternoster Row, over against the Blacke Raven, 1588.

The next ballad is a spirited description of "the Queenes visiting of the campe at Tilsburie with her entertainment there." We can form from these verses a very accurate picture of the courtly state which Queen Elizabeth loved so dearly, the arrangement of the troops with their banners, some of them torn and rent with the bullets of Flanders; and we can realize the enthusiasm which the presence of the Queen and her well-chosen words aroused in the hearts of her soldiers, and the tact and judgment which she displayed during that anxious time. Here is a description of her royal progress—

And on the eight of August she
From fair St. James' tooke her way,
With many Lords of high degree
In princely robes and rich aray.
And to bardge upon the water
Being King Henryes royall daughter
She did goe with trumpets sounding,
And with dubbing drums apace,
Along the Thames that famous river
For to view the campe a space.

On arriving at the camp the soldiers kneel to receive

their Sovereign, but the Queen says, "Lord blesse you all, my friends, but doe not kneele so much to me." Her "royall heart leaped at the sight of her noble hosts, and tossing up her plume of feathers, chearefully her body bending, she waved her royall hand." She abode at the house of a "Maister Riches" for the night; and then on the morrow "riding on a princely paulfrey with her lordes and ladies all she came to the campe with a guarde of yeomen, the sergeant-trumpet with his mace, nine trumpeters in coats of scarlet colour trim, the King of Heralds bearing the Arms of England, wrought with rich embroidered gold on the finest velvet blue and crimson; and two sergeants, in velvet coats, bearing maces of beaten gold." Thus proceeded the virgin Queen "atired like an angell bright," with no lack of attendance, besides the goodly company already described.

> And then bespake our noble Queen,
> My loving friends and countriemen,
> I hope this day the worst is seene
> That in our wars we shall sustaine.
> But if our enemies do assaile you,
> Never let your stomackes faile you,
> For in the midst of all your troupe,
> We ourselves will be in place,
> To be your joy, your guide and comfort
> Even before our enemies face.

With a brief account of her Majesty's return the

ballad closes. It is signed "T. D.," and imprinted by John Wolfe, for Edwarde White, 1588.

These extracts from the ballads of Thomas Deloney will give the reader some idea of their style and contents, who has not been able to study the original copies preserved with great care in the British collection. But Deloney was not the only popular songster of the period. Here is a verse from an unknown writer, entitled "Queen Elizabeth's Champion; or Great Britain's Glory," which lacks neither spirit nor animation—

Come sound up your trumpets and beat up your drums,
And let's go to sea with a valiant cheer,
In search of a mightie vast navy of ships,
The like has not been for these fifty long year.
Raderer two, tandaro te,
Raderer tandorer, ran do te.

The Queen she provided a navy of ships,
With sweet flying streamers so glorious to see;
Rich top and topgallant, captains and lieutenants,
Some forty, some fifty brass pieces and three.
Raderer two, tandaro te,
Raderer tandorer, ran do te.

Such were some of the verses of the ballad-writers who, by the cheerful strains and spirited words gave courage to the sailors' hearts, and nerved the warrior's arm for victory. When anxiety was stamped on every brow, they inspired hope and resolution, and the songs of the people play no

inconsiderable part in national history. And when the victory was won, and the Spanish ships were being wrecked on the Scottish coasts, or on the rocky shores of Ireland, the people sang their songs as they had never done before, and all England rang with one universal shout of exultation.

The Queen Elizabeth was the popular idol; to her exertions they attributed the victory; and many a courtly ode and tribute of praise, many a homely ballad was chanted in her honour. The most elaborate of these compositions is a curious epigram, by Theodore Beza, written in several languages, in Latin, English, Dutch, French, Spanish, Hebrew and Greek. Here is the English stanza of this strange composition, preserved in the British Museum. It is entitled—

AD SERENISSIMAM ELIZABETHAM REGINAM.

The Spanish Fleete did flote in narrow seas,
And bend her ships against the English shore,
With so great rage as nothing could appease
And with such strength as never seene before.
And all to joyne the kingdom of that land
Unto the kingdoms that he had in hand.
Now if you aske what set this king on fire,
To practise warre when he of peace did treat,
It was his Pride and never quencht desire,
To spoile that Islands wealthe by Peace made great,
His Pride which farre above the heavens did swell,
And his desire as unsufficed as hell.

But well have winds his proud blasts overblowen,
And swelling waves alaid his swelling heart,
Well hath the Sea with greedie gulfs unknown,
Devourd the devourer to his smart;
And made his ships a praie upon the sand
That meant to praie upon another's land.
And now O Queen above all others blest,
For whom both windes and waves are prest to fight,
So rule your own, so succour friends opprest,
(As farre from pride as ready to do right,)
That England you, you England long enjoy
No lesse your friends' delight, than foes annoy.

From a curious book, entitled "A Fig for the Spaniards or Spanish Spirits, wherein are livelie portrayed the damnable deeds, miserable murders and monstrous massacres of the cursed Spaniards," published in 1591, I extract a fair sample of the panegyrics to which the Virgin Queen's ears must have become familiar.

Hæc est virgo potens, hæc est Regina fidelis,
Hæc est Diva latens mulieoribus alma figuris
Qua tot lustra gerens apud Anglos nobile sceptrum
Regibus est redamata bonis, populoque Deoque.

Of the later Armada poetry I do not propose to treat. Of Robert Southey's sweetly flowing lines, of Macaulay's grand unfinished poem which reflects so faithfully the spirit of the Armada days, and lights again the beacons on the hills, of Schiller's stirring verses which conclude with—

God the Almighty blew,
And the Armada went to every wind—

of these we cannot now speak. But a study of the current ballad literature of the day enables us to understand more perfectly the popular feeling which existed in the minds of Englishmen when "the ocean castles and floating hosts" of Spain threatened our shores, to realize the indomitable courage with which our brave forefathers faced their formidable foe, and won a victory unparalleled in the annals of the history of the world.

## II

### THE BATTLE WITH THE SEA[1]

England has yet another foe to fight. The sea that protects our shores from a foreign foe levies a tithe on the land she guards, and here and there has gained many notable victories. The story of the loss and gain of territory does not assign the conquest entirely to one side. In many places Old England has retaliated, pushed back the enemy and gained new territory.

A learned French professor has gone so far as to

[1] I wrote an article on this subject entitled "Vanishing England" which appeared in *Pearson's Magazine*. It is here reproduced with the sanction of the editor and proprietor of that journal.

compare our England with a lump of sugar in water, suggesting that we are gradually melting away into nothingness. But is England vanishing? Here and there the sea is gaining on the land, yet we may take comfort in the fact that here and there the land is gaining on the sea. Of course, to the man who owns land and houses on the coast of Norfolk, which are fast slipping into the sea, it is small comfort to know that in the Fenland industrious farmers are adding to their acres.

Nobody can say for certain just how the battle stands between our land and our sea. Some people pretend to have authentic information, and who shall disprove their statements?

One statement has been made, but never proved, that the sea is gaining on the land at the rate of a little more than a mile in every thousand years. It may be so, but it hardly troubles us if it is so.

Then, again, a French professor of these matters roundly declares that the cliffs of Brighton are now more than a mile farther from the French coast than in the days of Queen Bess, while the cliffs of Kent are about four miles farther from France than in the Roman period.

We do not shut our eyes to the melancholy fact that many a fair town and noble forest now lies beneath the waves. We all know that the crumb-

ling cliffs on our eastern shore threaten to destroy many a village, church and smiling pasture. Fishermen say that when the storms rage and the waves swell, they hear bells chiming in towers long covered by the seas. Go to Bosham, and they will point to a stretch of sea that once was called the Park—a park where in the days of Henry VIII stags and fawns disported themselves. If it is sad to think of fish swimming in a Royal Park, we may comfort ourselves by the thought that to-day sheep are feeding on the Romney Marshes, where Roman galleys once sailed.

Shall we take a flying tour round the coast, and take a look at the notable victories of the land and of the sea?

We will go first to Tyneside, where destruction by the sea has been remarkable and rapid. In the district of Saltworks, builders began building a house on the cliff—before it was finished the sea devoured it. At Percy Square an inn and two cottages have fallen a prey to the waves. The banks of Percy Square receded one hundred and eighty feet between the years 1827 and 1892; altogether, four acres have disappeared.

In the 'eighties, an old Roman building, known as Gingling Geordie's Hole, and large masses of the cliff fell into the sea.

On the Durham coast, at low tide, the remains of the once flourishing town of Seaton may be discovered amid the sands. The modern village is inland, and cannot boast, like the old place, of an ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury. It has long been devoured by the waves.

Along the Yorkshire coast, from Bridlington to Kilnsea, the sea has won great victories. About £75,000 has been spent by the Bridlington Corporation in erecting sea defences on their north foreshore. A massive stone-faced sea-wall has been built, and a fine parade and gardens have been reclaimed from the sea.

Along the Holderness coast south of Bridlington it is estimated by the borough engineer, Mr. Ernest R. Matthews, that the sea is gaining on the land at the rate of about eleven feet in the year, taking the whole thirty-five miles of this coast.

Ten years ago a house stood some distance back from the edge of the cliff, and between the house and the sea was a long garden and a public footpath. Footpath, garden, and house have now disappeared. History relates that, as the house began to go over the cliff, the owner had it pulled down to save the bricks. So the sea was cheated.

Twelve towns in Yorkshire have been buried by the waves. Ravensburgh was once a flourishing

A map of the east coast showing the amount of land lost and gained. At some places it will be noticed that complete towns and villages have disappeared, but in others the sea has receded, and large tracts of land have been reclaimed.

seaport, a place chosen by kings for their landing in the old days, and a town that returned two members to Parliament. There is an old picture of the church, and a large cross, and comfortable houses. All are now beneath the sea.

Gone also are the neighbouring villages of Redmare, Tharlethorp, Frismarch, and Potterfleet—they have "left not a wrack behind." The old church of Kilnsea went by degrees in the beginning of the last century until the sea took the last stone into its arms. Aldbrough Church and the old Castle of Grimston have vanished utterly. Mappleton Church was formerly two miles from the sea. It is now on a cliff with the sea at its feet; it awaits the last assault of the all-devouring enemy. Nearly a century ago Owthorne Church and churchyard were overwhelmed, and the shore was strewn with ruins and shattered coffins. So the sad story runs.

At Withernsea, on this coast, nearly the whole of a great field, containing over five acres of land, has gone down the cliff since 1850; there was a pond in the field on which inhabitants of the place can remember skating in the old days.

The inland progress of the sea was stopped to a large extent about 1878 by a system of groynes, each one put down at a cost of £300. But some

of the groynes have since given way, with the result that great encroachments have again been made of late.

The amount of erosion depends much on the amount of the shingle on the shore. For twelve months on end recently there was practically no beach for a mile to the north of Withernsea, so that the sea has been constantly washing the foot of the cliffs when the tide was up, and the erosion has been enormous. One old farmer of this neighbourhood has lost some five or six acres; another last spring sowed some land with corn, but last autumn lost both corn and land. Probably the only plan to stop the erosion is to groyne the shore all the way from Bridlington to Spurn.

Immense sums have been spent already in the fight. At Spurn no less than £37,000 has been spent out of Parliamentary grants, besides a matter of some £14,000 out of the Mercantile Marine Fund.

In the great flat bordering the Wash, the work of reclamation goes steadily forward. This flat is formed by the deposit of the rivers of the Fenland; gradually the seaward face of this region is being pushed forward by careful methods of inclosure. At inland places you may find traces of the old sea-walls that have been constructed from Roman times onward.

On the Lincolnshire coast a new town of Skegness has been growing up of late; but old Skegness lies deep beneath the sea, which no guarding walls could hold back. The old town had its castle with strong fortifications, and a church with a lofty spire. People who have known Skegness for thirty years say that during that time the sea has not encroached at all, though it has been coming in four miles farther north. Much of the new town stands on reclaimed land.

Along by the Wash the sea and the land have been alternately gaining ground in their age-old struggle, and it is not improbable that the changing processes of erosion and accretion will continue in the future.

Along the shores of the Wash, where alluvium is brought down and deposited by the rivers, stretches have from time to time been reclaimed where the alluvium has raised the sea-bed to such a height as to make recovery possible; and it is interesting to observe a series of parallel banks now flanked by some of the richest land in England, constructed sea-wards of the Roman bank from Skegness to Boston and onwards, around the low-lying land beside the Wash.

Crossing the Wash, and on into Norfolk we find that far out at sea lies old Cromer Church beneath

the waves; its bells ring, they say, when the storms rage. The churchyard of the ballad, "The Garden of Sleep," is gradually disappearing. "The graves of the fair women that sleep by the cliffs" have been violated by the waves, and the bodies have been scattered.

Going down into Suffolk, we find that Covehithe has been among the places to suffer most heavily. In 1887 sixty feet were claimed by the sea, and in the ten previous years the loss was at the rate of over eighteen feet a year. In 1895 there was another heavy loss between Southwold and Covehithe, and a new cove was formed.

Covehithe was once a prosperous village; another was named Burgh-next-Walton, and another Newton-by-Corton, but the sea has put an end to their prosperity. The sea has entirely devoured Easton-Bavents; once there was here such a flourishing fishery that it paid an annual tribute of 3110 herrings. Millions of herrings must have been caught by the fishermen in these waters; at Dunwich they paid an annual "fish-fare" to the clergy of the town to the tune of 15,377 herrings, besides 70,000 herrings to the royal treasury.

One of the greatest prizes of the sea is this ancient city of Dunwich, which dates back to the Roman era. The Domesday Survey shows that it was then

a considerable town, having 236 burgesses. It was girt with strong walls; it possessed an episcopal palace, the seat of the East Anglian bishopric; it had (according to the survey) fifty-two churches, a monastery, a town hall, hospital, and the dignity of possessing a mint.

Stow tells of its departed glories, its royal and episcopal palaces, the sumptuous mansion of the mayor, its numerous churches and its windmills, its harbour crowded with shipping, which sent forth forty vessels for the King's service in the thirteenth century.

Though Dunwich was an important place, Stow's description of it is rather exaggerated. It could never have had more than ten churches and monasteries. Its "brazen gates" are mythical, though it had its Lepers' Gate, South Gate and others. It was once a thriving city of wealthy merchants and industrious fishermen. King John granted to it a charter. It suffered from the attacks of armed men as well as from the ravages of the sea. Earl Bigot and the rebel barons besieged it in the reign of Edward I.

Its decay was gradual. In 1342, in the parish of St. Nicholas, out of 300 houses only eighteen remained. Only seven out of a hundred houses were standing in the parish of St. Martin. St. Peter's

*Photo]* [*F. Jenkins.*

THE RUINED CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS AT DUNWICH.

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parish was devastated and depopulated. It had a small round church, like that at Cambridge, called the Temple, once the property of the Knights Templars, richly endowed with costly gifts. This was a place of sanctuary, as were the other churches in the city.

With the destruction of the houses came also the decay of the port, which no ships could enter. Its rival, Southwold, attracted the vessels of strangers. The markets and fairs became deserted. Silence and ruin reigned over the doomed town, and the ruined church of All Saints is all that remains of its former glories, save what the storms sometimes toss along the beach for the study and edification of antiquaries.

Summer visitors to the pleasant watering-place of Felixstowe, the cell of St. Felix, who converted the East Anglians to Christianity, and was their first bishop, may reflect that the old Saxon burgh was carried away so long ago as A.D. 1100. Hence, Earl Bigot was compelled to retire inland, and erect his famous castle at Walton.

But the sea had no respect for the proud walls of the baron's stronghold; all now left of it is a heap of stones. Two centuries later the baron's marsh was destroyed by the sea, and some eighty acres of land were lost, much to the regret of the

monks of the cell of St. Felix, who were deprived of their rent and tithe corn.

The old chroniclers record many dread visitations of the sea along the Suffolk coast. Thus in 1237 we read: "The sea burst with high tides and tempests of winds, marsh countries near the sea were flooded, herds and flocks perished, and no small number of men were lost or drowned. The sea rose continually for two days and one night."

Again, in 1251: "On Christmas night there was a great thunder and lightning in Suffolk; the sea caused heavy floods." In much later times Defoe records: "Aldeburgh has two streets, each near a mile long, but its breadth, which was more considerable formerly, is not proportionable, and the sea has of late years swallowed up one whole street."

It has still standing close to the shore its quaint, picturesque town hall erected in the fifteenth century.

Southwold is now practically an island bounded on the east by the sea, on the south-west by the Blythe River, on the north-west by Buss Creek. It is only joined to the mainland by a narrow neck of shingle that divides Buss Creek from the sea. I think I should prefer to hold property in a more secure region.

*Photo*] [*Valentine.*

THE OLD TOWN HALL AT ALDEBURGH.

When your land and houses vanish entirely beneath the waves, the chapter is ended, and you have no further remedy except to sue Father Neptune, who has a vague domicile, and may be difficult to find when he is wanted to be served with a writ.

But our Suffolk coast does not show all loss. In the north much land has been gained in the region of Beccles, which was at one time close to the sea, and one of the finest spreads of shingle in England extends from Aldeburgh to Bawdsey. This shingle has silted up many a Suffolk port, but it has proved a very effectual barrier against the inroads of the sea. Norden's map of the coast, made in 1601, shows this wonderful mass of shingle, which has greatly increased since Norden's day. It has been growing in a southerly direction, and the Alde River had, until recently, an estuary ten miles in length.

But in 1907 the sea asserted itself, and "burst through the stony barrier, making a passage for the exit of the river one mile farther north, and leaving a vast stretch of shingle and two deserted river channels as a protection to the marshes of Hollesley from further inroads of the sea."

Formerly the River Alde flowed direct to the sea just south of the town of Aldeburgh. Perhaps

some day it may be able to force a passage again near its ancient course or by Havergate Island.

We pass on down the coast, finding, for many miles from Southwold, that the coast slopes in westward where the sea has eaten it away. We come to Walton-on-the-Naze; a new church takes the place of the old one here, if not the actual place, for the old one is at the sea's bottom.

Farther south, at Reculver, we hear the same sad story. Here once stood a flourishing town, dating back to Roman days, a prosperous place with a noble church, standing, in the fifteenth century, a good mile from the sea. But steadily the sea advanced, until a century ago the church was swallowed, all save two towers, which have been preserved, by elaborate sea-walls, as a landmark for sailors.

The sea has a way of taking its revenge. If beaten back at one place, it attacks and destroys another. If only you can cause shingle to accumulate before your threatened town or homestead, you may make the place safe and secure from the waves. But while you may protect your own homes by stopping this flow of shingle, you deprive your neighbours of their safeguard against the sea.

Coming down to Deal, we find an example of this. Groynes were placed to stop the flow of

shingle and protect the town by a good bulwark. The result was that Sandown was deprived of its natural protection, and the old castle was destroyed.

At Dover, too, the sea has been busy of late, taking revenge. The Admiralty pier causes the accumulation of shingle on its west side, and as a result the base of the cliffs on the other side is left bare and unprotected, and every now and then the chalk goes tumbling into the sea. Isolated schemes of protection nearly always do more harm than good.

From Folkestone to the Sussex border we find that the treacherous, fickle sea has been going back, as if, out of spite, to rob famous towns of their prosperity. The Cinque Ports—Lyme, Romney, Hythe, Richborough, Stonor, Sandwich and Sarre —now stand high and dry, with little or no access to the sea. Very strange has been the fate of some of the Sussex places that have been attacked by the waves. The old town of Winchelsea lies beneath the sea, but a new Winchelsea arose and became a flourishing port. Now it is left forlorn, with the sea a mile away.

Going along the south coast, we may stop to examine the inroads made by the waves at Selsey. There stood the first cathedral of the district before Chichester was founded. The building is now

beneath the sea, and since Saxon times half Selsey Bill has vanished. The village of Selsey rested securely in the centre of the peninsula, but only half-a-mile now separates it from the sea. Some land has been gained near this projecting headland by an industrious farmer. His farm surrounded a large cove with a narrow mouth through which the sea poured. He bought an old ship and sank it by the entrance, proceeded to drain, and so increased his farm by many acres, and the old ship now makes an admirable cow-shed.

Passing along we note that the Isle of Wight, in remote geological times, was part of the mainland. So England, perhaps, was part of the mainland of the Continent.

As we round the corner of England, we must note that the Scilly Isles were once joined with Cornwall. It was not until the fourteenth century that they were severed, when a mighty storm flooded and destroyed 140 churches and villages, and carried away nearly 200 square miles of land. This was something like a victory for the sea.

Leaving little Wales to look after herself we arrive at Cheshire, where, in the Wirral districts, much land has been lost. Great forests have been overwhelmed; and the skulls and bones of deer and horses, and of freshwater shell-fish, have been

picked up frequently at low tide. Fifty years ago a distance of half-a-mile separated Leasowe Castle from the sea; now its old walls are washed by the waves.

Land may be gained by the sea piling up the shingle, and sometimes sand silts up. Southport, in Lancashire, boasts one of the longest piers in England—it is a mile long. They have a joke that on a clear day, with a powerful telescope, it is possible, from the end of this pier, to make out the distant blue of the sea.

But farther North the sea has robbed the land all along the coast from Blackpool to Fleetwood. At least half-a-mile of the clay cliffs has been washed away. The walls and foundations of the houses of a village named Singleton Thorpe, now covered by the sea, have been discovered. Tradition says there was a fearful inrush of the sea in the sixteenth century. At low water, the Penny Stone, a large rock, is still to be seen, which stood, they say, at the door of the village inn; there was a ring in the stone to which visitors tied their horses, and boatmen swear they see the ring when the tide is very low. The trunks of trees appear occasionally above the sea, and it seems likely that once there was here a great forest.

So we find almost everywhere round our coasts

that while the sea protects us from our human foes, it does not fail to exact a heavy tithe from the land it guards—and, let us hope, will always guard.

## III

### THE ENEMY IN THE GATES [1]

In the last two thousand years at least twenty invaders have succeeded in landing considerable forces on our shores. Experts are almost unanimous in declaring that the future holds more invasions in store for us. Whether any of these are likely to be successful, where will be the landing-place of the foe, what they will do when they obtain a footing on our shores, are questions of vital interest and importance. In the calm region of philosophical inquiry, without raising fears, save only with the object of creating a determined spirit of effectual resistance, without mentioning any particular nation that is likely to oppose us, we will try to consider possibilities which may arise and demand the energy and united power of all Englishmen to overcome.

[1] My article on "Where will the Enemy land?" appeared recently in *Pearson's Magazine*, and is here reproduced with the kind permission of the editor and the proprietor.

For more than a hundred years the people of Britain have slept each night, if not always in comfortable beds, always in placid security, trusting to the sea and to their ships to guard them from the attack of foreign foes.

"Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again."

So we have sung in all confidence. Our Navy has been the supreme navy of the waters of the world; and so long as we could hold command of the seas, and our ships remained sound and our sailors true, we have been sure that no hostile force could ever tread our shores.

For a hundred and fifty years we have held command of the seas. We must go back to the ignominious days of Charles II to recall the disgrace of the approach of a foreign fleet—to the days when Dutch warships sailed up the Thames, and aroused our fears in good earnest.

It is true, in 1796, some French soldiers and sailors landed on the shores of Bantry Bay, in Ireland. But the French fleet, like the ships of the Great Armada of the spacious days of Queen Bess, was scattered over the seas by one of the worst storms ever known on the west coast of Ireland, and the expedition was not very formidable. About the same time, too, a party of French sailors landed

in Cardigan Bay, at Fishguard, where the new Great Western boats start for the Emerald Isle—but the scheme failed, the foe being frightened by the red cloaks of some Welsh women.

And Napoleon challenged us. It is not long since there were old folks among us who could remember how nearly half-a-million men were massed at Boulogne by Napoleon, with a thousand pontoons, waiting to carry them over to the Kentish shore. And we ourselves have seen, with curiosity, the medals preserved in the Boulogne Museum, struck for the purpose of commemorating the conquest of Britain by the French, and the coins produced by the Paris Mint bearing the legend: "Napoleon, Emperor, London, 1804."

That tremendous challenge called forth all the patriotism and valour of the British people. The summons to arms was obeyed instantly everywhere. Companies of Yeomanry and Volunteers were formed in all parts. Beacon fires were laid on all the hills awaiting only a spark to summon bands together for the defence of home and country. When some of the beacons were set ablaze by accident, the men flocked eagerly to their standards. Britain was ready, and Napoleon knew it, thought better of his design, marched his soldiers away, and went conquering elsewhere. But the dread of

the invasion lingered long in British breasts; and mothers used to frighten naughty children by telling them that "Boney" would come and take them if they did not behave themselves better.

But for a hundred years we have slept securely in our beds. And now we grow uneasy. Naval and military experts tell us that an invasion is not impossible. It is worth while to consider where an enemy would effect a landing, and what would happen.

Romance has given us some ideas to feed upon. Mr. William Le Queux worked out an invasion following the bottling of the mouth of the Thames by an arranged collision between two tramp steamers, so that the warships at Chatham could not steam down the river. The first naval engagement took place off the Firth of Forth; then came the bombardment of Hull, other towns were seized, and the fall of London was the climax of the campaign. In the end, we muddled through.

The late Mr. George Griffith, in his romance, *The World Peril of 1910*, brought airships to play, and other terrible machines. His plan of attack involved the destruction of our ironclads, the capture of Southampton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, and an effective landing at Littlehampton.

Several Continental romancers have invaded

Britain. In August Niemann's German invasion story—three Continental nations, Germany, Russia and France, are allied against us. Sixty thousand German troops are conveyed in sixty large transports, protected by battleships, cruisers, and torpedo-boats, from Kiel Harbour to the Firth of Forth; they have a safe passage, and the troops reach Edinburgh. The castle is captured, and the Scottish people remain perfectly calm. The warships, having filled their bunkers with English coal, go to the entrance of the bay, and prepare to fly in all directions if a superior British fleet should appear. In this case, the invaders would have no means of returning, but the argument was that sixty thousand German troops would be able to finish the war in spite of no sea communications—especially as an equally strong French force was to land in the south. A naval engagement takes place off Flushing, and then a combined French and German fleet sails for the Thames. The southern invading force lands at Hastings, marches to Aldershot, and is quartered there with the other invaders, who have come down from Edinburgh.

* * * * * *

Field-Marshal von Moltke once said that he had found eight ways of getting into England, but he had not found one way of getting out again, unless

it were possible to pump the North Sea dry, and march the men over. He calculated on Britain's command of the sea.

But command of the sea to-day does not imply that invasion is impracticable. Our fleet might be drawn away, as Napoleon drew it to the West Indies, or the Channel might be blocked temporarily. An invasion need not depend for its success on reinforcements and supplies from oversea; we have the word of high authorities for it that an invasion of 120,000 men could be carried out without requiring supplies from overseas or reinforcements.

An enemy determined to get into England might not consider the question of getting out again, so alarming to von Moltke. We might have enemies who would consider the chance of success worth the risk of 120,000 men.

If we lose command of the sea—if a combination of foreign fleets overwhelmed our navy, or airships or submarines put it out of action—of course we are open to invasion, for the enemy can march in its millions against our thousands of home defenders, and could march its millions out again whenever it listed. If we lost command of the sea temporarily and locally, thus giving an invading force a chance to land, then the issue would depend not only on

land but on naval engagements; and no doubt this is the contingency most worthy of consideration.

Where would the enemy land? There are many more than the eight ways of getting into England known to von Moltke. There are scores of nice, easy places that invite invasion—natural harbours wherein large ships can ride, old deserted piers and fishing villages, and river-mouths with convenient landing-places. The east coast is vulnerable at several points if the battleships and cruisers and submarines of the North Sea are taken away for the time being to a safe distance. Harwich and Sheerness are fortified naval centres, and would guard the estuaries of the Thames; but between the Thames and the Humber are various small harbours, like Yarmouth, and farther north are the river harbours of the Humber, the Tees, and the Tyne, and there is the Forth, all inviting places.

An old rhyme has it—

> "He who would old England win,
> Must at Weybourne Hoop begin."

Here is a useful little Norfolk harbour, with twenty-five feet of water running close to the shore, affording a convenient landing-place. There is nothing to debar the enemy—there are no guards, no guns, no troops. It is a lonely spot, with only a coastguard to keep watch, and it would not be difficult for a party of "excursionists" to pay him

a surprise visit, cut his throat, and then cut the telegraph wires, so that no warning messages could be sent. Sheringham and Cromer, also, would furnish good landing-places. Lowestoft, with its fish docks, and wharves and cranes, is an ideal spot for disembarkation, entirely unprotected by British guns. An entrance at the Wash might be effected; and the old-fashioned, decayed harbour of King's Lynn would have its advantages as a landing-place.

Nelson thought that Hollesley Bay would be selected by Napoleon for his army of invasion, and it was his fears that caused the erection of the Martello towers along the coast. The rivers Crouch and Blackwater have their qualifications also; the coast hereabouts is lonely and deserted, with only a few natives and fishermen to give warning of an enemy's approach.

When the attack comes, surprise will be one of the elements by which the enemy will hope to attain success. The formality of declaring war will be waived. This is all very wrong, very discourteous; but it is really the wisest plan to make war and talk of declarations afterwards.

Another secret of success is knowledge—local knowledge. The invading force will know every detail of the place of invasion; how many horses are in the district, what houses exist to shelter troops, where are bridges, and where are telegraph

wires. This work of gathering information goes merrily forward even now, and all unhindered, though we know that the country is honeycombed with potential spies.

The invading force will require the co-operation of an organized land force. No difficulty stands in the way. An army corps of foreigners resides in England; many are trained soldiers; and by far the greater number would be available for the services of their country, if required. Their names and addresses are known to their Intelligence Departments. Organized as a co-operative land force they could be employed in many ways: as scouts, to give signals to incoming ships, or, as an active fighting force, to capture harbours from the land side, and assist generally at the disembarkation.

Let us suppose that plans have been laid for the invasion of England, and the day of invasion decided upon.

* * * * * *

A small fleet of the enemy's ships—old ships, of obsolete pattern, are cruising through the Straits of Dover, heading down Channel. They are not known to be enemies—England is at peace with all the world. They call at Portsmouth, exchange compliments, and take in coal by leave of the Admiralty. Then they proceed westwards, and make for Bantry Bay. Here, on a sudden, the war-

cloud bursts; these old ships, without warning, without any cause, begin to shell the town. Alarming telegrams fly. The Channel Squadron is ordered to proceed at once to Bantry Bay, and bring the madmen to their senses. And no sooner has the Channel Squadron steamed away, than others of the enemy's ships go to work to strew the Straits of Dover with mines.

Far away in the North Sea another feint has been made, and the North Sea fleet has gone in pursuit of foreign ships that have been behaving outrageously. Our south-eastern shores lie open to attack. The transports take their chance. And as they come across the sea, the thousands of peacefully-occupied foreigners in England form themselves into an army, and close in on the doomed town where the invaders are to land.

It is a dark night, and there is a fog at sea. Harwich is quietly sleeping, it would seem. But the foreign army closes in. Rural policemen have caught signs of the enemy; only to find themselves prisoners of war. Telegraph operators have awakened from unconsciousness to find themselves gagged and bound. Signalmen have been surprised to see companies of armed men entering their cabins. Drivers of motor-cars have suddenly lost their senses, to find, on regaining them, that their cars have been stolen. Telegraph wires have been

cut. Every road leading inland is lined by foreign soldiers. And in the middle of the night an army

A map showing the points on our coasts chosen for landing by foreign invaders since 35 B.C. Besides the invasions marked, which involved over 1000 men, there have been a host of minor raids—all helping to prove that our insular position is by no means a sure safeguard against foreign landings.

has filled the streets of Harwich, and taken possession.

With the first flush of dawn the landing begins. Silently the soldiers drop from the vessels into the barges that have been towed in their wake.

Specially-built boats for conveying horses, the bulwarks of which turn on hinges and form gangways, discharge the cavalry. Five hundred men are soon in the saddle.

Harwich station is in the hands of the enemy; and the Harwich and London express has a new driver and stoker of foreign appearance. In the signal-box of the station is a foreign telegraphist, who knows his business; the wire to Colchester remains intact, and he forwards all the usual private communications of the railway company, and keeps back any hint of the business of the invaders. Foreign troops swarm on board the train, and are rushed to Colchester in record time.

At Colchester the station-master and the porters are standing on the platform to see the express fly past, and are astounded to see the train draw to a standstill. Foreign-clad figures fling themselves from the carriages, Colchester station is captured, and in a few minutes the waiting-rooms are filled with prisoners. The train returns to Harwich to bring up reinforcements. Leaving a guard at the station, the soldiers march on to the barracks.

There is a sentry at the gates of the barracks. But he does not see the approach of the enemy; as they come into view, his attention is attracted in another direction, and he is stabbed in the back.

Unopposed, the soldiers march into the barrack square. Here are British soldiers, engaged in the harmless amusement of forming fours, right-wheeling, and left-turning; they are few in number, for, owing to autumn manœuvres, the usual strength of the garrison has been reduced. There is not an ounce of lead about them; and they are taken prisoners without a struggle.

A policeman has come upon the dead body of the sentry. He is hammering at the barrack gates, but they are closed against him. A crowd swarms round the entrance; anxious faces peer through the barrack railings. The foreigners have found guns and ammunition, and are making ready to defend the barracks in case of attack. Suddenly they fire a volley into the crowd at the gates. It is a murderous act, but it serves its purpose. It puts a stop to too close inquisitiveness—it gives the people an idea of that brutality which is to follow, designed to generate a real panic in the country.

Another train arrives, bringing in reinforcements. They march into the market-place, unopposed. But they are not to have everything their own way. A company of Territorials has got itself formed with praiseworthy speed. The men have overturned a cart in a street leading into the market-place; sheltered behind it, they open fire on the foe. Their single shots are answered by volleys; there is a

rush, bayonets flash; a few minutes later a proclamation is posted on the town hall, announcing the capture of the town, and warning the inhabitants that further resistance is useless.

But though the telegraph wires have been cut that connected Colchester with the rest of England, and though the railway lines westward have been blocked, the news of the invasion has long since reached London. The operator of the wireless station at Aldershot has received a message: "Enemy landed; Colchester captured." The commanding officer at Aldershot has received marching orders; and now the forces of resistance begin to concentrate against the invasion.

The duped fleets return from the north and from the west.

And the enemy continues to pour into the Eastern counties. . . .

So much we may imagine; but when we come to the point of the battles on land and at sea, then imagination fails. The easiest solution to the problem, perhaps, would be the arrival at night of a squadron of British flying-machines, which hover over the conquering host, and destroy them with dynamite.

The landing of an invading force on the east coast, and a concentration of the enemy on Colchester, is but one of many possibilities in the way of invasion.

Some fine summer day Margate may be aroused from holiday thoughts by the appearance of a hostile fleet standing off the shore. Expecting the arrival of sea-sick passengers from excursion steamers, Margate may see a host of foreign soldiers landing at her pier.

Or the point of invasion may be peaceful Littlehampton. The undefended tidal river and harbour would give protection to a couple of hundred torpedo-boats and destroyers. Or the enemy might follow the footsteps of the Norman Conqueror, and land at Pevensey, which they would find equally unprotected.

Landings on the south coast, however, would always be exceedingly risky, on account of the defences of Portsmouth and Plymouth. The east coast would seem the most probable point of attack. For a large invasion, the Forth would be the most suitable objective. Our enemies would hardly think of the north or west of Scotland; but they might possibly reach the west coast of England unobserved by the northern route, or the north of Ireland might be selected as one of the safest places for landing their forces.

Given fine weather, the most likely place for the enemy to land would be a good length of open beach, where transports could beach themselves in a long line and disembark simultaneously. A Bank

Holiday might be thought a good day to choose for such an adventure, and where could a more desirable stretch of beach be found than on the coast between Hull and Bridlington?

The enemy would find many advantages in landing here. They would strike at the real heart of England, which is not London, but the great centre of industry—the country of Leeds, Halifax, Sheffield, Manchester and Liverpool. If a foreign force landed on the east coast, somewhere between Hull and Bridlington, they would aim to cut England in half by driving a wedge right through to the west coast.

What horrors would not be wrought on the peaceful, industrial people of the cities of the north by a force of sixty thousand enemy! They might be, for the most part, cyclists, and their guns might be motor-guns; so they would be a swiftly-moving force, and swiftly would they deal death and destruction on our land.

They would show no mercy; they would have no bowels of compassion. Brutality would be the order of the day—a fierce, hideous brutality calculated to strike terror in every heart, and to create the universal panic which best opens the door of victory.

Picture the plight of six millions of people turned out of their homes at two hours' notice, with orders to go away south, or stay and be shot! They

would go, and they would go to starvation. To turn out the people of the northern cities and herd them south—a terror-stricken mob, unarmed and without supplies—they would naturally flock to London, where they would disorganize and paralyze everything, and there could be no more splendid or more hideous plan for opening the way to conquer England.

And while the enemy occupied the deserted cities, and the mob fled south in fear and in hunger, our fleet would be hurrying up to the Bridlington coast to destroy the enemy's transports, and our army would be rushed northwards from Aldershot. And while the mob marched south and the army marched north, and while every policeman worked like ten men in the cause of sanity, but worked unavailingly either to supply food or keep food in reserve—all food-streams from Liverpool to London having been dammed—while all England seethed in confusion, 60,000 fresh enemy would make their appearance in the south.

Too late, then, we should realize what we will not realize to-day: That if we are to be safe from invasion we must have a real army, properly organized and trained and disciplined, and a strong navy backed by a Colonial navy. Until we have a real army plus a strong navy, an invasion—even a successful invasion—of Old England is a possibility.

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# VIII

## THE PALACE OF SUCCESS

### AN ALLEGORICAL FANCY

A VAST mountain, whose summit was bathed in glorious light, raised its head above a dull, dead plain. The sun shone in the vale, and lighted upon many a picturesque scene of pastoral simplicity; but life was very monotonous and drear. Here a little homestead stood with its thatched roof, and the kine lowed in the pastures, and the swallows twittered in the eaves, and all was very still and calm and peaceful. A youth rested amid the sheaves in the cornfield and fell asleep. He dreamed, and in his vision beheld a vast Palace of Delight which neither eye of man had seen nor heart conceived. Sweet music floated o'er him as he slept, and he heard a voice, more beautiful than the nightingale, which made his heart vibrate with strange sweet joy. And the voice said, "Come to me, sweet boy; come to my palace in the mountains. Seek me, and I will give thee joy such as thou canst not dream of. Come—come."

And as the voice died away, and he must needs arise and obey its call, a stern-visaged old man with bearded countenance looked at him from beneath his shaggy eyebrows with a half-pitying gaze, and said, "Only those who are brave and determined can attain to the High Place. Many try, but few enter. If thine heart misgives thee, stay in the valley." But the youth awoke with a happy smile on his lips, and a glad gleam of joy shone from his eyes. He thought that before he slept he had been happy, but how different all seemed now! He had sung his wild songs to the trees, and the birds had chanted their refrain. To the sound of the rippling stream he had tuned his lute, and his heart had poured forth half-unconscious melody. In a vague, half-awakened state he had been happy; but now he had a purpose, and above the hills lay the Palace of Success, and the queen had called him thither.

At once he rushes forward to gain the mountain path. Upwards he climbs with impetuous haste; his heart beats high with hope as he toils and struggles on along the steep and rocky road. Other pilgrims are striving too; and as he ascends, some from above give him a helping hand, but most of them are too intent upon their own efforts, and many are eager to push him downwards. At last

he comes to a halting-place in the steep ascent, and they demand of him what he can do. So he strings his lute, and sings to them of the streams and the trees, of the spring flowers that decked the woods; but his heart was not so light as when he chanted to his sheep in the plain, and the cold glances of scrutinizing eyes froze his soul, and his song was very sad and mournful. Then some laughed when he had finished and told him to go back to his sheep; and he heard their jeers with a sinking heart. But the stern-visaged man appeared to him once more and gave him hope; and in the evenings, as he rested, told him of the songs of the elder bards, and taught him to play more cunningly on his lute. And as he looked down upon the plain he saw his brothers tending the flocks and heard them whistling in the still evening air, free from all care and sorrow, and he wished that he had not begun to climb.

But the singer toiled on slowly yet perseveringly, till his youth was changed to manhood; and some still laughed when he sang, while others praised his verses; and one came to him, more lovely than the morning, her eyes dimmed with tears, and whispered to him that his songs had brought her comfort, and he too felt comforted. At length when his locks were tinged with grey and his

strength was worn with years of toil and hard climbing, he saw before him the beautiful Palace of Delight which he had striven so hard to gain. He approached with beating heart the portals, and the stern warders demanded of him his passport. So he sang his sweetest songs, and the gloomy gates were thrown open, and he was allowed to enter.

In the palace were assembled a strange company of men and women, young and old, but nearly all showed signs of years of toil, and their faces looked very worn and weary. The singer's clothes were ragged and torn by jagged rocks which he met with on his journey; but he was led by two fair and stately nymphs into an inner chamber, and arrayed in a splendid robe of cunningly-wrought texture, similar to those worn by the other inhabitants of the palace. Triumphant music greeted him as he entered the hall, and men and women grasped his hands and bid him welcome to the feast. Even those who had tried to push him down seemed now most eager to greet the singer and do him honour. The banquet was spread, and the company feasted right royally, while the music of sweet voices charmed the ear, and all was happiness and tumultuous joy. Then they craved a song from the singer, who sang as he had never done before, because he had gained success and the world was

at his feet. "If only the road had not been so rugged and so long! If only he did not feel so weary!" the singer thought; and he envied some of the company who seemed to have flown to the palace, and had not that tired and worn look.

When the feast was over it was granted to the new-comers to behold the queen of the palace and to kiss her hand. The nymphs conducted them along high arched corridors glittering with frescoed paintings of the achievements of the successful ones of ancient times, and at length they reached the audience chamber of the queen, into the very presence of Success. And the singer marked with wondering eyes her face of dazzling, all-conquering beauty. Her voice was the same which charmed his ears as he lay amid the sheaves in the cornfields, and he recognized those dark glistening orbs which filled his youthful heart with love and hope, ere disappointment, toil and woe had left their mark upon him. Then some stooped to kiss her outstretched hand; and the singer marked the different effect which that sweet contact produced on the queen's favourites. Some coldly kissed the fair white hand, and then walked on without elation or outward token of delight, up the golden stair they went to feast at the banquets of the Gods. Others when their lips touched the queen's hand became,

as it were, intoxicated, and raved like madmen or danced wildly, but they could not ascend the golden stairs.

At last the singer's turn came. He felt bewildered as he approached the queen, and his head was heavy, his knees tottered. And the queen said, "Thou wast the youth whom I saw amid the corn-fields. Why hast thou been so long in coming? Was the way to my palace too hard for thee? Yea, thou hast toiled to gain me, and success has crowned thee at last. Thou would'st kiss my hand—nay, I will kiss thee on thy brow. Thou hast toiled, and won, at last." "At last! At last!" whispered the singer; and the queen stooped to kiss him as he knelt—but he fell at her feet—dead. They buried him in the Temple of Honour, nigh the palace gates, and his sepulchre remaineth; though the singer died, his songs live; the night winds breathe his name; and perchance, after all, it is well to climb.

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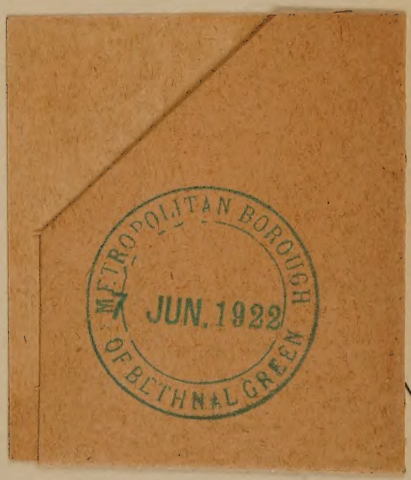
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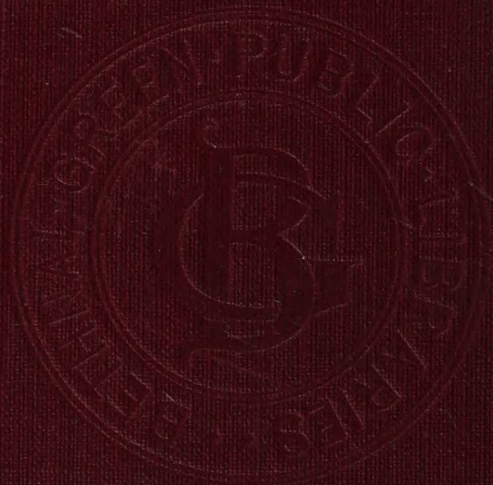
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